

December

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ANNIE HURST



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and—
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by the woman who
wrote "The Sheik"

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Djer-Kiss
HOLIDAY SETS

Can you imagine a more appropriate present for your friends than one of these Djer-Kiss Holiday Sets, overflowing as they are with the very charm of Paris herself? Assuredly no gift could be more fashionable—none could more reflect the so excellent taste of the giver.

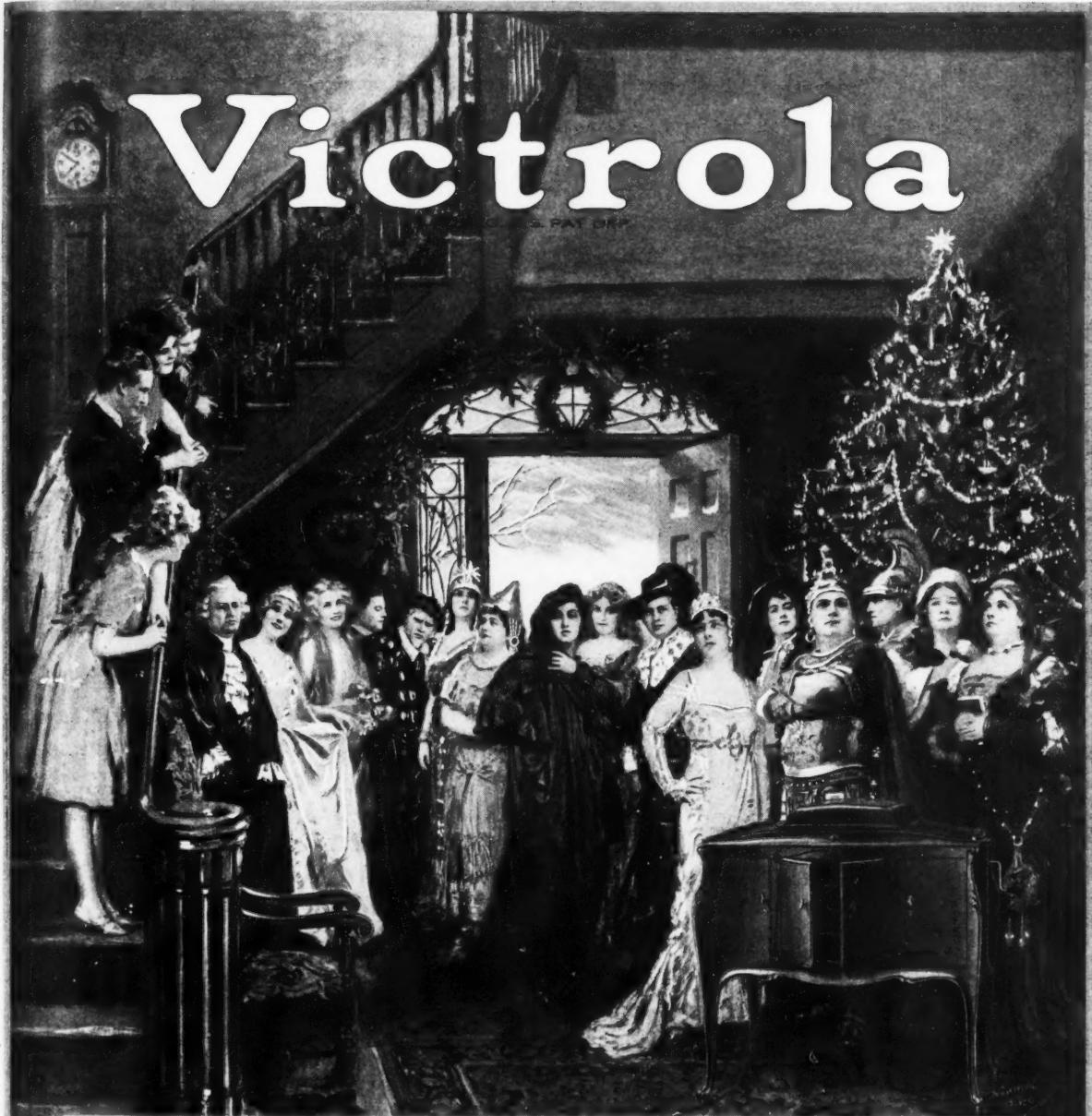
Especially will the American gentlemen appreciate these Djer-Kiss Holiday Boxes. For do they not well understand how the American ladies adore the *charme français* of these French toilettries—these French Djer-Kiss toilettries. In the best shops everywhere they will be found. More charming they are than ever.

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Christmas morning — and in come the greatest artists !

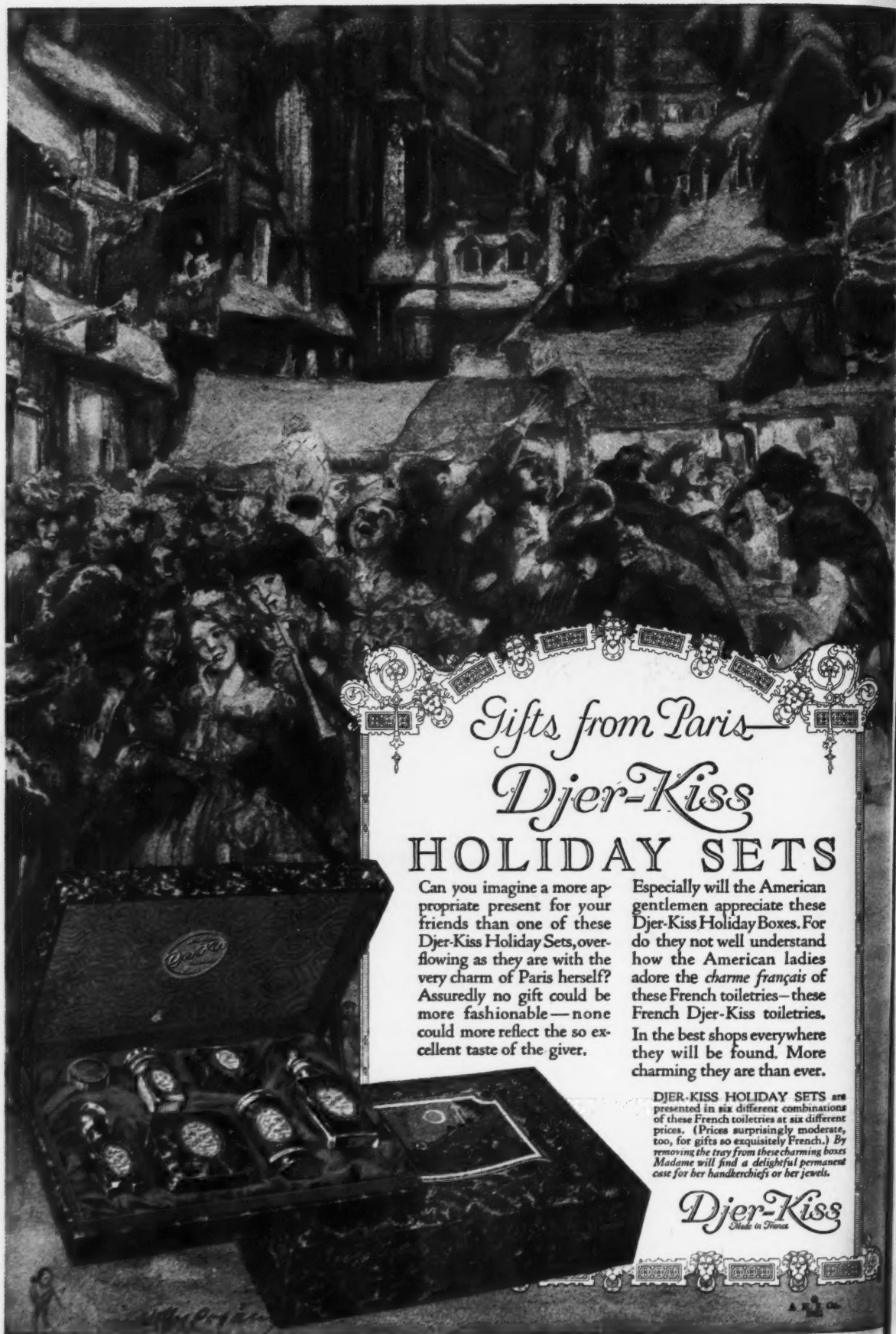
The surprise and delight of a Victrola for Christmas! Music appropriate to Christmas; music for every day in the year; music so lifelike that the greatest artists select the Victrola as the one instrument to carry their art into the home. Buy a Victrola this Christmas—but be sure it is a Victrola. \$25 to \$1500.



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Gifts from Paris

Djer-Kiss

HOLIDAY SETS

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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

This Month

Next Month

- JANET
by Harrison Fisher
PROUD FATHER. *A Poem*
by Edgar A. Guest
BANKS. *A Humorous Editorial*
by George Ade
Illustration by Ray Rohn
FORTY-FIVE. *A Short Story*
by Fannie Hurst
Illustrations by Leon Gordon
THE SPECIAL EXTRA. *A Short Story*
by Irvin S. Cobb
Illustrations by C. D. Williams
LITTLE SUNBEAMS OF SUCCESS
by Ring W. Lardner
Illustrations by Wallace Morgan
THE DESERT HEALER. *A Serial*
by E. M. Hull
Illustrations by Dean Cornwell
THE PLACE OF WOMEN. *An Article*
by Elinor Glyn
Illustrated with photographs
AN EFFICIENT CHRISTMAS
by Berton Braley
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by Frank R. Adams
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Illustrations by Rea Irvin

Cover I want to arise in meeting and say to
11 you readers of COSMOPOLITAN that I think
12 the stories which Irvin Cobb is writing
14 for you these days are not only the best
22 short stories Irvin Cobb ever has written,
but come close to being the best short stories
that have been written in our time.

30 You may discount this to a certain extent
32 on the ground that I am prejudiced. I am.
40 Cobb and I have been friends for a number
44 of years and I have always admired his
work. But at the same time, I have been
one of his severe critics.

47 Therefore, it has been a tremendous
53 source of satisfaction to me, not only as an
58 editor, but as a friend, to see that each of
the stories he has written for COSMOPOLITAN
has glowed with that human feeling and
that marvelous color that make his stories
distinct from those of every other writer.

To me each of the stories has seemed the
best of the lot when I read it, but the very
best of them all, I believe, is the one that is
coming next month.

Mr. Cobb calls the story
One Block From Fifth Avenue.

And anyone who knows anything at all
about New York knows the possibilities
that lie behind that title.

RAY LONG

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARD, President C. H. HAYTHWAY, Vice-President RAY LONG, Vice-President JOSEPH A. MOORE, Treasurer W. G. LAWSON, Secretary, 119 W. 40th St., New York
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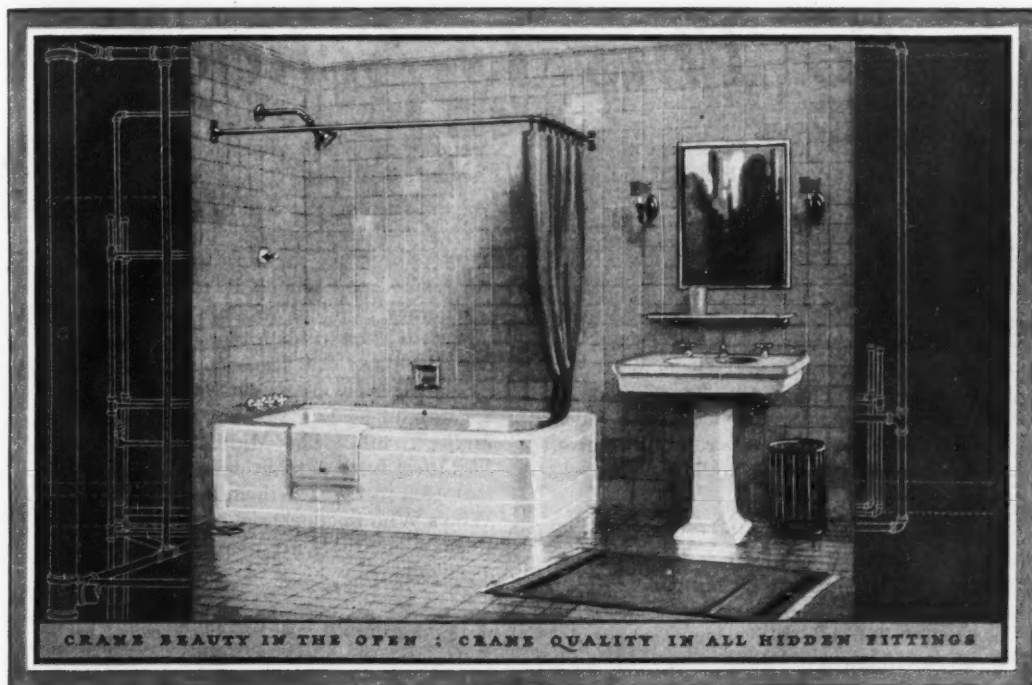
Published monthly at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A., by International Magazine Company. Entered as second-class
matter, September 8, 1905, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered on July 1, 1918, at the
Post-Office, Atlanta, Ga.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. Unless otherwise directed we begin
all subscriptions with the current issue. When sending in your renewal or making a request for a change of address, please give us
four weeks' notice. If you wish your address changed, please be sure to give us both your old and new addresses.

Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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In fine modern houses, service pipes for the water, steam and sanitation systems are usually buried, above the basement level, in walls and beneath floors.

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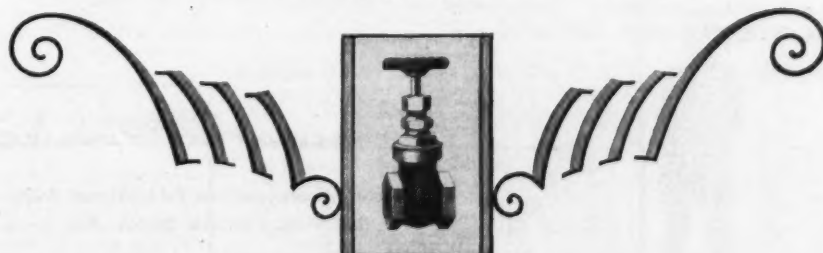
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So This Is School

BABBITT concludes: "Get just as much, studying at home." Home is the starting point. No school can ever take its place. A gray day will surely settle on the world if home should ever cease to give a start to children.

But education does not end at home. It goes out and on, substituting world gossip for town gossip. It is for every growing soul a process of world building. To this, a constructive imagination is necessary which neither home nor public school is apt to give, unless it is so fortunate as to have an Angelo Patri.

Happy the child who early learns to make a little journey round the world among home books, to catch a glimpse of Tiny Tim cheerily waving his crutch and calling to us all, "God bless us everyone," to supplement classroom work in history with such vivid etching as is filmed in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," to whet his patriotic instinct on the Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, and the Star Spangled Banner, to discover for himself the subtle truth in Francis Thompson's Hound of Heaven:

"The star which chose to stoop and stay for us."

The best school specializes in world building. Its teachers often are experts. Books, music, art of every type, furnish what Mr. Mabie called "liberation through ideas." The very atmosphere gives room for

*"Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,
A widening heaven, a current without care."*

GOING off to school also satisfies that travel instinct as insistent as when Huckleberry Finn, without stuffing wax into his ears like old Ulysses, started down the Mississippi. The widest education is a safeguard for the future. Not long ago a French Minister of Education said: "Henceforth education alone, absolutely that alone, can

rescue our modern societies from the perils that threaten them."

We are fortunate to live here. This is God's country,—*"America, the beautiful."* Nowhere else in all the world is there such a variety of good schools to meet every need democracy can feel, to train every budding talent for responsible leadership. Second to none are those well seasoned schools in New England. New York can fit a boy or girl for anything. Some of our best schools are in the South. The Middle West and the Far West have so many schools worth while that even mention of them would start a new Who's Who in education. In southern California alone there are many schools as good as anywhere.

DO you know that Cosmopolitan, with its large staff now systematically visiting schools, and teachers, parents and children coming to our offices, is steadily deepening its stakes and lengthening its cords? Spokesmen of the 663 Trade Centers of the country flash back word to us. In Los Angeles we have a personal representative in actual residence leisurely visiting schools along the western coast, and in Paris the one man who knows both French and American education writes me frequently. Australian schools are represented in our monthly bulletin, and last summer studying promising educational possibilities in Bermuda, I was ever hearing Ariel singing from "The Tempest"

*"Come unto these yellow sands
And then take hands."*

Evidences rapidly increase that our great reading public understand that Cosmopolitan serves, that our educational department is helping people everywhere to find the schools they want, that it reinforces with such consideration for the individual need the school worth while that every child within its walls will say with joy


So this is school.

Sylvan P. Towell

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department
119 West Fortieth Street, New York

Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

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It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the

chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books.

Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

Schopenhauer's Essays. For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

The Trial and Death of Socrates. This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. This old Roman Emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

The Discovery of the Future. H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, haphazard struggle?

Dialogues of Plato. This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

Foundations of Religion. Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

Studies in Pessimism. Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

The Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

Life and Character. Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

Thoughts of Pascal. Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

The Olympian Gods. Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

The Stoic Philosophy. Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered, and what we can today learn from it.

God: Known and Unknown. Samuel Butler. A really important work.

Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For. A carefully planned study.

Sun Worship and Later Beliefs. Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

Primitive Beliefs. Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

Three Lectures on Evolution. Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

From Monkey to Man. A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

Survival of the Fittest. Another phase of Darwinian theory.

Evolution vs. Religion. You should read this discussion.

Reflections on Modern Science. Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

Biology and Spiritual Philosophy. An interesting and instructive work.

Bacon's Essays. These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

Emerson's Essays. Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

Tolstoi's Essays. His ideas will direct you into profitable paths of thought.

25 Books—2,176 Pages—Only \$1.95—Send No Money

If these 25 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. That sounds inviting, doesn't it? And we mean it, too. Here are 25 books, containing 2,176 pages of text, all neatly printed on good book paper, 3 1/2 x 5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover paper.

You can take these 25 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest philosophers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5. The price will be even less than half that

sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.95 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with order remit \$2.25.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we doing the impossible when we ask the people to read serious works? Are we wasting our time and money? We shall see by

the manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

— — — SEND NO MONEY BLANK — — —

Haldeman-Julius Company

Dept. K-40, Girard, Kans.

I want the 25 books listed on this page. I want you to send me these 25 books by parcel post. On delivery I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage, and the books are to be my property without further payments of any kind. Also, please send me one of your free 64-page catalogs.

Name

Address

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Note:—Persons living in Canada or other foreign countries must send \$2.25 with order.



COMMUNITY PLATE

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Comes Again*

A WIDE range of choice—gifts in whose beauty and essential convenience any woman will take delight. For instance, the *COMMUNITY Berry Spoons* shown on this page at \$3.25 each, or a *Cold Meat Fork* at \$2.25, or a *Pastry Server* at \$4.00. Many other charming pieces.

At Your Jeweler's

Gift Pieces

\$1 to \$10

ONEIDA COMMUNITY-MADE

Proud Father

by EDGAR A. GUEST

*There's a smile on the face of the mother today,
The furrows of pain have been scattered away,
Her eyes tell a story of wondrous delight
As she looks at the baby who came through the night.
It's plain she's as happy and proud as can be,
But you ought to see me!*

*The nurse wears her cap in its jauntiest style,
And she says: "Oh, my dear, there's a baby worth while!
She's the pink of perfection, as sweet as a rose
And I never have seen such a cute little nose."
Were it proper for nurses she'd dance in her glee,
But you ought to see me!*

*Bud's eyes are ablaze with the glory of joy,
And he has forgotten he'd asked for a boy.
He stands by her crib and he touches her cheek
And would bring all the kids on the street for a peek.
Oh the pride in his bearing is something to see,
But you ought to see me!*

*You may guess that the heart of the mother is glad,
But for arrogant happiness gaze on the dad.
For the marvelous strut and the swagger of pride,
For the pomp of conceit and the smile satisfied,
For joy that's expressed in the highest degree,
Take a good look at me!*

By GEORGE ADE

Illustration by Ray Rohn

DO YOU recall the tingle of satisfaction which traveled through you when the paying teller—for the first time—paid your check without hesitation or whispering?

Who does not love to be seen bustling into a bank? Who does not feel that he has "arrived" when a desk official, entirely outside of any cage, shakes hands and seems to mean it?

My father was a small town banker for forty years, and I have been hanging around banks, in a wistful manner, for a half-century, and yet all the processes of the business and the formulae for securing profits are still as puzzling as the radio.

The bank has always seemed a very well housed and well conducted public convenience—as unselfish in purpose as a postal substation or a free shower bath.

I have never seen anything happen in a modern bank which suggested that the institution was making money out of its patrons. Always, it seemed, the dignified officials and their many boxed-in satellites were dispensing benefactions.

When they write us that the old account is overdrawn, they prepay the postage. They give us art calendars, blotters and beautifully engraved check books. In any good bank you will find free ice water. The largest supply will be found, upon occasions, in the office of the president.

The general public always seems to be imposing upon banks, and yet those enigmatic statements published, double column, in the newspapers indicate that dividends are being paid and reserves maintained.

How do they manage it?

Theoretically, you and I are supposed to deposit funds in a bank and the conniving banker nips a profit out of us by lending our money to a third person.

But what I never have been able to grasp is: How can he be sufficiently alert to lend out money before you and I check it out?

There are said to be depositors who push in large

PRESIDENT



That Proudest Moment—When the Banker Shakes Hands With You.

sums and let them repose in the vaults for indefinite periods. Possibly so, but this type of depositor does not belong to any club I have joined.

My immediate relatives were bankers away back yonder when nobody was blamed for being a banker. Those were the good old days. The only two persons who knew how to open the safe were the cashier and any burglar.

The baneful practice of paying interest on deposits had not come along to complicate the bookkeeping. About the only hard work was to iron out the shimplasters and keep them tied in neat bundles. Occasionally the bank would have an off day and take in a counterfeit two-dollar bill, executed with pen and ink.

No talk of usury in the dark and doubtful days when specie payment was trying to resume. Anyone who could borrow at two percent a month was grateful.

The banker was somewhat protected by a paragraph of fine print inserted between the promise to pay and the long list of signatures below.

The idea was to get a lot of names on the note so as to make it reasonably certain that one of the sureties would turn out to be good. The ultimate victim was usually an innocent bystander, connected by marriage with the original borrower.

Even now, the genial and obliging qualities which help so much in the delicatessen and hotel lines of activity have landed many an optimistic banker in a state institution surrounded by a high wall.

The art of looking out of the window has been brought to approximate perfection by successful bankers.

It is not on record that one of them ever said "No." They simply avoid saying "Yes."

The caller finds himself on the sidewalk, breathing the fresh air, and all he can distinctly remember is that his feelings were not hurt.





PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

FANNIE HURST

Whose Stories are a Mirror of
LIFE

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By
FANNIE HURST

A Story of Midsummer Madness at

Forty-Five

Illustrations by Leon Gordon

THERE is the Paris o' your heart and my heart, the Paris of Little Billee, Hugo, and Maupassant, and the Paris to which George Moore confessed.

There is the Paris that butters its radishes and eats its crabs with the whiskers on.

There is the Left Bank, that on *Quat' Zarts* nights paints its slim body Tuscan bronze and walls up its eyes in gold leaf, but of any morning, except the morning after, carries home its breakfast bread by the yard, and cuts its cheese with a palette scraper.

There is Montmartre with a courtplaster lizard on her shoulder blade, red heels, no stockings, her petticoat ruffles not always fresh, but all the passions smoking to slow flame in her come-hither eyes, and the soot reservoirs in half shells beneath them.

There is the terrible Paris of Zola, the harlequin Paris of Merri-
rick, and the Baedekered Paris of Cook's.

The Paris that smells of chypre and of closed plumbing; of cognac and sawdust; of love and of too few baths.

The pastel Paris of Chavannes; the high keyed Paris that Picasso grinds into the canvas with knife strokes. The Paris of awnings and flower markets; of the Cœur de Dragon and the Champs Elysées. The Paris of escargot and self-manipulated lifts; of crones who sell chairs for a sou in the Luxembourg Gardens and of students who sit on them reading their Rabelais unexpurgated, and James Joyce.

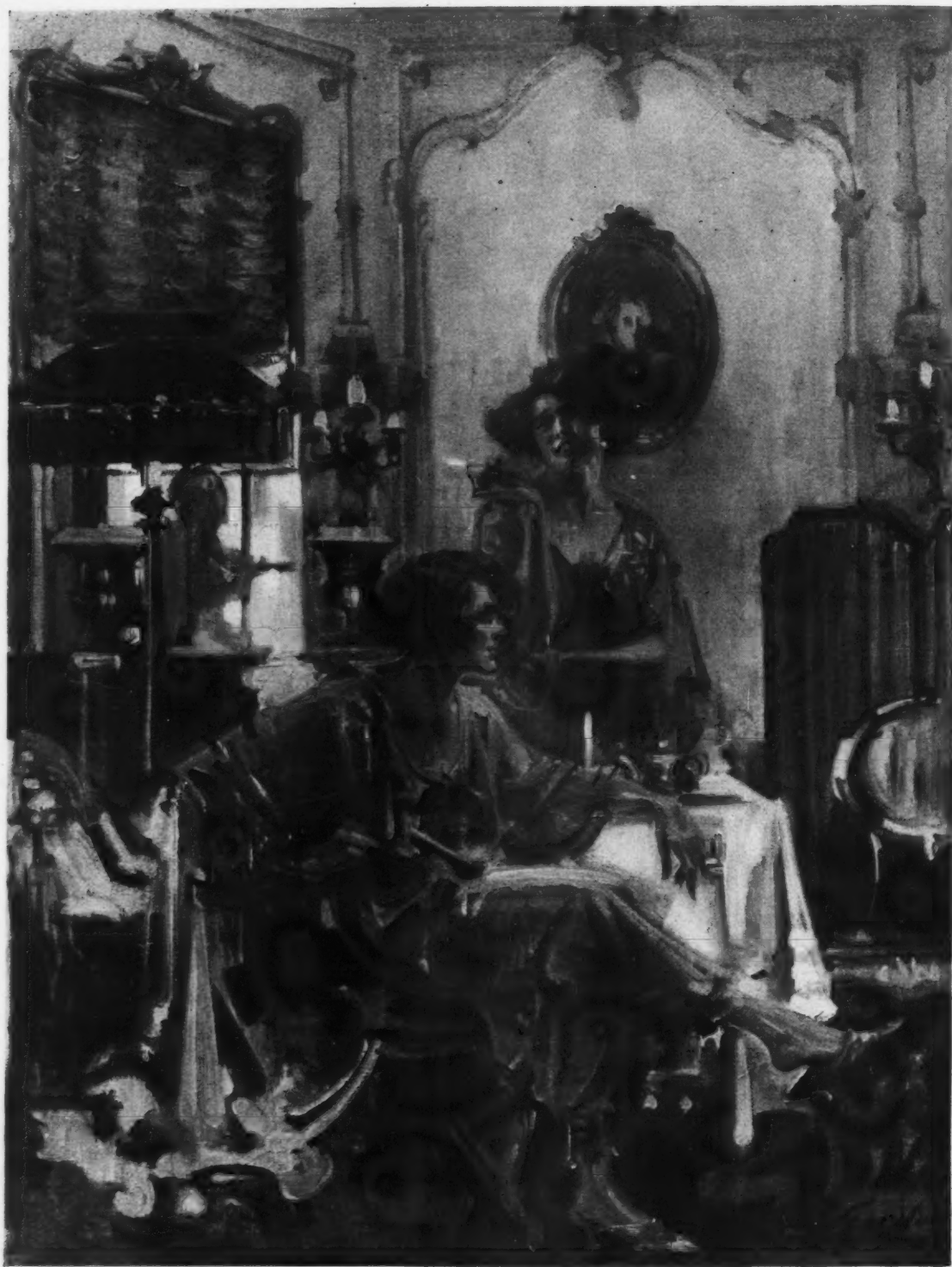
The Paris of Comédie Française and the Folies Bergère. The Paris of undraped dancing girls, their beautiful bodies revealing and disclosing in just the proportion to make that beauty horrid. Paris with her thumb to her nose. Paris along the Seine, darkly. Paris as St. Genevieve loved her, with the city's white eyelids down at dawn.

Paris at sunrise with the wagonloads of carrots coming into market, little pink tongues sticking out . . .

Then there is the Paris of Edith Whatley and her daughter, May. Of them and the thousands like them, who book annual passage on the fifty-six thousand ton, triple screw, quadruple decked steamships that ply between the smart tea and shopping districts of the slightly east Fifties and the smart tea and shopping districts of Rue Castiglione and Place Vendôme.

The Paris of Rumpelmayer's and Eugénie's Electrical Eyebrow Plucking Parlors (English spoken); of Worth, Jenny, Lanvin and Captain Molyneux (English spoken). The Paris of six fittings, a massage and a look-in at Cartier's in the forenoon. Snails and Amer Picon at Prunier's for luncheon. Long-champs. Wood strawberries at tea time on the Bois. Dinner at the Ritz. Russian ballet. Irene Castle at Pré Catalan. Dancing at Café Madrid and Maxim's. Le Loup for Yanzi Dolly and surreptitious white absinthe.

The Paris of lavender manicures (English spoken), Polaire



"Old darling," said May, "you look fit as a top." "May," said Edith, "stop egging me on in my old age nonsense."

pedicures, and of those thousand franc Indian turbans at Renée's studded in chrysoprase and red jasper. The Paris of "facial liftings" where the years are cut out of the face as surely as the heart can be carved from a bull. The Paris of platinum and diamond anklets and those newest lingerie confections at Beau Temps made of gossamer, whose trade name delightfully translates itself into "Polly's Seventh Veil."

That is the Paris of the Whatleys and the thousands like them who sail annually and who keep the plate glass fronts of the Rue de la Paix, sown with topaz cigarette cases, carnelian jewel caskets, star sapphire bracelets, six carat emerald cabochons, diamond collarettes forked with the lightning of rubies, pearls as

mysterious as flesh and dark ones the identical color and quality of a bruise on the deep part of a woman's arm.

May Whatley of this Paris had the scorn of sophistication for the Paris of Baedeker. The Paris carried about in a small red volume by middle-aged English ladies with fallen arches and by American school teachers with Irish lace collars on their dust color traveling suits, who clutter up the mail department of the American Express every morning at eleven and carry monogrammed washcloths in rubber bags and "My Trip Abroad" diaries.

Theirs the Paris of the Louvre and the Panthéon, Eiffel Tower and Versailles on Fountain Sunday. Arc de Triomphe, Musée de Cluny, Duval's, Galerie Lafayette, Notre Dame.

Nineteen years previous Edith Whatley had made her first trip to Paris with just such a group of time and money limited teachers and librarians from Muncie. Four of them in a deck D stateroom. The cotton crêpe nighties that could be washed without ironing. The Anderson "seconds" and postcard reproductions of masterpieces to be bought in the foyer of the Louvre!

Ah me, she had met Gordon Whatley on shipboard that first trip! Her thrill at beholding "The Angelus" and Whistler's "Mother" in the flesh of the original paint. Notre Dame as she had seen it for the first time with a Cook's courier and a shy young thing of a Paris moon between the towers.

It could still do something to her that was lovely, Notre Dame. A flutter that would get caught in her breathing.

And yet she knew—May had thrown it out one day as they sped past in Lowell Jackson's racer—that architecturally Notre Dame had its tongue in its cheek. Something about steeple line and straddle between arches.

Curiously clever girl, May. Somehow, between manicures and fittings, Rumpelmayer's and Prê Catalan, she had a squirrel-like way of storing up nuts of supercilious and superficial information.

She knew the difference between a Manet and a Monet. The Old Masters were all right if one still had time for "literalism" (quotes). She rebelled against the "Corinthian column invasion" (quotes). Attended exhibitions of the abstract schools of colored cubes. Paid annual dues to a Secessionist Society which gravely called a purple rhomboid a spade; considered Shelley a "rank rhymist" but a "greater humanitarian than Lycurgus, Nietzsche or Godwin" (quotes); referred cryptically to "The Spoon River Anthology" as the "dawn of American self-consciousness" (quotes); knew who Dorothy Richardson, Gertrude Stein, Leo Ornstein and Theodore Dreiser were and somehow had absorbed off her dentist's reading table Sinn Fein, which she pronounced *Sin Fine*, and the contiguity between the proper noun Einstein and the probable noun relativity.

A pat phrase from the Literary Digest stuck to her. An arty word overheard in a café. Dadaism, batik, like Max Reinhardt, D. H. Lawrence, Amy Lowell.

These glibnesses, caught on the fly, amused her mother, puzzled and even impressed her. May was a student neither of life, nor of art, nor of self, but she presented to the cant phrase, the erudite comment, the smiting word, a surface of flypaper.

She had been to the Louvre only once, when a child at that, but she challenged the authenticity of the Rubens collections there, blamed the worst of the contours of the fat ladies on Rubens's pupils and referred to his as the "pounds of flesh school."

May hated fat. Which brings us to May herself. She was nineteen, about as slim as a lath, and when she stepped out of her bath—a strictly American one as to hot and cold water, price and nickel plate fittings, in the Hotel Griffon, Rue de Rivoli—the ribs not only rippled through her peach-pink young skin, but she had the flexibility and breastlessness of Greek youth, the same flash of skeleton through her, and the tiny cave-in at the stomach.

It was toward this Hellenic end that May exercised her mother for fifteen minutes night and morning on the bath mat spread out before the open window.

One, two, three, stoop. Fifty times.

Up on toes, breathe deeply. Squat on toes, breathe deeply. Fifty times.

Touch floor with finger tips without bending knees, fifty times. And so on, until the rounds of color were high in her cheeks.

The result was remarkable. The shadow of concavity about Edith's waistline was scarcely fainter than her daughter's. Except for a slight and lyre shaped swing to the hips, the onus of motherhood lay not upon her. She was straight, she was breastless, she was boyish. Even her bobbed hair, where it sprang out, had left a little rough area on the back of her neck, like a young boy's after his first visit to the barber.

On her bath mat before the open window she might have posed, with her narrow loins, cultivated flatness of chest, unrich bosom and bony line from hip to knee, for the perfect type of the motherhood of a short-haired civilization.

May's admiration for this Frankenstein mother of her own creation was her one deepest and sincerest enthusiasm.

She drank cocktails, grenadines and the surreptitious white absinthes with greedy looking lips, but a wry sensation at the pit of her stomach; perfumed her pink nostrils before going to bed to get the odor of her swankily inhaled cigarettes out of them; could swear down, drink down, jazz down, any respectable girl among the smarter (English spoken) cabarets of Paris, and as for the cocottes, they sat back over softly singing glasses of American bought wine and took notes of "American trade catered to."

These enthusiasms were so long simulated that simulation could be May Whatley at her best; but for her mother, enthusiasm came easily, richly, like a gusher.

On a June morning, after the bath mat exercises and still in their pastel colored pajamas and their shaggy heads not yet dry from the bath, they sat over a Continental breakfast of coffee, rolls and honey, served in one of the high ceilinged, ornately French rooms of their suite, on a small table drawn up beside a window that overlooked the Tuileries Gardens.

"Old darling," said May suddenly, mashing out her third cigarette of the day, kissing her second and third finger tips and leaning over to transfer them to her mother's lips, "you look fit as a top this morning."

May belonged to the genus offspring who calls her parents by Christian name; and because it has never yet been uttered except in the key of being clever, being modern and being smart, she jerked up a bit each time she said it as if waiting for the applause to die down.

Edith answered her daughter by caressing the toe of her pastel colored mule against the muled toe of her daughter.

"May, stop egging me on in my old-age nonsense," she said and flushed with pleasure, but her right hand sprang rather guiltily to a seamed and scarcely visible welt just under the flare of hair off her brow.

Yes, there is something else that may as well be told now and over with.

Edith's face had been "lifted." Fifteen years in crows' feet, a little tan mole on her right cheek which her father had teased her about up to the very night he died, two rather well defined mouth braces the piquant shape of Edith's laugh, and all the little smile wrinkles up around her eyes had, presto-chango, vanished under ten thousand francs' worth of the skill of the most famous beauty doctor in Paris (English spoken).

Even to May, the new Edith who emerged from those five bandaged weeks in Beauty's nursing home had been somewhat of a shock. Something dear about the old Edith had scurried away on the crows' feet, leaving an astonishingly girly Edith, it is true, but a new suave Edith too, with the propped up smile of one of those masks above the proscenium arch.

You knew, almost creepily, that back somewhere was the old Edith, with the mole on her left cheek bone and the merry crinkle laughter, but there was the new one who would not allow the old so much as the indenture of a mouth brace, and then those erased looking eyes. They were not the windows of Edith's soul at all, but al frescoed imitations of them, like the Italians loved to paint on their houses.

And yet when May, transferring her kissed finger tips to her mother's lips, said, "Darling, you look fit as a top," she meant it. Indisputably, even in the hard merry light of Paris forenoon, Edith Whatley looked twenty-four.

"These all night dancing parties of yours, May, are hard on even my 'facial.'"

"Nonsense—I don't let you do anything that isn't good for you. Lowell said you had more toddle left in you at two this morning than all the rest of us put together."

"Lowell is overdoing the all night parties, though, May. Last night must have cost him five thousand francs."

"Oh nonsense! If he doesn't spend his millions on us, he will on someone else. The surest way to disillusion a boy like Lowell is to show consideration for his pocket nerve. I let him buy wine until I have to pour it into the flower boxes."

"I think that's disgusting."

"No, you don't. It's wise. Which reminds me, there's some Malays dancing over at Le Faun that everybody is talking about. I thought I'd ring up Speed and see if he would take us tonight after the Coq d'Or."

"Malays?"

"Yes. Muscle dancers. Adele Stetlow says it's awful. They don't move off one spot. All flesh shuddering and that sort of thing."

"Ugh! Really, May, for a girl as fastidious as you are . . ." "But it's the rage of Paris," said May. "Everybody's going." And in her little mauve pajamas, and kicking off her mules, she walked over to the tier mirror between windows and, arms horizontal, and snapping her fingers, began to indulge in a little series of muscular nonsenses that sent a ripple up and down through the silk suiting.

"Uh, dum de dum, dum, eh, uh, uh . . ."

"The rage of American Paris, you mean, May. A Frenchman and his family would be a real curiosity at the places we frequent."

"Darling, how naive! As if the Paris of the Frenchman



Then there is the Paris of the Bois de Boulogne, Long-champs. That was the Paris of Edith and May Whatley and the thousands like them who sail from America annually.

mattered. They're only running the show. They sit behind the scenes, scrape in American dollars and eat tripe."

"Just the same, it will be good to get back home and order a real French dish off an American menu. I'm so tired of American dishes off French menus."

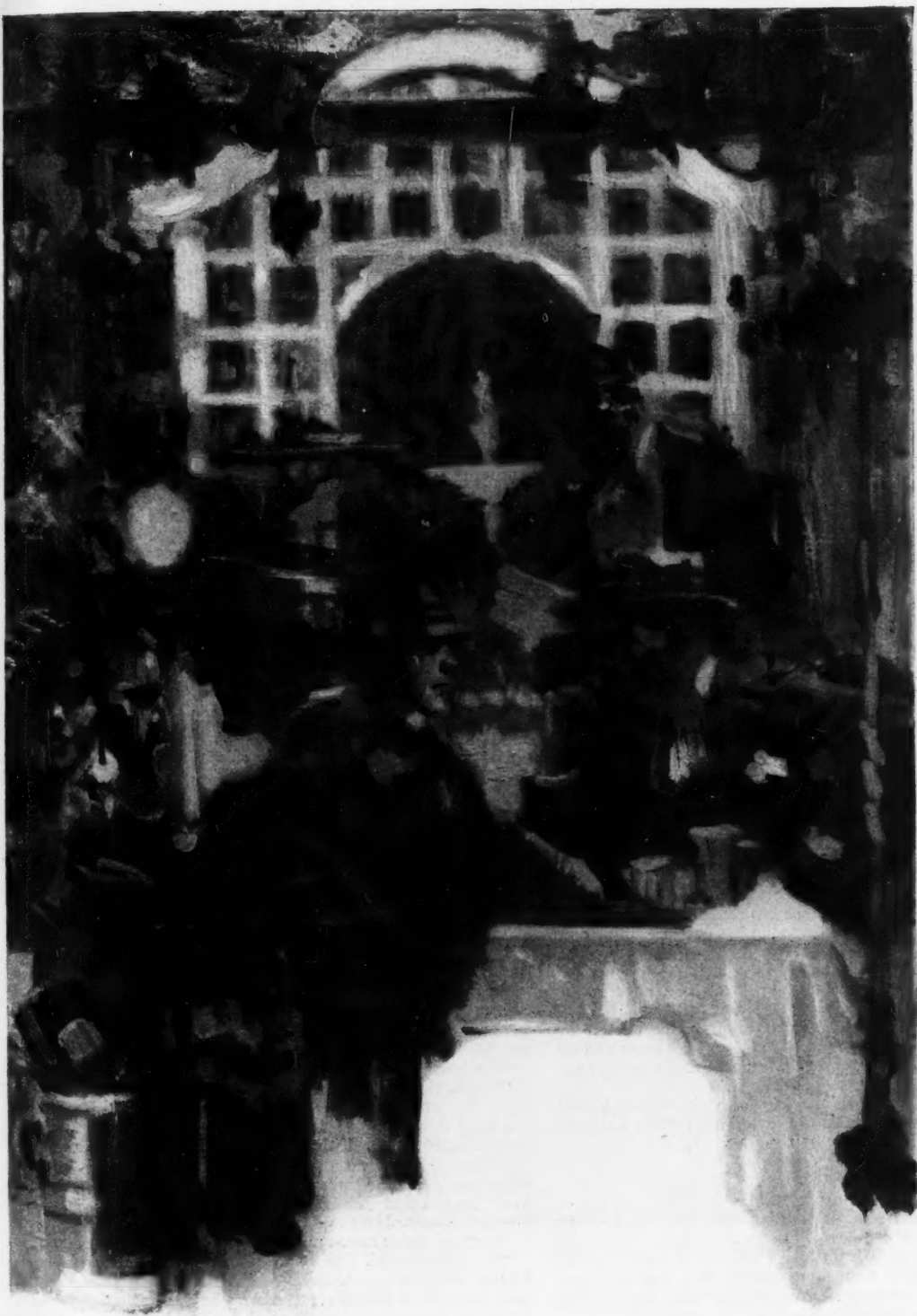
"Darling, you shall have *escargots bordelaise*, *babas au rhum* and champagne cocktail in demi-tasses at Petit Rat Mort the very first night we land in New York. Meanwhile, Mrs. Whatley, get a little hurry on. We have two fittings at Lanvin at eleven, Renée has our turbans at eleven-thirty. Cartier will have the pearl tassels to show us at twelve and there are your eyebrows to be done before we drop in at the Café de

Paris for lunch. Henri's holding our table for one o'clock." "Not the eyebrows, May! I couldn't stand it right after going through the facial. They're not so heavy, dear. Leave them be."

Miss Whatley kissed her mother on each ear lobe. "You're the only smart woman in Paris, Edith Whatley, with unplucked eyebrows. After the first couple of yanks, the worst is over. I know. I've been through it."

Mrs. Whatley regarded her daughter out of a face that would not and could not trouble up.

"May, leave me my eyebrows, I prithee. They make my face seem less nude."



"Aha! The Muncie instinct, never quite latent in my parent, is now lifting its head to meow!"

"But May, I—the pain——"

"What's the matter, old dear? Feeling logy? Mix you an eye-opener?"

"No, I hate the stuff—and so do you," said Edith Whatley, wanting to grimace out of a face that insisted upon remaining as bland as summer sky.

So there were the fittings that morning, the pearl tassels, the Italian turbans and the eyebrow pluckings to the accompaniment of such spurts of pain that the agony rolled in cold tears down

Edith's cheeks and when she emerged into the sunlight of Rue St. Honoré there was only a supercilious shaped hair line flaming beneath her turban to indicate where had been brows.

"You're wonderful, Edith. You look like Irene Castle and you make me look sixteen. I'm damn proud of you."

"I—think I feel faint——"

"Nonsense! Let's jump into a taxi and go over to the Café de Paris, and I'll get Henri to mix you a brandy and soda——"

"A cup of tea, dear—if you don't mind."

It was upon stepping from the taxicab on Rue de l'Opera, the flame in her brow somewhat subsided and a little of the flesh glow back in her cheeks, that Edith Whatley walked straight

into the path of Julie Bell Anderson Sears, Muncie Central High School, class 1899.

One of those stunned moments of open-mouthed and silent ejaculation.

"Why—Julie Bell Anderson!"

Julie Bell, in an excellent quality blue and white foulard that followed her curves, and an excellent quality blue Milan, short-back sailor with cornflowers, stopped short, her round-as-an-apple face wrinkling into honest perplexity, and a little moisture of embarrassment beginning to prick through the cornstarch powder.

"I—I'm sorry, but you have the advantage," she said in the Lancashire of Indiana and threw a humorously helpless appeal to her companion, a young girl, also as pretty as could be, but cruelly bisected, at just the line Lanvin disapproves most, by a shirtwaist and skirt.

"Julie Bell, don't you say you don't know me! Muncie Central High. Rock Church Choral Sextette. I never could remember your married name but you're Julie Bell Anderson! Sears—that's it. You married Edward Sears from Fort Worth."

"If this isn't like me," said Julie Bell and blew upward at a distracted looking strand of brown-gray brown hair that had started to dangle, "stupid at remembering names."

"Why mama, you're usually splendid at recalling old friends from Muncie. Try to think, dear."

"For heaven's sake then, old dear," said May, who loathed sidewalk reunions, "unburden your dark identity to your friends."

"Remember the night at Christian Endeavor strawberry festival out at Linden Wood, Julie, when you cut your hand scooping up ice cream and I bound it with my petticoat ruffle and you were so worried over the waste of embroidery? Remember the night you slept at our house on Dover Street and helped me write the class prophecy?"

Julie Bell Anderson Sears's face then did a curious thing. It froze. Froze into an amazement that thawed into actual silliness. "You—can't be—Edith Mastason? No—no—it couldn't be—"

"Of course I'm Edith, you old darling, you. Now give me a great big hug right here in the middle of Rue de l'Opera."

"Edith, I'll skip along in and whisper the brandy and soda to Henri—"

"No, no, May, I want you to stay here and meet this dear old friend of mine—my daughter, Julie, and of course this is your daughter, and—and—oh just tell me everything about everybody and let me get my fill of looking at dear old Julie Bell Anderson whom I haven't seen for—for nineteen years!"

For the life of her Julie Bell could not get past the spluttering stage.

"Why I—you—Edith—twenty-three—different—funny eyes—slimmer—mole—wouldn't recognize—bobbed hair—why Edith, you're a regular flapper!"

"Of course I am, you old outspoken darling you, and so are you going to be after we get hold of you and get some of that dear good natured fat off of you. And to think this dear girl is your daughter . . ."

"I say, dear, we're blocking the traffic. Make an engagement with your friends for some other time. Henri won't hold our table—"

"Julie Bell, you and—your daughter—"

"Cornelia."

"Cornelia—come in and lunch with May and me!"

"No sirree, you and May are coming right around the corner to a little place we are just devoted to on the Rue des Pyramides and have a bite with us. Really, don't believe I'm quite coherent yet, after my surprise. Cornelia, you and May walk on ahead and break your own ice between you. Edith—why honey, I just don't know where to begin!"

Something cold and slit-like had happened to May's eyes. Slim as a sardine, every undulation of her through the artful simplicity of her modish black dress emphasizing her emancipation from everything nether except glove silk and precious little of that, she placed a frigid and squeezing restraint upon her mother's arm.

"But Edith—we're lunching here."

"But darling, Julie Bell and I haven't seen one another in nineteen—"

"Where is this place on the Rue des Pyramides?"

"May, you'll love it. It's a little restaurant near the Louvre that Connie and I stumbled across. Not even tablecloths, and the dearest little old French proprietor who tosses up a perfect salad before your very eyes."

"I know. Where they rub the dessert plates with garlic and

the red wine tastes like tooth paste. I like your party, Edith, but you'll have to choose between it and me this time. I hate quaintness. It smells."

"So does chypre," spoke up Cornelia in a voice rather surprisingly loud. No light and shade. An American desert of a voice. "Only garlic is an honest smell than chypre."

"But at least the way of the transgressor is fragrant," said Edith, and lifted her lips daintily off her teeth in a tantalizing little smile she had.

Edith held out persuasive hands.

"Please, darlings," she said through the biting admonition of May's pointed fingernails into her forearm, "we've reserved our table here and Henri strikes you off his bowing list if you disappoint . . . Let's not squabble over places. Now which of these two girls of ours will give in first?"

"Why I will, of course," said Cornelia, out of the little pause that followed, and jerking up her skirt band where it seemed to glory in sagging away to reveal the grin of gathers.

Muncie will snub the Merriweather family which airs bedding out of its front windows when it encounters a Merriweather on Elm Street, Muncie, and frigidly ignore the fly Grosbeck girls who promenade so obviously in front of the Muncie Hotel, but encountering the Merriweathers or the Grosbecks on the Rue de la Paix is another matter. Swap goes the home news of Enid Womwraith's premature baby; wicked little addresses in Montmartre staged just for Muncie, where, "My dear, the men use lipsticks—I saw it with my own eyes"; and the very secret information of an adorable little dressmaker just off Rue Commartin, who copies all Doucet's and Bouvet Sœurs' models at half price!

Across fourteen canary bird bathtubs of hors d'œuvres and then *jambon d'œuf* and *petit pommes de terre frites*—which is the French way of catering to the American appetite for ham and eggs and fried potatoes—the patter ran something like this:

"Julie Bell, whatever became of the Ponscarne family that used to live on the corner of Spruce and Third?"

"Why, honey, the old man died the year I married and moved to Fort Worth, and they say that Shirley took the very check that represented her share in the estate and bought herself a Polish nobleman."

"And Mary Nipher?"

"Same old Mary. Her second daughter visited us in Fort Worth last summer. Mary's gray as a bat, though. Edith, honey, I just can't keep my eyes off you. It's not human for a woman to look fifteen years younger than the day she graduated."

"My daughter just won't let me grow old, Julie. Says I owe it to her to keep her young by keeping that way myself. The young generation does all the dictating these days, you see."

"You see, Connie, it's May's doing. Just think, Edith and I were girls together and look at us now—I look old enough and heavy enough to be her mother."

"Mama, you can't stand dieting and you know it. It makes you nervous and gives you circles under your eyes."

"Circles at least can be *interessant*. Fat's fat."

"You're right May, but I wish you could have seen; one day when my shampoo woman put a little henna in the water just to touch up the gray. Between Connie and her father you would have thought me a fallen woman. Mere henna, mind you!"

"Mama dear, it wasn't that and you know it. But it did something horrid and gilt to her. Oh, I don't know, made her look like the sort of woman who would wear tarnished silver evening slippers down to breakfast!"

"You see what tyrants my family are with me?"

"Never you mind, Julie Bell, May and I will take hold of you. I know just how Connie feels—you've such a pretty face and the gray makes it even softer; but as May says, women simply don't let themselves go gray any more."

"Mama hasn't let herself go, and as for her face and hair, I wouldn't let anyone tamper with them for anything."

"You see."

"Why I only meant, dear—"

"Let herself go! Why, she's the leading spirit in Fort Worth. She took political history and international law with me my whole last two years at the State University. She's stumped the State for the governor of Texas and for Child Welfare. She's president of the Fort Worth Wednesday Club and can talk the technicalities of pretty nearly every corporation law case that my father handles. If you call that letting herself go, I should say that there are different ways of letting oneself go!"

"Oh, but that's splendid, Julie! It does my heart good to hear Connie brag about you."

"I'm not bragging, merely trying to—show you that—"



"Let's go back," said May, and jerked her hand away from the sting of his.

"You always did have a perfectly splendid head on your shoulders, Julie. That's not the issue. But since you've brought up the other subject, you don't mind my saying something, do you dear? What is the good of having known one another since we were children if—"

"You come right out with it, Edith. Probably won't do me one bit of good when my two tyrants begin to interfere, but any woman who can look like you at—what is it—forty umpty umph, can speak with authority."

"Well Julie, first of all, you—and Connie too; I'm not going to let that young lady off—don't study yourselves."

"Honey, you just have your finger in as many community pies as I have and see—"

"Look at Connie there. Just as pretty as a picture, making herself all tubby in a shirtwaist and skirt."

"Edith, you don't half appreciate Connie. That child took Phi Beta Kappa last—"

"Mama, please—no mutual admiration society—"
"Don't interrupt. And Julie, dotted foulard! I didn't think they were perpetrated any more."

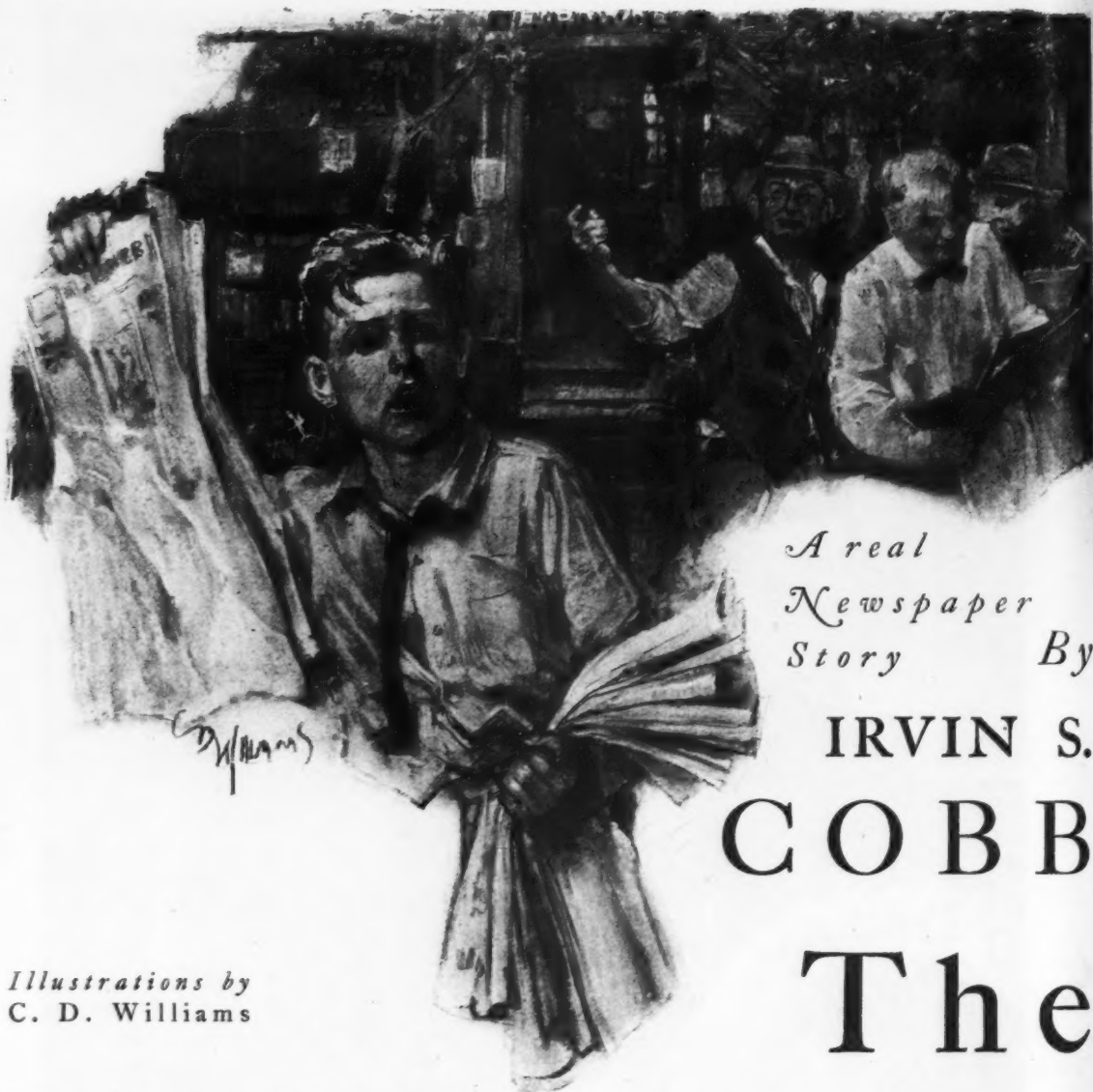
"Why, a little dressmaker I just give work to sort of to keep her going made this—I know it isn't much."

"With all your money! Julie, it's not fair to yourselves. Oh yes, I've heard about that show place of yours down in Fort Worth that you throw open to the school children once a month! Haven't you been to any of the French dressmakers, dear? What do you do with yourselves in Paris?"

"Well, Edith, you'll laugh at us, but we—Ed and all of us in fact—we believe in patronizing home talent. Fort Worth gives us our living and we try to give her hers back."

"Altruistic, but rather hard on the altruist." This from May with her lips high and neat.

"Not that a French dress now and then could matter a great deal, I guess. Do you know, Connie, (Continued on page 102)



Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

*A real
Newspaper
Story By*
**IRVIN S.
COBB**
The

TO NEARLY everybody in the newspaper game, City Editor Ben Ali Crisp, of the Daily Star, seemed so teetotally a result of big town training that nearly everybody assumed he naturally and necessarily must be. This is one of the things that go to show how wrong popular judgments sometimes are.

Still, you hardly could blame his contemporaries for feeling this way. Everything about Crisp on his executive side—his system of running his news rooms, his trick of thinking in headlines and speaking in headlines, his broadly flippant treatment of nine-day notables who tried to make themselves famous and only made themselves foolish, his almost reverent manner for more durable celebrities—these qualities, you would say offhand, were the qualities of one who had fed on the concentrated essences of old Park Row before ever he split the journalistic cocoon. Or take his personal prejudices and balance them off against what you might call his public attitudes as betrayed in the printed page. What city save and excepting this city of New York could have brought forth a professional intelligencer whose published optimisms were so acutely contrasted with his private skepticisms; a man who could be so tremendously enthusiastic over tellable performances and at the same moment carry in his own mind a counterpoise of cynical distrust for the motives behind things? Your true grub of Grub Street always is sure he can recognize a fellow grub by the fit of the horns and the set of the tail.

Or finally, for added force to the argument, take the Star itself. It was audacious, tricky, boastful, resourceful, adventurous, sometimes virtuous, frequently faulty, always actively alert. And, when all was said and done, wasn't it Crisp's own

creation—the presentiment, in an amplified shape, of its sire's leanings and likings? It surely was. It might have its shortcomings—granted; but for all these, it was a true mirror into which the city might look any afternoon and see its smirky face. Well, then, what better proof did one ask for? How did the saying run?—like parent, like child. What country-raised man could have bred up so fashioned and finished a Manhattanese product as the Star was?

This borough is full of wise-cracking people who think everything worth while must originate on their lumpy little griddlecake of an island. To them Weehawken, New Jersey, is Farthest Point West of temperate North America. And among the multitude that cherishes this belief are divers newspapermen, who should know better. But sometimes they don't. The contagion of a prevalent insularity afflicts them, too.

In support of a common theory, certain pleasing fictions regarding Crisp's youth had grown up, like ivy on a wall, against the grim background of his adult personality. The favorite version had it that as a ragged juvenile he sold newspapers in City Hall Park and slept nights under one of the arches of that newly completed ninth wonder of the world, the Brooklyn Bridge. Another account had it that he had been a copy-boy on the old Herald away back in the days of the elder Bennett; that would make him about twenty years older than he was. If these romances ever came to Crisp's ear he did not take the trouble to deny them. As the saying is, he let them ride.

It would have confounded the volunteer chroniclers of a fabulistic boyhood to know the truth, which was that Crisp lived out the chrysalid stages of his newspaper beginnings in a spot remotely far from all skyscrapers and all special extras. As



who developed from as cubby a cub reporter as ever asked a city editor for theater tickets, into the greatest reporter of his time

Everybody who saw a Pioneer extra burst forth into laughter hearty and unrestrainable.

Special Extra

the crow flies, or might fly if his wings held out, Bridger's Gap lies two thousand miles west of where Forty-second Street crosses Broadway. So far as either Forty-second Street or Broadway is concerned, Bridger's Gap is the back edge of foreign parts. Nevertheless, and elaborating a simile already made use of, it was in Bridger's Gap that the young Ben Ali passed through the earlier stages of his journalistic development—egg, embryo and pupa—and by progressive steps came to reach the point where it is the intention of the present narrator to pick him up.

So doing, it is incumbent upon us to hark back to a year when for a period of weeks and in the eyes of the world, this town of Bridger's Gap assumed a place utterly out of proportion to its then population, its position on the national map, or its importance in the national scheme of things. A transient but tremendous prominence came to it. It was chosen as the site for the staging of a fight for the world's heavyweight championship; than which, in the minds of most human beings among the English-speaking breed, there is—if the truth must be confessed—nothing of quite so much consequence unless it be a world's war. And world's wars come along so seldom that the comparison scarcely is a fair one.

In the olden and the yet older days, Bridger's Gap, where she perched up on the haunches of the Continental Divide, like a gaily clinging to the flanks of a most awfully bony nag, had had her little days of a passing and sanguinary fame. She'd had her ups and downs and her times when she neither was up nor down but static and at standstill, which is the most distressful fix of all for any ambitious community to be in. First of all, at the very beginning, she was a water hole, found by, and named after,

one of the great-granddaddy pathfinders of the sundown side of this hemisphere. Then, later on, she was a relay station on a long, long trail a-winding, and it was here, in 'forty-nine, that the timorous of heart turned back and only those with sandy craws limped on to find a perilous way over the high blue wall of the mountain and so on and on to the Coastal gold diggings. After that, for another spell she had been a trading post, with a trader or two and an Indian agent. And then, after a while, she was one of the briskest of mining camps. This was soon after the Civil War, when they struck silver in her hills. Those were the flush times for Bridger's Gap, what with her nineteen bars, her Bird of Paradise Op'ry House and her perpendicular cemetery where the upturned toes of those who died with their boots on served for the foot-markers at the graves. But this was a transient glory and faded.

Then the railroad came, bringing the real estate boomer and other agents of a beneficent civilization, and she revived and incorporated herself with a charter and a mayor and all. Bridger's Gap was now a junction point where the trains stopped to change locomotives and take on passengers coming up over the branch line; and tourists, bound from coast to coast, would get off the Pullmans to stretch their legs and say to one another, "Gawd, suppose the engine should break down and a fellow had to spend a whole day here!"

But Bridger's Gap's loyal children, wearing now the brought-on store clothes of Yankee fashion marts but clinging still to the broad brimmed felts of their beloved West, wondered how people could be content to go on sticking in Chicago and St. Louis and all those other mail order centers of the Far East when they might just as well move to Bridger's Gap and find out what real

living was. They spoke of her as a city. A city she was indeed, a city of twelve thousand souls not counting the Chinks and the Mexies, with a Board of Trade and a Boosters' Club and a daily paper and a State A. & M. College and an altitude of three-quarters of a mile above sea level and everything pleasant like that. Mark you, this was no telling how many years ago. You wouldn't know the place now. Today she invites comparison with Portland and Salt Lake. You must remember we agreed to hark back and that is what we are doing.

The daily paper was published every morning in the week excepting Monday morning. Its name was "The Pioneer" and its titular head was a fussy person named Van Horn J. Frisbee, a native of Flatbush, Brooklyn, transplanted by the hand of fate to the farther slopes of the Rockies and doing well in his new setting, being wealthy and having many and varied business interests. In deference to local custom this Mr. Frisbee wore a soft hat but he thought according to the hard hat mode of his ancestral Brooklyn. He had taken over the Pioneer for debts accumulated by a former unthrifty management and he was its sole proprietor and also he was one of those creatures that are to be listed among the most lamentable of misfit spectacles in the entire human race—an amateur newspaper publisher, constantly wondering how things can go so wrong so often in a country print shop, and not knowing why they do.

The chief of staff of the Pioneer was a stocky youth of twenty, one Benny Crisp or, baptismally speaking, Ben Ali, two years out of high school and the same number of years with his present employer. Prentice hand as he was, he came mighty near to being all the staff it had. He was its managing editor, its news editor, its telegraph editor and its city editor, also its star reporter. At the editorial end of the Pioneer he was everything there was, barring an elderly derelict who read proof and the exchanges and sometimes took a turn at covering routine, and a young woman who wrote the social notes and the less important death notices and did most of the personals. He worked from twelve to fifteen hours a day, fighting his own inexperience and the incompetency of his aides; ate most of his meals in snatches, standing up; joyed in handling, however inexpertly, the tools of his trade; and night times in his bed dreamed dreams of one day being top man in a big city shop. He didn't have a nerve in his body, and all his joints were greased with the oils of youth and enthusiasm, and jog trot had come to be his natural gait. The kid's other name was Energy.

In these two years, largely by main force and awkwardness, he had come up from the bottom of Bridger's Gap's journalism to its peak, had ascended its only newspaper throne. But uneasy lies the climber's head that wears a paper crown. There was, at least, one avowed rival for Benny's insecure diadem, and for an overlord he had one who was fractious, fretful and hard to please. In desperation, six months before, Frisbee had promoted him to his present eminence. The step had been taken in an emergency; there were times when Frisbee seemed deeply to regret having taken it at all. When Frisbee foreclosed on the Pioneer, its plant, good will, advertising accounts and circulation, he acquired along with some rather dubious assets certain indubitable liabilities. One of these liabilities, handed on as a sort of living legacy from the bankrupt management, was its editor, a middle-aged sickly alcoholic. At the end of eighteen months more, the inherited incumbent succumbed to an unhealthy combination of weak lungs, hard liquor and Frisbee's complaintful naggings. There being no better choice available within the local purview the owner promoted the first mate, young Crisp, to the vacancy, probably figuring that the youngster had ambition even though he lacked for training. Well, Mr. Frisbee himself was lacking in divers essentials. He was short on temperament, on any knowledge of the mechanics of the newspaper business, on patience, on confidence in his underlings. He would gird at Crisp for turning out so hopelessly countrified a sheet; then when Crisp, taking copy and pattern from one of the Denver or San Francisco papers, tried to spread the news and shape the make-up after a metropolitan model, Frisbee, as likely as not, would find fault with him for a clumsy imitator.

There was another cause for inner harassment in young Benny's spare moments—conceded that he had any spare moments. Up in the front office he had an open enemy in Slocum, who ran the business end. Slocum, who was all of twenty-eight, had a monstrous contempt for mere infants of twenty or thereabouts; also Slocum had a brother-in-law working on a paper up in Seattle who by Slocum's telling would make an admirable editor for the Pioneer. Now, Slocum was one of the conniving colleague sort. To Frisbee he magnified Crisp's faults and shortcomings, pointing out mistakes in statement and slip-ups

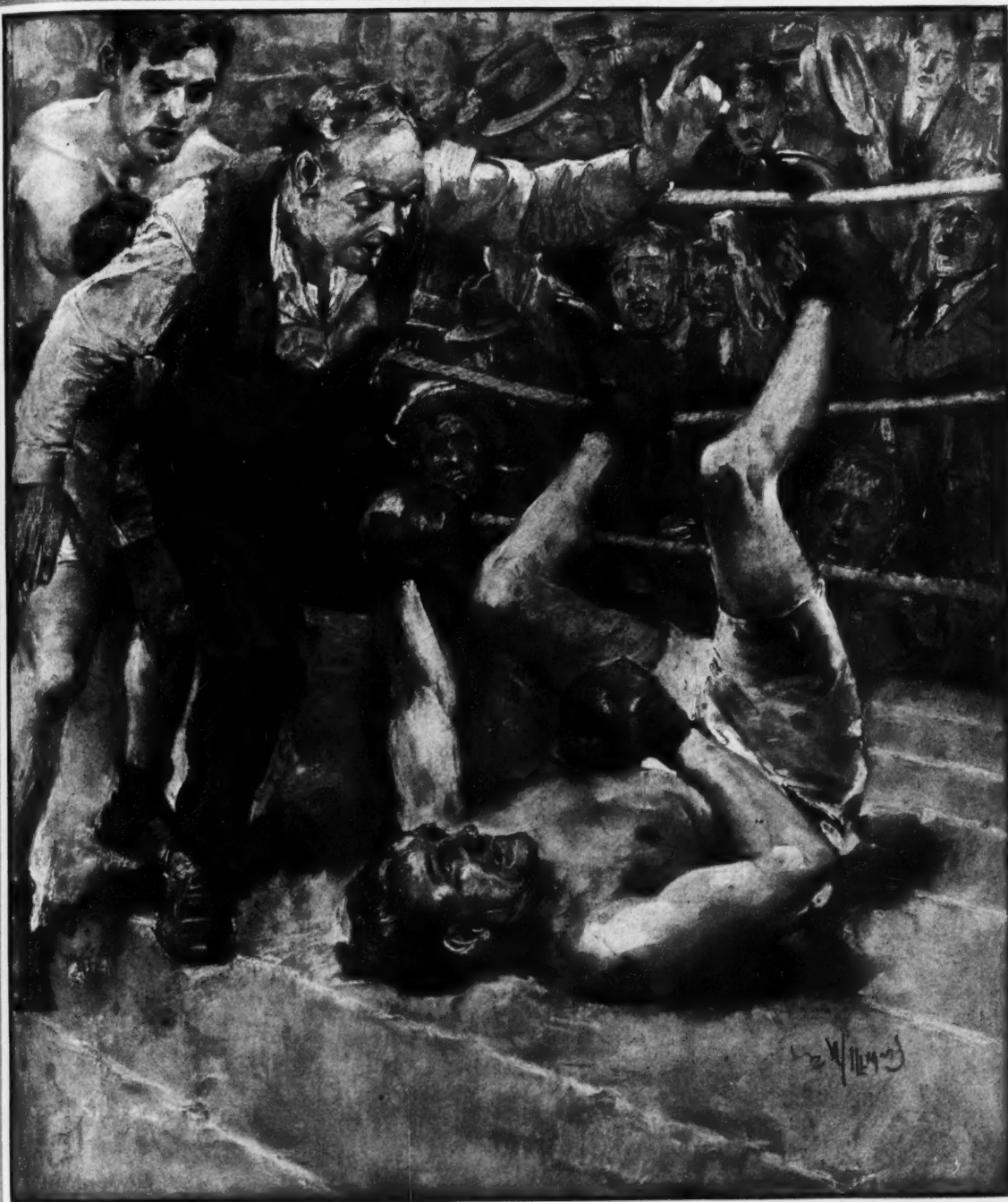
in the printing of proper names. Benny knew what was going on behind his back. He heard things that Slocum said on the street—"a brat who wasn't dry yet behind the ears trying to get out a daily paper"—"a kid who wasn't old enough yet to vote putting on airs and calling himself an editor"—that sort of talk. If the boy had not been so confoundedly busy he might have found time for being confoundedly unhappy.

If such a thing were humanly possible, he was busier than ever when Bridger's Gap, by reason of being picked on as the battleground for that world's championship affair previously referred to, suddenly became a focal point of absorbing interest to most members of the so-called Nordic stocks on this and adjacent continents. Practically without warning, the news one morning burst in the faces of a surprised humanity. The planet at large had been led to believe that this impending event would take place probably either in New Orleans or in Los Angeles. But the legislature of Louisiana had a pious spasm, and in special session on call from the Governor passed a law against finish fights upon the soil of the State. So then the mayor of Los Angeles, not to be outdone in virtuous intent, dug up a forgotten civic ordinance prohibiting fisticuffs between professionals for hire.

So then again, following a series of hurried conferences of principals, backers, managers and promoters, there flashed forth to expectant mankind in bulletined announcement the name of Bridger's Gap. After the first shock, persons residing on the Eastern Seaboard took down the family atlas to find out where, if at all, on the habitable globe Bridger's Gap might be and whether you could get there without use of pack trains.

In two weeks Bridger's Gap had doubled its population, in three had trebled it, and with the fight yet twenty days distant already visiting gallants slept in relays on the tables of the Gold Eagle Hotel's pool and billiards parlor. Into the future metropolis of the Divide came pouring the stripped cream of sporting life, also the dregs, scums and leavings of the same. There came fit and proper representatives of all the groups and classes that are drawn to a championship mill as flies are drawn to a sorghum-boiling—the high priests of the genteel art of mauling; the chosen worshippers who believe a pugilist to be God's noblest handiwork; the lesser pew holders; the sweepers of the temple and the money changers; the altar boys and the acolytes; the hangers-on and the camp followers. With these were types rarely encountered in number in such a case: weathered desert-rats out of the mountains, dusty dry farmers off the high prairies, rich sheep-men from the valley ranches, cow-kings and cow-punchers, retired two-gun men, veteran ex-sheriffs and ex-town marshals with puckered cold eyes and the shoulder holster worn in the hollow of the left armpit; blanket Indians, half-breeds, and cross-breeds; buckaroos and bravos. A squad of imported carpenters came to throw up the fight arena; a crew of telegraph operators; a host of blocky gentlemen with curiously dented-in cheek bones and flattened noses and ears so thickened in the flange and so convoluted on the lobe that such an ear suggested not so much an ear as the mouth of a horn of plenty. The fancy rolled in on private cars or special trains, and the plain unostentatiously disengaged themselves from the meager accommodations of brake rods and blind baggages.

Through all this, past part and parcel of it, went that live youngster Crisp, bounding from crag to crag, as it were, as eagerly alive as his days were long. They were very long. But one main thing was talked of—the fight; hence there was but one main thing to write of. But it had so many dips and angles, so many high points to be covered, so many side lines to be watched. Daily he hustled from one source of news to another. He must go to the Gold Eagle Hotel to get the names of public characters from the list of late arrivals; to the ravine at the foot of Crockett Avenue, there to note progress and report it, on the carpenters' job as it changed with magical speed from a cadaver of bare scaffoldings into the shape of a proper amphitheater; out to Casson's ranch a mile from town where the champion, Conoday, had set up training quarters; back again to the more modest establishment of Lefarge, the challenger, who was domiciled in Bud Quilty's old sales stables; up and down the streets to gather gossip and notes, and then finally to his shop, there to hump himself over his typewriter and turn out running reams of copy for tomorrow's Pioneer. When it came to moving from place to place with alacrity and despatch he had the fabled spring-bok of the African veldt looking like a hamstrung heifer. The comparison is not of this writer's personal coinage. Gayle Boyle—who was Bridger's Gap's favorite humorist (and his own)—said it. Gayle said that by the time this fight was over he looked to see Benny Crisp's legs wore off right up to the hips.



There, practically upside down, Conoday stayed while old Hawk-Eye Billy Queen tolled off the fatal count of ten.

He said if you sort of batted your eyes and then looked quick you couldn't be sure whether Benny was triplets or just twins; sometimes you saw him three places at once and then again only two.

Even so, the youth, between stints, found odd quarter hours for his own usages. These breathing spells were made doubly precious to him by reason that he spent them in the company, or on the edge of it, of the newspapermen who were covering the story for papers outside. These men were members in good standing of a fraternity in which he meant some day himself to be included. They were the stars of the big-town staffs—New York, Chicago, San Francisco. They talked a shop talk which fell on his ears like dulcet music. He listened and marveled, and absorbed the terminology of their fascinating jargon, storing it away in his mind.

There was another group, professionally allied to this one, whose society he might have sought had he so elected. Reference is here made to an imposing coterie of more or less famous men and women acting for the moment as correspondents extraordinary. This was at the beginning of the time when, to report big news events, enterprising journals and syndicates retained fictionists, essayists, famous sociologists, scientists, even distinguished politicians out of jobs. That's an old trick now; it was a new one then and had zest of novelty. These specially hired celebrities commonly flocked in one camp, the regular newspapermen in another. They were all scribes of sorts, but the tribal ways were different. Green though he was—green as gourds and the grass in the field—young Crisp nevertheless was able to perceive that competency for the work in hand seemed

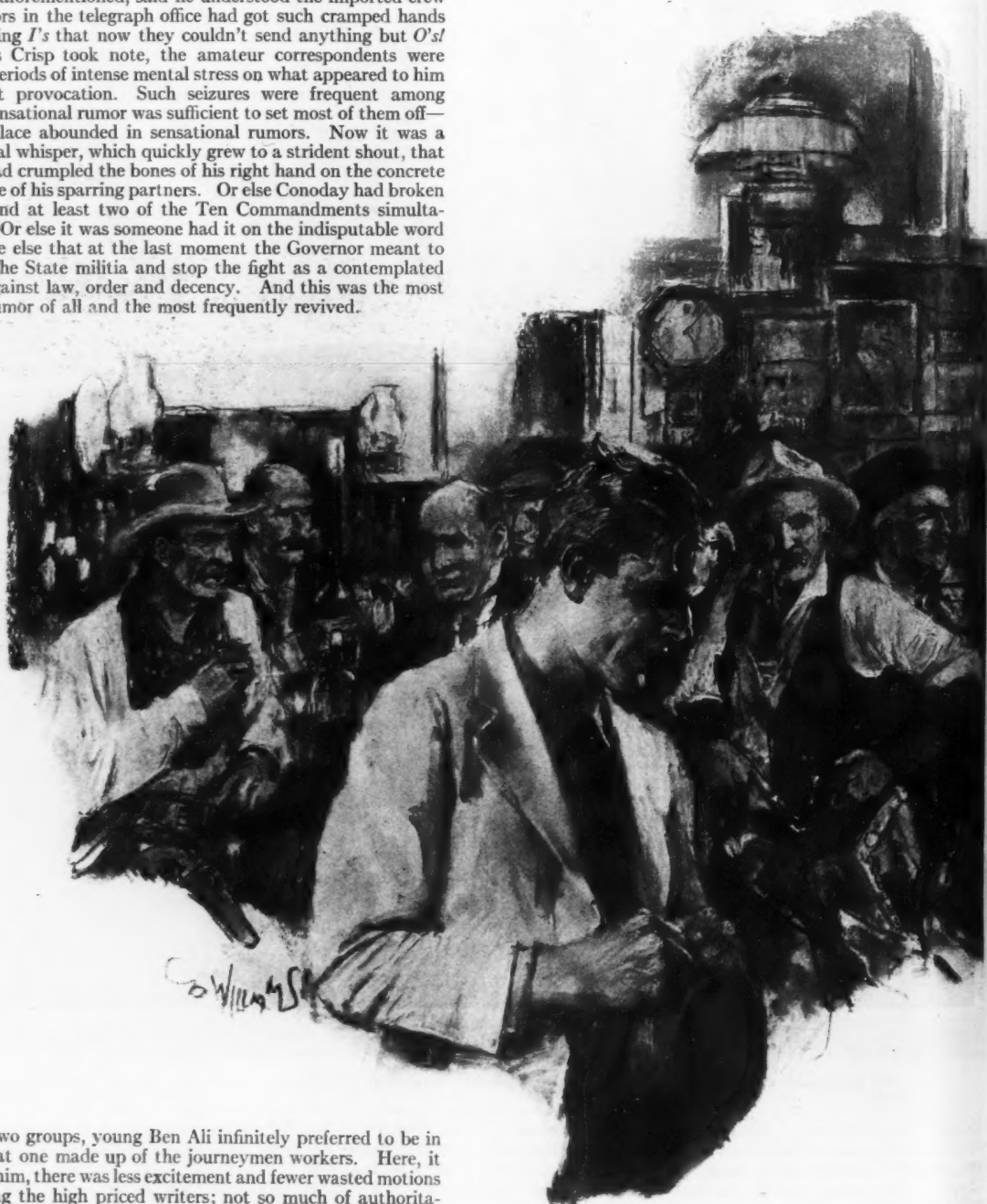
preponderatingly on the side of the journeymen reporters. To them this was an assignment, a big one but nevertheless an assignment; to those others it was an occasion. The latter worked hard enough to acquit themselves creditably, Heaven knew. On the surface of things they worked harder than the space men did. Speaking invariably in the first person singular and generous, each one, in the free use of his or her favorite pronoun, they produced most graphic word paintings, some done in pastels but more in strongly colored effects. Gayle Boyle, the comedian aforementioned, said he understood the imported crew of operators in the telegraph office had got such cramped hands from making *I's* that now they couldn't send anything but *O's*!

Also, as Crisp took note, the amateur correspondents were prone to periods of intense mental stress on what appeared to him insufficient provocation. Such seizures were frequent among them; a sensational rumor was sufficient to set most of them off—and the place abounded in sensational rumors. Now it was a confidential whisper, which quickly grew to a strident shout, that Lefarge had crumpled the bones of his right hand on the concrete skull of one of his sparring partners. Or else Conoday had broken training and at least two of the Ten Commandments simultaneously. Or else it was someone had it on the indisputable word of someone else that at the last moment the Governor meant to turn out the State militia and stop the fight as a contemplated outrage against law, order and decency. And this was the most exciting rumor of all and the most frequently revived.

within him. As he circled the outer rim of the group, a stoutish man of forty or thereabouts nodded to him and then, quitting the others, came over to him and spoke.

"Kid," he said, "I was reading some of your fight stuff in this morning's issue of your paper—at least, I assume it was yours. Anyhow, it was good stuff."

The marrow in the youngster's bones turned to fillings for a jelly cake. The speaker was Balty Johnston. He had never



Of the two groups, young Ben Ali infinitely preferred to be in or near that one made up of the journeymen workers. Here, it seemed to him, there was less excitement and fewer wasted motions than among the high priced writers; not so much of authoritativeness of utterance, perhaps, but—or he was woefully wrong in his estimate—a higher average of efficiency for the specific undertaking in hand. His moments of comparative leisure he spent, by preference, in those quarters where the regulars congregated. He speedily came to know most of them by name and all of them by sight and repute. His intrusions into their sodality were diffident but persistent. Some of them geyed him gently, some of them, as master workmen to a scrub, patronized him, the rest ignored him altogether.

One afternoon, though, his soul was exalted and made great

had any reason to suspect that Balty Johnston actually was aware of his existence.

But he knew mighty good and well who Balty Johnston was. It seemed from what he already had heard that in the newspaper game in New York there were three Johnsons—two of them plain Johnsons and one spelled with a *t*; and the first hailed from New Hampshire and so was known as Hamp Johnson, and the second, because he came from Dallas, was called Tex Johnson.

but the third of these, and the greatest by far, had been graduated from a Baltimore paper and so, to friends, he was Baltimore or Balty for short. He was a pudgy person who wore badly fitting clothes that always were rumpled, and a perfectly scandalous tie. A confrère with a genius for description had said once that he looked like a prosperous plumber coming home tired from a Sunday chowder party. He never appeared to be more than mildly interested in things, or even to be watching closely what went on about him. He moved, when he moved at all, with a ponderous deliberation, all the while wearing a semi-detached and slothful air. This man Crisp had worshiped dumbly and from afar. For, by common acknowledgment, he was just a little the best newspaperman of his inches in these United States. Even the other New York men acknowledged it and that might be accepted as the last word.

And now, actually, Balty Johnston was going out of his way to pass a compliment upon an obscure stripling's work. What was that he'd just said?—"Anyhow, it was good stuff."

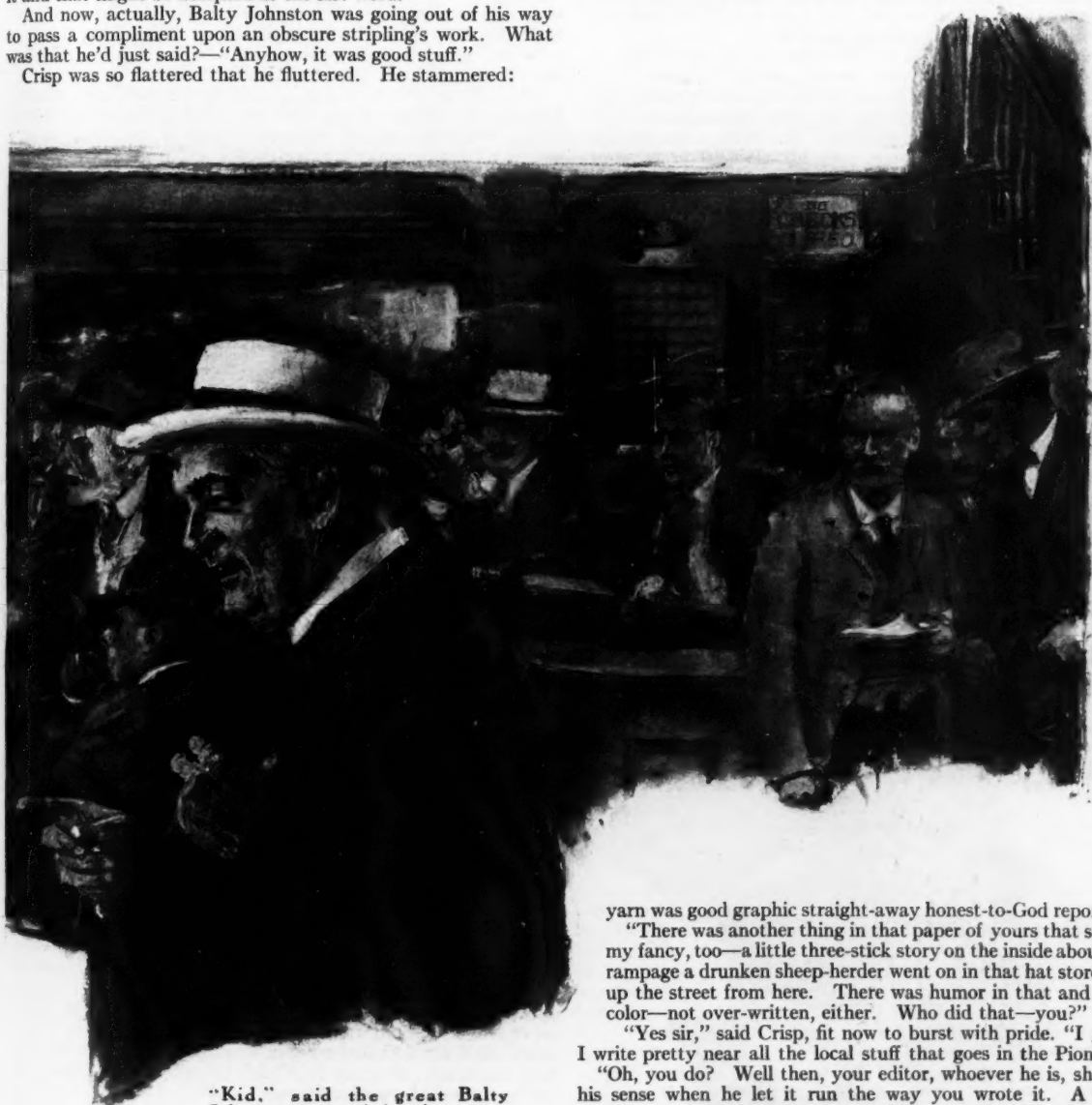
Crisp was so flattered that he fluttered. He stammered:

older than you—you don't mind my speaking right out in meeting, do you?"

"I'd be grateful if you did, sir. Please tell me—I'd rather have your opinion than anybody's."

The older man smiled inwardly at the fervency of the testimonial.

"All right, then: Now, at the beginning of that story you were thinking of the effect you hoped to create in the mind of the reader, weren't you?—trying to do what they call fine writing? But after you got all those adjectives out of your system you just settled down to write the story. You forgot yourself then and thought only of telling your tale. I've guessed right, haven't I? Well, right there was where you really began to score. Cut out the first half column and the remainder of that



"Kid," said the great Balty Johnston, "part of that front page yarn of yours was good enough for anybody's front page." Crisp was so flattered that he fluttered.

"Tha-a-nk you, sir. I'm awfully glad to hear you say so. Honest, did you like it, sir? I admit I'm pretty crude and new at the thing, but I try—"

"Don't apologize. Part of that front page yarn of yours was good enough for anybody's front page."

"Was it the introduction, sir? I worked awfully hard over that introduction."

"The introduction was the only part I didn't like. I'm a lot

yarn was good graphic straight-away honest-to-God reporting.

"There was another thing in that paper of yours that struck my fancy, too—a little three-stick story on the inside about the rampage a drunken sheep-herder went on in that hat store just up the street from here. There was humor in that and good color—not over-written, either. Who did that—you?"

"Yes sir," said Crisp, fit now to burst with pride. "I guess I write pretty near all the local stuff that goes in the Pioneer."

"Oh, you do? Well then, your editor, whoever he is, showed his sense when he let it run the way you wrote it. A copy butcher or one of these fancy retouching gents could have ruined that little skit for you."

"I'm the editor, too—I'm about all the editor there is on our paper unless you include Mr. Frisbee, the owner. He does the editorials—when we have any," explained Crisp.

"The whole works, eh?" Johnston's heavy-lidded eyes appraised the youth. "Must keep you pretty busy. Well—so long. By the way, what's your name? Your fellow townpeople round here call you Kid when they don't call you Benny."

Glorified out of his proper stature, young Crisp departed. He had been lifted many cubits in his own estimation. He had found a patron who was not a patronizer. The next day he made so bold as to speak to Johnston without waiting first to be spoken

to. He repeated a disquieting report which he had just heard. He wondered whether Mr. Johnston had heard it also.

"I wouldn't get all worked up, if I were you, over these weird tales that go floating round," said Johnston. "A story like this spawns them the way a shad spawns her roe. When you're in doubt whether you ought to print a wild rumor or let it lie, I'd advise you to string your bets with such a man as Hank Beecham yonder." He pointed a finger toward the chief of the Associated Press fight-story squad, a square-built man with an enormous nose and a close gnawed mustache, who alertly was working his way through the jam of the Gold Eagle's lobby. "Beecham keeps on an even keel. Watch his stuff and you'll see that while he prints some of these curious yarns because they're a part of the current news, still, you'll also find that he plays safe by discounting them at a good deal less than their face value. Don't believe everything you hear but hear everything you can. A reporter should paste that motto in his hat."

It was months after this before young Crisp came fully to appreciate how, out of a ripened experience and a schooled wariness for the pitfalls which lie along the reportorial path, this older, wiser man had been giving him prime lessons in the rudiments of the trade they both followed. At the time, though, the apprentice was mindful most of the pleasure and the sense of self-importance and the occasional brief words of praise for his efforts that he got from his daily contacts with the Easterner.

The fight was to be on a Wednesday afternoon. On the Monday of that week, when Bridger's Gap had become a ramping madhouse of forty thousand inmates, Crisp sought and found his teacher, the only outwardly calm and unimpassioned individual on view amid a prevalent frenzy.

"Hello, youngster," said the New Yorker. "You look sort of fine drawn and peaked this fine autumnal morning. Anything wrong?"

"I haven't had much sleep the last few nights—that's all, sir," said Crisp. "I came round hoping to find you and ask you something."

"Shoot," said Johnston; "but first let's get out of this mess of rampageous lunatics, if we can." He side-stepped, avoiding collision with an exhilarated cow-puncher tacking past under full rigging of buckaroo hat and silk neckerchief, and drew Crisp with him into a place of comparative quiet in the lee of the Gold Eagle's public ice-water cooler. "Now then, let 'em mill—let 'em stampede if they want to. It's nice and cozy back here. What's your question?"

"Well, I've a special reason for asking; it's not just curiosity. I know you haven't committed yourself in print or in conversation either, but strictly between us and in confidence, would you mind telling me who you think's going to win day after tomorrow?"

"Son, you can search me," said Johnston. "Dad Gilpin says it will be Conoday in a canter. Being a veteran sporting editor Dad has the winner of every prizefight absolutely picked in advance—sporting editors nearly always do. Most of the sporting desk sharps on this job are trailing with Gilpin, he being their dean and their Nestor and their grand old



Crisp worked like a horse all day and nights did copy for his extra.

man of sports, and all that sort of thing. On the other hand, now, there's Hart of the Trib—another sharp at this boxing game. Hart is a skeptic by trade and besides he likes to row against the current. Nothing will do Hart but that the whole thing will be a fake and a frame-up—that it's already been fixed for Conoday to stick his jaw in front of a hard clout early in the fight and lie down and take a nap, thereby double-crossing a host of his devoted friends and admirers

who've put their shirts on him to win. At that, Hart might have the right inside dope. Win or lose, Conoday gets the big end of the purse and if the sure-thing brethren have got to him and offered a split-up of their takings it would mean just so many thousands more of sucker money added to what's already guaranteed him. The gamblers haven't done the manly art of self-defense any real good these last few years, son. Then again, there are a limited number who figure Lefarge to have an outside chance. But you didn't ask me what others think, did you?—you asked me what I thought. Well, here's what I think—I think the prospects are we'll see an old-fashioned mauling match between a couple of large, lusty, meat-eating mammals, with the final outcome in great doubt.

"Conoday is older in experience, but by the same token he's older in years—ten years older than the Kanuck, if he's a day. Youth will be served—you know the saying. Of course, this time it may be served on a platter, rare, in its own natural red gravy. I'm not predicting, though; I'm only citing the possibilities as I see them. There's this high, dry, rarefied air that you Western folks brag on so; it may get to the big fellow's heart and lungs. By all accounts, our champion hasn't been leading the least dissipated of lives here of late. Wine, women and song—well, they've been the undoing of many a gladiator."

Little Sunbeams of Success

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan



Mr. Bopple made a fortune on noiseless parchesi wafers.

Home

A Poem

By Ernest L. Zopple

(Editor's Note: Mr. Zopple's verses are sold to papers all over Iowa. He makes an income of \$20,000 a year and has a home in Pittsburgh.)

BEFORE we had money, we lived in a flat,
The dear little woman and I.
There wasn't no danger of us getting fat,
And the cellar was painfully dry.
But though we now boast of a house in Duluth
And go there in passenger coaches,
That house, it don't seem like the home of our youth,
For a home ain't a home without roaches.

We now have twelve slaves at our beck and our call,
And Navajo rugs on the floor;
A platinum hat rack stands out in the hall;
There's a pearl-studded knob on the door.
Sweet mother goes round with a mouthful of gold,
And wears South American brooches,
But somehow she ain't the same gal as of old—
And a home ain't a home without roaches.

The house that we live in has vermin enough
To satisfy most folks's taste.
In fact, many servants have quit in a huff
With bites from the neck to the waist.
The mice and the rats and the weasels crowd in
By thousands as winter approaches,
And mother and I—well, we bear it and grin,
But a home ain't a home without roaches.

Can You See?

This man was struggling along on \$15,000 a year because he was
blear-eyed—Read how he woke up to his
Opportunity.

By Charles N. Wopple

FORTY-SIX years ago, George L. Bopple, stalled overnight
in a country hotel in Pittsburgh, sat at a table in the writing
room, heedlessly turning the pages of a folder which someone
had left there. Suddenly a paragraph caught his attention and
held it. The paragraph read:

"Are youse sure you can see? Your chance may be right

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in front of your hook nose and you may be overlooking it!"

Without waiting for his bill, Mr. Bopple jumped on a roller coaster, rode home and started a factory to turn out parchesi wafers which would not squeak.

The idea had come to him in a nutshell. For twenty years he and his father had spent their evenings at the parchesi board, playing the game with squeaky wafers.

How many times had one remarked to the other: "If we only had wafers which would not squeak!"

And the same squawk was going up all over America, wherever parchesi was played.

"Well," says Mr. Bopple, "that's about all there is to the story. It was not more than a week before my factory was turning out noiseless wafers by the trio. Now you can't find a home in America which is not supplied with Bopple's Parchesi Wafers—They Don't Squeak."

"And how about you?" inquired the interviewer. "Are you still a devotee of parchesi?"

"I play a little," replied Mr. Bopple, resting his chin laughingly on his abdomen.

A Woman Who Runs a Train

Read the story of Miss Elva Mopple, who became wealthy as a locomotive engineer by keeping her eyes open.

By Charles N. Wopple

HOW many passengers on the Cotton Blossom Limited, that famous fast train which makes the run between Pittsburgh and Wheeling in a day and a half, realize that during one-third of the journey the locomotive is driven by a woman engineer, Miss Elva Mopple?

Miss Mopple is said to be the only female locomotive engineer east of Omaha. She started forty-six years ago yesterday as a proofreader on a Rock Island switch engine and has worked her way up a step at a time until now she is drawing a salary of \$20,000 a year and lives in Pittsburgh.



A home ain't a home without roaches.

By RING W. LARDNER

Who Makes Sunbeams Pay Real Money

But Miss Mopple does not have to work any more. The \$20,000 per annum is just pin money to her as she has a big income from oil wells in Boston. Stock in these wells was bought with money saved during her first three years' service on the Limited.

"All engineers have the same opportunity I had," said Miss Mopple as she trimmed her eyebrows preparatory to making the fast run from Akron to Duluth. "I realized at the start that no one can save on twenty thousand a year, so I was always looking for a chance to pick up something on the side. In just three years I accumulated over three hundred thousand dollars."

"How?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, knocking a parrot off the throttle, "it sounds simple when you tell it. Most engineers keep their eyes open only for things which might throw their engines off the track—cows, geese and the like. I always watched the rails carefully for pennies which had been laid there by small boys. You know it is quite a sport among the kids to put pennies on the track and have them flattened out. Well, whenever I seen one of these pennies I stopped the engine and remarked to the fireman that I was going to chase a wolf off the track. Then I would walk out on the running board, crouch on the pilot of the engine and pick up the penny. On one trip alone between Pittsburgh and Yazoo I picked up a dollar and a quarter in pennies. At that rate, it doesn't take long to become independent."

Miss Mopple will be twenty-seven years old her next birthday and has never tasted a stogie.



Miss Elva Mopple, the only female engineer.

He Frightens Zebras

This man makes an income of \$20,000 a year citing as body-guard for a neighborhood of suburbanites.

By Charles N. Wopple

ON SUMMER nights you may see, strolling along Euclid Avenue, Bayside, Long Island, the form of Horace J. Popple, head of the Popple Detective Agency of Bayside, who has become independently wealthy in a rather odd way. Mr. Popple draws an annual salary of \$20,000 a year frightening zebras off the front porches of residents of Bayside.

Forty-six years ago Mr. Popple was earning only \$15,000 a year making Swiss button holes in a weasel factory in Canandaigua, N. Y.

"It was a mighty lowly vocation," says Mr. Popple laughingly, "but it learned me one thing—not to be afraid of striped animals. Without that knowledge I never would have been elected to head the zebra-scaring firm on Long Island."

Mr. Popple buys high powered automobiles as most of us buy birds' nests. He has a large winter home in Pittsburgh.

A Master Bungalow Builder

This man was depriving himself and his family of an income of \$20,000 a year because he did not wake up to his Opportunity.

By Charles N. Wopple

FORTY-SIX years ago John J. Copple was a poor farmer on the lower East Side of New York. He lived in a rich corn belt but could not make his farm pay as neither he nor his wife nor any of his children would raise a hand.



Mr. Popple has become independently wealthy in a rather odd way.

Came the panic of 1907 and after it, as will be remembered, farmers all over America were troubled with bark on their trees. Down to his last nickel, John Copple was about to cash a check when an old farmer staggered up to the front door.

"John," he said, "I will give you five dollars per day if you will come over to my place and help keep the bark off my trees."

For the next twelve years we find John Copple at work every day, winter and summer, gnawing the bark off Squire Crusinberry's trees. And never getting ahead.

"Till one day," says John, "a steamship salesman stopped for a drink of sap at my trees. He asked me what I was doing and I told him. He asked me what I did with the bark I gnawed off the trees. I told him I swallowed it. He told me I was a wastrel. 'Keep that bark in your mouth and take it home,' he said. 'Save it and build bungalows with it.'"

From that day on the story of John Copple is a story of ill deserved success. Every night he came home with a mouthful of bark and laid it to one side. At the end of each week he built a bungalow. At the end of twelve years he was receiving from his bungalows an annual rental of \$20,000 a year, and now lives in Pittsburgh.

"Did you ever thank the steamship salesman?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes!" replied Mr. Copple. "I write him a letter every Christmas."

It may be said in conclusion that the farmer from whose trees Mr. Copple gnawed all the bark is threatening to sue for an interest in the bungalow properties.

"But," says Mr. Copple laughingly, "his bark is worse than his bite."



By Edith Maude HULL,

A New Romance of the Sahara

Illustrations by

The Setting

of the story is Algiers and the near regions of the Sahara desert. The principal characters are:

SIR GERVAS CAREW, an English Nobleman living among the Arabs, by whom he is known as El Hakim, the Physician.

LADY MARNY GERADINE, a winsome Irish girl unhappily married to Clyde Geradine.

CLYDE, LORD GERADINE, brutal, debauched, who practically "bought" his wife from her dissolute brother.

ABDUL EL DHIB, Arab horse thief and bad man, with a price on his head.

SABA, a blind desert waif adopted by Sir Gervas.

MALEC, native servant of Viscount Geradine.

MICKY MEREDITH, in the British service on the Indian Border, and an old friend of Carew's.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Algeria.

GENERAL SANOIS, commander of the French military forces in Algeria.

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A Résumé of Parts One and Two:

BELOVED by the Arabs, to whom he has devoted his life as a desert physician, and a complete mystery to the European colony of Algiers, Sir Gervas Carew moves as a romantic and inscrutable figure. Years before the young wife whom he adored had run off with another man while he was absent on military service, and Carew had returned to find his home empty, his child dying. The double tragedy had made of him a misogynist hating and despising all women, and had cut him from England and his magnificent estate in self-imposed exile.

Comes a day when, through a chance meeting near Algiers with his old friend Micky Meredith, all the old wounds of remembrance he had thought healed are opened afresh. Riding alone toward his desert camp that night, Carew broods with bitter unwillingness on the past. His way takes him through a deserted village; and here he is startled from his reverie by a woman's scream for help.

Because the voice is English he goes to the rescue, though his instinct is to leave a fool woman to her fate, and finds a beautiful disheveled girl in the grasp of an Arab. In a fierce struggle he overcomes her abductor, Abdul el Dhib, and then at her entreaty allows the Arab to depart unharmed. The girl, Marny Geradine,



the woman who wrote "The SHEIK"

The Desert Healer

Dean Cornwell

he is forced against his inclination to take to his camp, as Algiers is thirty miles away.

When sleep and food have somewhat restored her shattered nerves, the two ride the thirty miles across the moonlit sands. To Marny, faced by the punishment of her brutal husband—who fortunately is away on a hunting trip—the care-free gallop is a Heaven-sent respite; and she marvels at the chivalry of the silent man beside her, whom because of his garb she supposes to be an Arab. To Carew, on the other hand, the presence of the woman is a further torturing reminder of the past.

Near Algiers they part, Carew promising to get back her valuable stallion, which Abdul had stolen. Marny returns to her home, the Villa des Ombres, there to be greeted by her faithful and distraught old attendant Anne and put to bed. That evening, waiting in trepidation for her husband, she realizes that the mysterious Arab has made on her an inefaceable impression; that, indeed, she is well-nigh in love with him.

Lord Geradine returns and greets her with the brutal embraces she loathes. Marny, an orphan living on the Irish coast, had married him as a girl at the hysterical behest of her dissolute brother Denis, who had said that only so could the family name she loved be saved from disgrace. This evening, apropos of a

request by letter from Denis for money, Lord Geradine lets fall that he had practically bought her as the price of saving the brother from prison or worse. Marny is horrified at the disclosure.

As she is going to her room she meets Malec and sees a great welt across his face where Lord Geradine had obviously struck him during the hunting trip. The horse Marny had lost is returned that night without Lord Geradine's knowing of its absence.

Meantime Carew has been visiting the Governor where he is highly praised by a visiting French official for one of his frequent unobtrusive services in smoothing the government's course with the Arabs. Thence he goes to visit a sheik in the native quarter; and the latter makes some startling disclosures to be transmitted by Carew to General Sanois. As the two part, the sheik also warns Carew with oriental ambiguity to beware of the vengeance of Abdul el Dhib.

Carew is returning through the native quarter when he is stopped by a crowd of howling Arab gamins. He scatters them and finds in their midst Marny Geradine, who has tried to rescue a puppy from their torturing attentions. She is startled to see by his dress that he is an Englishman and not an Arab, and deeply moved by this second crucial encounter. Carew, however, is cold and inscrutable as before,

Under the half-caste's seemingly careless manner was a suggestion of uneasiness. Once or twice he seemed on the point of imparting some confidence to Carew but it died away in mumbled ambiguity.



CHAPTER V (continued)

THE VILLA was reached at length, the sweating horses expending their remaining reserve of strength in a final spurt of activity, rushing the last fifty yards of level ground under a storm of abuse from the Arab driver who drew up at the nail-studded door, set in the enclosing wall, with a self-satisfied grin that widened broadly as he caught the liberal fee tossed to him. At the sound of the approaching wheels the door had opened silently and Carew passed through and went swiftly along the flower-bordered pathway to the house. The single-storied building was the most beautiful in Mustapha Supérieur. Built forty years before for

inwardly in a turmoil at again encountering the girl whom he has been unable to thrust from his thoughts for days. He places her in a victoria, refusing her proffered hand, and takes another victoria himself to his town house, Mustapha Supérieur, to dress for a dinner at the Governor's.

Carew's delicate mother, it was a miniature palace and stood in a garden that rivaled even that of the Villa des Ombres. But, preoccupied, Carew had tonight no eye for the beauty of either house or garden and he did not linger as was his wont before entering the spacious Moresque hall where Hosein was waiting for him in a state of visible agitation that was foreign to his usual impassive demeanor.

"Praise be to Allah my lord has returned," he murmured, his gloomy eyes lightening with evident relief. Carew stared at him for a moment in puzzled astonishment; then he smiled a trifle grimly. Hosein too! This was becoming monotonous. He was fully conversant with the rapidity with which reports spread in a land of rumor and intrigue, but Abdul, who had unorthodox proclivities, must have been drunk indeed to boast so openly of his intentions.

"To Allah the praise," he returned conventionally. Then he laughed and shrugged indifferently. "'The jackal howls where he dare not slay,'" he quoted, adding over his shoulder as he moved away: "Telephone to the Palace that I have been detained, that I beg His Excellency will not wait for me. I will join him as quickly as possible."

He crossed the open courtyard round which the house was built and entered his bedroom, passing through to the dressing room beyond. There he found the blind boy sitting on the floor, his hands folded in his lap, his face turned towards the door with a look of strained attention. As it opened he sprang to his feet and bounded forward impetuously. With a word of warning Carew caught him and swung him high in his arms.

"What mischief to confess, O son of wickedness?" he teased, as he felt the slender limbs trembling against him. But the time-honored jest did not provoke the peal of laughter he expected. Instead the little face was grave and strangely set and Carew put him down with a quick caress.

"Who has troubled thee, Saba?" he asked quietly, moving across the room to empty his pockets before changing.

The boy followed him with outstretched fumbling hands. "No man has troubled me," he answered slowly, "but, lord, my heart is sick within me. I dreamed a dream—an evil dream. And, waking, the dream is with me still. There is danger, lord, that threatens thee. In my dream I saw clearly, but now I cannot see—I cannot see—" He broke off with a sharp little wail of anguish.

A queer look crossed Carew's face as his hands closed firmly over the tiny, fluttering fingers. It was not the first time that Saba had shown himself to be possessed of an almost uncanny sensitiveness where the safety of the man he worshiped was concerned. Ordinarily a happy, healthy minded child, there was in him an odd streak of mysticism that cropped up at rare intervals with curious results. On two previous occasions he had had a presage of danger menacing his protector that subsequent events had fully justified.

Too familiar with the occultism of the East to be skeptical, Carew was not disposed to minimize the importance of a warning that was identical with the plainer, more substantial hints he had received that afternoon, but he was in no mind to treat it with undue seriousness or show too great a credulity to the nervous boy whose upturned, sightless eyes were wet with tears. He soothed him with the tenderness that marked his every dealing with the lad.

"Thou hast dreamt before," he said gently, "and the danger has passed. So will this danger pass—"

"If Allah wills."

The childish treble broke on a quivering sob and Carew accepted the qualification of his assurance with a little smile.

"All things are with Allah," he answered, "and it is written, 'Seek not to discover that which is hidden, for behold, when the day cometh all things shall be revealed.' And again, 'No accident happeneth in the earth, nor in your persons, but the same was entered in the book of our decrees.'"

A deep sigh escaped the boy and he pressed his lips on the strong brown hands clasped on his.

"So it is written—yet if thou die, I die," he exclaimed passionately.

With wonderful gentleness Carew disengaged himself.

"Time to think of that when I die," he said lightly. "Meanwhile I live—and the French lord's dinner grows cold while I chatter with a dreamer of dreams," he added, turning away to the dressing table.

He changed quickly, and flinging a black cloak over his evening clothes paused irresolutely with his hand over a revolver that lay on the table. He was not in the habit of carrying firearms in the town of Algiers but tonight there seemed justification for

so doing. He might have doubts as to the truth of the warnings he had received but he would be a fool to ignore them.

Slipping the weapon into his hip pocket he left the room with a cheery word to Saba, who was sitting mournfully amidst the discarded clothing that littered the floor, and went out to his waiting carriage.

And as the spirited black horses drew him swiftly through the night his thoughts were busy with the pathetic little figure left disconsolate in the dressing room. If anything happened to him what would be the fate of the blind boy whose whole life was bound up in his? It was a problem that had often troubled him. He had made full provision for his protégé's future, and Hosein, while he lived, would serve him faithfully. But Saba in his blindness and with his highly strung mystical temperament needed more than bodily comfort and faithful service. He needed what apparently only Carew could give him. Without Carew he would pine and droop like a delicate plant torn from the parent root from which it draws its strength. For Saba's sake, then, it behooved him to take precautions he would otherwise have neglected.

The town was quieter than it had been earlier in the evening and Carew's coachman, who was a noted whip, took full advantage of the empty streets, driving with customary Arab recklessness but handling the excited horses magnificently until, with a fine flourish, he drew them foam-flecked to a standstill before the palace.

The Governor, as Carew hoped, had taken him at his word. Dinner was in full swing when he entered with apologies for his lateness and slipped into the place reserved for him.

It was, in compliment to his known peculiarity, a strictly bachelor entertainment, enlivened by the presence of Patrice Lemaire and another equally light hearted attaché.

The Governor, hospitable to his finger tips and still pleasantly excited with the success of the day's work, was overflowing with good humor. Even General Sanois had relaxed somewhat of his usual gravity and condescended to occasional bursts of heavy pleasantry. But he was obviously distraught and his spasmodic attempts at conversation were punctuated by lengthy silences during which his eyes wandered frequently to Carew, who was sitting opposite to him. And towards the close of dinner, when the Arab servants had left the room, he leaned forward with a sudden remark that was fraught with more meaning than the actual words implied.

"Your friends in the Casbar were exigent, it seems."

But Carew, who knew him, was not to be drawn. General Sanois was usually possessed of more knowledge than he was willing to admit, and his seemingly innocuous questions were often actuated by a deliberate policy and were rarely as guileless as they appeared. Tonight his thinly veiled curiosity met with scant success. Carew had no intention of being trapped into saying more than he wished to say, or imparting what he preferred to withhold. He met the General's intent gaze with a tolerant smile.

"Don't jibe at my friends, *mon general*," he replied. "As I said this afternoon, they are useful. They serve you through me and they know it—most of them. But I picked up one piece of information this evening that will interest you—"

"Tomorrow," interrupted the Governor hastily, "tomorrow, my dear Carew. Business tonight is taboo. If our good Sanois once starts talking of his eternal affairs he will talk all through the opera, and I shall behave badly. Yes, badly, I warn you. I—" The remainder of his protest was lost in the shout of laughter that burst from his irrepressible nephew as they rose from the table.

They were late in reaching the opera house and the first act was in progress when the Governor, a music lover at heart, tiptoed silently into his box and settled himself attentively to listen to a work he had already heard a score of times.

Carew, sitting on his left, drew his chair into the shadow of the heavy side curtain and leaned back to pursue his own thoughts, which the mediocre company on the stage failed to distract. The house was full, one box only—that directly facing the Governor's—being empty. Carew's gaze turned to the crowded seats with indifferent interest. It was more than two years since he had last visited the garish little theater; it would probably be another two years before he was in it again, he reflected, as his mind ranged back to the all-absorbing topic of the new expedition he was scheming.

And now it seemed possible that his schemes might meet with an unexpected check. The information he had promised General Sanois at dinner, which he had gleaned that afternoon during his interview with the old chief in the Casbar, had in a measure upset



Prompted by Marny's eager questions Carew found speech easier than he had anticipated. He dwelt on

his original calculations. It might mean a total change of plan. The needs of the Government had not been included in his forthcoming trip. He had purposed a tour that should be wholly devoted to his own work, and he viewed with some dismay the possibility of further political activity. He was a free-lance, of course. He could take or reject any work offered him, but the mere fact of his freedom seemed to make the sense of his moral obligation more binding. He would have to go if it became really necessary—devoutly he hoped that the necessity would not arise. He was tired of intrigue and the endless palavers of political negotiations. He was anxious to pursue his own vocation unhindered and to travel where inclination took him rather than follow a definite route in furtherance of government schemes.

There was a district far away in the southwest he had long

wanted to visit—a district inhabited by a tribe he had heard of but with whom he had never yet come in contact. His plans of the last three weeks had centered more and more round this unknown locality that seemed to promise everything he demanded in the way of work and adventure. A strange and hostile people who guarded the secret of their desert fastness with jealous activity, fiercely resenting not only the advent of foreigners but also the encroachment of contiguous tribes.

The tales he had heard of the impregnable walled-in city—a medieval survival if all the extraordinary stories anent it were true—had fired him with a desire to penetrate its hidden mysteries, to gain a footing amongst its prejudiced population. His calling had proved a passport to other inhospitable tribes; he counted on it confidently to win him admission to the secret City



the glamour and fascination of the desert and spared her nothing of its squalor and needless suffering.

of Stones—the name by which it was known to the nomads, who avoided its vicinity. The thought of it moved him deeply. Surely there was work for him within that rocky fortress could he but pass its closely guarded gateway. The call seemed imperative—the call of suffering, ignorant humanity whose misery he longed to alleviate. The need must be great, and alone he could do so little. Still, even the little was worth his utmost endeavor, was worth the hazardous experiment. He could but try and, trying, succeed or fail.

As he meditated on the chances of the success he earnestly hoped for, the little theater with its crowded seats seemed to fade before his eyes. He saw instead an endless stretch of undulating waste, sun-scorched and shimmering in the burning heat, and a caravan that wound its tortuous length across the wavy

ripples of the wind-whipped sand, laboring towards the mirage-like battlements of the secret city towering grimly against the radiance of the western sky. The imagery was strangely clear, singularly real. The gloomy pile stood out against his mental vision with almost photographic distinctness, and as he gazed at it wonderingly he seemed to feel between his knees the easy movements of the big bay stallion, to hear the voices of the men who rode behind him, the grunting protests of the lurching camels, the creak of sweat-drenched saddles and the whispering murmur of the shifting sand.

The desert smell was pungent in his nostrils, his eyeballs ached with the blinding glare.

The burst of applause that greeted the fall of the curtain woke him abruptly from his abstraction and he turned with a

momentary feeling of confusion to join in the general conversation that ensued. Would he ever in reality come so near to the mysterious city as he had seemed to be in imagination five minutes ago? he wondered as he declined the Governor's invitation to smoke a cigarette in the corridor.

He was still pondering it when, left alone, he rose to stretch his legs, cramped with the confined space. He made a noticeable figure standing in the front of the box, a figure that attracted universal attention. But with the complete unself-consciousness that was so markedly a trait in his character, he was unaware of the interest he aroused. Incurious himself with regard to others, and reserved even with his intimate friends, he had no knowledge of the extravagant reports that for years had circulated about him, or of the excitement caused tonight by his appearance at the opera. That he was the subject of endless speculation, that he was the most discussed personage in Algiers, had never entered his head. And now, absorbed in his own thoughts, he was totally oblivious of the opera glasses and lognettes turned in his direction.

But his wandering attention was caught at last by the arrival of late comers in the opposite box—a man who stopped in the doorway to argue noisily with the theater attendant, and a slim, white-robed girl who moved slowly to the front of the box without heeding the stormy altercation behind her. She stood looking down on the crowded seats with a curious little air of detachment as if her thoughts were far away, toying nervously with the long curling feathers of a huge ostrich fan, her heavy sable cloak slipping from her shoulders. And with the same strange irritation, the same wholly unreasonable anger he had felt before, Carew found himself staring at the pale, sensitive face of the woman from whom he had parted only a few hours ago.

Was he never to be free of her, never to be free of the haunting eyes he had striven for three weeks to banish from his thoughts? Was the remainder of his peace of mind to be wrecked by the

continual remembrance of a woman he had no desire to remember? Surely her very womanhood was sufficient reason for forgetting her. He hated women. And in the intolerant antagonism that filled him he felt that above all others he hated this particular woman whose need had forced him to lay aside his prejudice and break the oath he had sworn so many years ago. Young and beautiful, she was the incarnation of all he distrusted and despised.

His face darkened and he made a movement to return to his seat. But something that was stronger than his hatred stayed him. Despite himself his gaze lingered on the slight girlish figure. And presently, as if drawn by some subtle telepathic influence, she seemed to become aware of the compelling stare fixed on her and slowly raised her head. For a second, across the width of the theater, her eyes met his.

But though the quick blood flamed into her face she gave no sign of recognition and turned, as from the unwarrantable scrutiny of a total stranger, to the man who was with her—the husband, Carew presumed, to whom she had alluded so briefly and with such evident constraint on that first night of meeting. The husband who doubtless knew nothing of the hours she had spent in his camp; who, probably, also knew nothing of this evening's incident in the Rue Annibal. His lips curled in a sneering smile and he turned with cynical amusement to look at the heavy figure lounging beside her.

But the smile faded swiftly and his amusement gave place to a rush of feeling he did not at the moment understand as his eyes ranged over Geradine's massive, almost ape-like limbs and coarse, sullen features. An odd look swept across his face and he drew his breath in sharply. For the first time in twelve years he felt pity for a woman. But he had no time to ponder it. All thought of the girl was swamped in the wave of strange and terrible emotion that was pouring over him, shaking him with a force he had never before experienced—a sudden overwhelming



Young and beautiful, Marny Geradine was the incarnation of all Carew distrusted and despised.

sense of hostility that had sprung into violent life within him at the sight of the man in the opposite box; a fierce instinctive hatred such as he had never conceived. The realization of it staggered him. There was no reason for it, he told himself angrily. It was preposterous, absurd. He had heard of hatred at first sight, and laughed at it. But he did not laugh now as he dragged his eyes from the face of the man he felt he hated from the bottom of his soul. He was very far from laughter.

He was conscious instead of a feeling of fear—fear of himself, fear of the consequences of the appalling forces which seemed suddenly let loose within him. He had thought himself to be possessed of a perfect self-understanding. He wondered now—did he know anything about himself at all? Nothing, it seemed. Nothing that had ever led him to imagine that some day, for no apparent cause or reason, he would contemplate the destruction of an utter stranger. For that was what it amounted to—the violent impulse that was actuating him was a passionate desire to kill.

God in Heaven, what had happened to him! Had his whole nature undergone some sudden and horrible metamorphosis—had the wild life he had led in the desert been influencing him unconsciously until at last he had himself succumbed to the savagery and lawlessness of the people amongst whom he lived? What devil was prompting him? His mission was to save life, not to destroy it. True that during the course of his wanderings there had been occasions when he had been forced to take life. But that was different. He had killed in self-defense or in the defense of others, as he would unhesitatingly kill again if need be, as he would without compunction have killed Abdul el Dhib if it had proved necessary in the deserted village three weeks ago. But there was a wide gulf between justifiable homicide and—murder.

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Watching the golden sunrise, Carew
felt the powerful call of the desert.

Murder! Perspiration gathered in icy drops on his forehead as his rigid lips framed the word. Was he going mad? He knew that he had never felt saner in his life. It was not madness that possessed him but an inexplicable feeling of deadly enmity that was almost overmastering in its intensity.

The atmosphere of the theater seemed suddenly stifling. The blood beat in his ears and with a sense of suffocation he brushed his hand before his eyes trying to clear the bewildering mist that had risen before them, blurring the crowded seats and the rapidly refilling orchestra. To sit out the remainder of the opera seemed an impossibility, but to surrender weakly to the impulse of the moment and leave the building was equally impossible. Gripping himself, he turned to go back to his seat. But as he moved, a hand was thrust through his arm and Patrice Lemaire's eager voice sounded close beside him, murmuring in his ear.

"Look, *monsieur*, in the opposite box. The compatriot of whom you spoke—Lord Geradine and his wife. Beauty and the beast, *hein?* *Lal la! quelle brute!*"

For a moment Carew stood motionless; then with a tremendous effort he forced himself to glance naturally in the direction indicated by the interested attaché. A glance of the briefest possible duration. Freeing himself from the nervous clasp of the impressionable young Frenchman who, he knew, would have had a great deal more to say had his auditor been other than himself, Carew drew back with a shrug of assumed indifference.

"As you say—a brute," he said coldly. "For the rest, you are more competent to judge than I."

Lemaire accepted the retort with a little laugh of perfect good temper.

"Each to his taste, *monsieur*. For you—horses; and for me—the ladies," he replied gaily, and continued to stare with undisguised admiration at the fair occupant of the opposite box until the entrance of his uncle and General Sanois drove him to his own seat, there to evolve schemes, with his more sympathetic fellow attaché, for obtaining an introduction to the beautiful Englishwoman who reigned, for the moment, supreme in his susceptible and fickle heart.

To Carew the time dragged out with maddening slowness. He envied Sanois who, screened by the curtains as he was himself, was frankly nodding. His whole body was still throbbing from the rush of extraordinary rage that had swept him, his head was aching with the effort to understand his own feelings, to find some sane and logical reason for the mental disturbance that had seized upon him with such cataclysmic suddenness. The whole thing was inexplicable, as inexplicable as the agitation of mind that had possessed him for the last three weeks. Was there any connection between them—was the one a corollary of the other?

The startling thought almost forced an exclamation from his lips and he clenched his teeth as his eyes leaped involuntarily to the opposite box. What possible connection could there be—what had he to do with either of the strangely assorted couple who each in their turn stirred him so powerfully? Towards what was fate pushing him?

He was conscious all at once of a feeling of helplessness. Since the day that Micky Meredith had come so unexpectedly, reviving memories of the bitter past, everything seemed to be changed. He appeared to be no longer master of himself. He seemed to have been plunged into a vortex of circumstances over which he had no control, the end of which he could not see. The sense of impotence was galling, and he repudiated it angrily. Once before in his life he had played the coward's part and run away from a situation he was not morally strong enough to meet. He could never, if he hoped to retain the (Continued on page 132)



ELINOR

On a Question First

What is The of WO

stract, and subconsciously they are satisfied with achievement. Their interest in the individual, tangible result is less than it is in the woman.

The groups into which men could be segregated might be:

CLASS A:

Those vitally interested in careers and achievement and who would take either the lover-interest or the father-interest as an accessory.

CLASS B:

Those interested in women—the lover-men, in short.

CLASS C:

The father-men.

By far the largest number would be in the first group. The second group would be small and the third infinitesimal.

Men have to do the work of the world, and no work can be successfully accomplished unless the whole mind is given to it. Therefore, if the main interest of man was either women or children—as children or men are the real interest of women—then very shortly the human race would be destroyed by the inimical elements and forces of nature, there being no one to fight against them.

Now, admitting that three-fourths of male humanity belongs to Class A—that is, those primarily interested in careers and achievement—then Class B (the lover-men) would probably be about two-thirds of the remaining fourth, and one-third of the fourth would be left to Class C—the complete fathers.

Women passionately love only men of Class A; they play with and enjoy Class B; and they patronize, tolerate or bully Class C.

They do none of these things deliberately. It is all due to the subconscious prompting of nature, who to the end of time will demand that her laws be obeyed.

We had better begin with Class A and try to find out, putting aside their main interest—career and achievement—whether the majority in this class are really deeply interested in women at all, or whether the feeling is ephemeral and called forth only by a subconscious creative impulse which is intermittent.

Nothing truer was ever written than Byron's words: *Man's love is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence.*

Class A could be subdivided into:

- (1) Those capable of loving women deeply, that being their dominant supplementary interest.
- (2) Those who would love women but take as their dominant supplementary interest the family, the carrying on of the strain.
- (3) Those whose supplementary interest is the pursuit of women when they happen to be in the mood for it; a pursuit motivated by the pleasure to be obtained from women, without any conscious thought of generations to follow.

If you were to ask those in the first subdivision of Class A what was the "place" of woman, they would probably answer that her place was the place of a mate, but that first and foremost she should be a good lover and not emotionally cold; that she should be faithful and able to understand the male moods and passions and sympathize with them and their requirements; that she should be a good pal, wishing to advance men's main interest—that is, their careers, public and private. These men would wish that women should have a place of dignity and honor as their sweethearts or wives, but not as independent individuals.

The second subdivision of Class A would not be so interested

SINCE the publication of the article in which I classified the three types of womanhood and discussed the place that men occupy in the emotional and mental life of each type ("Keeping Men in Their Place," July COSMOPOLITAN), I have received many letters from men asking me if I would not similarly discuss and classify their sex. These letters sent me off into a fascinating field of reflection, and here is the result:

It is not nearly so simple to divide men into three types as it is to divide women—that is, the lover-women, the mother-women, and the neuter-women—because the vocations, so to speak, of men and women are so different in nature's scheme of things.

In the three primitive instincts—to hunt his food, to kill his enemy and to recreate his species—man never alters; if he did, the world, so far as humanity is concerned, would come to an end.

Every instinct in man, reduced to cause, is for self-preservation, and in its larger significance this means species preservation. Man must have food, he must protect his food and his belongings—and this implies destroying the enemy who would wrest them from him—and he must recreate his species. But to do this it is not necessary for a man to be faithful to one woman; on the contrary, nature would seemingly encourage him to be as polygamous as possible, and it is only civilization and custom which enables man to be even as monogamous as he now appears to be.

Taking them *en masse*, men are "lover-men" rather than "father-men." Their subconscious instinct to recreate is ab-

GLYN

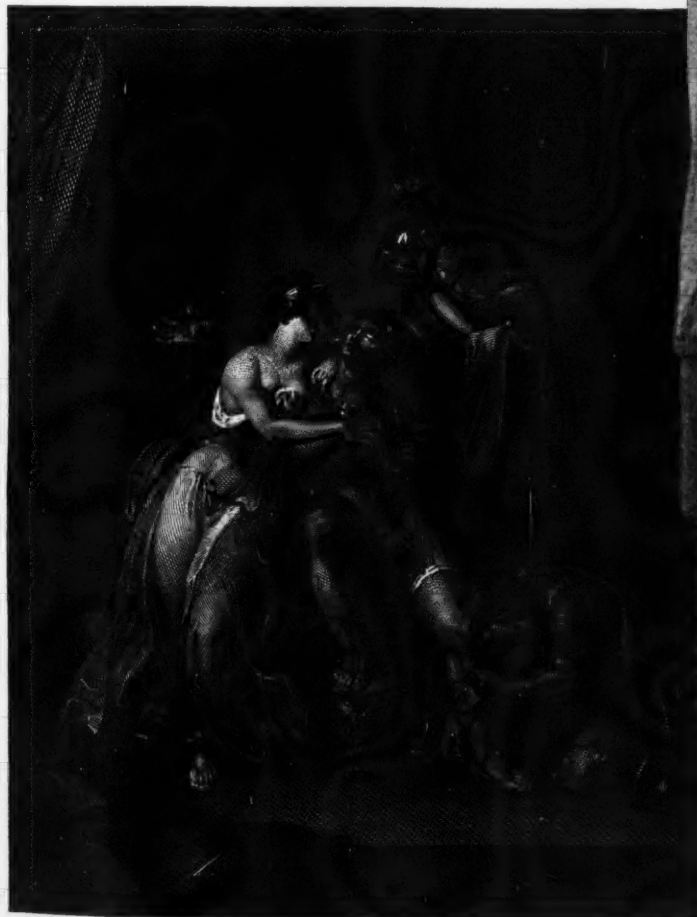
Asked by Adam:

Place MEN

in woman's lover qualities as that she should be affectionate and a good wife and mother, maintaining the home and bringing up the children. That would be her place—the worthy domestic housewife, understanding that together they wished to carry on the race, and recognizing all the obligations of their station in life.

The third subdivision of Class A would answer our hypothetical question by saying that the place of woman is to give joy to man, to be his relaxation and amusement. They would not care, these men, whether she possessed any domestic virtues so long as she appealed to their senses. Her place would be a doll's or a mistress's, whether she were wife or no.

And among all the subdivisions of Class A there would be



Of course there was Antony; but he was a soldier. In general great souls have not been in bondage to women—for long.



Elinor Glyn bids America
an *au revoir* on her
return to England.

individuals to whom woman represented something mysterious, something entirely outside their lives. To some she would be a mysterious danger, to others a kind of goddess on a pedestal, to be revered but hardly to be touched. To others again she would be a capricious lesser creature, adding to life's worries.

Now, I do not think there would be a sufficient number in the whole of Class A to form a

separate section of those who would look upon women as superior beings, however they might be forced to accept women as such from the custom of a country or the valuation the women put upon themselves.

There would, however, be a separate subdivision comprising men who are not really interested in women at all, infinitely preferring men's society for their supplementary interest. Such men seem to be natural neuters, not the outcome of force of circumstance and inequality in numbers, as the female neuters are. For them the place of woman would be that of ministering to their food wants and their comforts.

These "places" are probably where woman would be put were the different sections of Class A asked for their decisions. But it must never be forgotten that every man-Jack of them is open to sudden madresses where women are concerned. Those in the first subdivision, who are the greatest and best all-around men, can sidetrack into complete foolishness, though perhaps not for very long; while those in the second subdivision, who give women a purely domestic place, can often be pulled around on a string and made to wear cap and bells by some fluffy flapper who happens strongly to have aroused their hunting instinct.

In thus dividing men into sections and endeavoring to discover their points of view, one can only speak broadly; and then, after one has generalized in what seems a sensible way, all calculations can be upset by that mischievous little god called Love. So I feel it wiser to say that the opinions I hypothecate would be those of men in their sane senses, and not when they were under the influence of some ephemeral passion.

Now I think that if we are really honest we must admit that women are not of the supreme importance to the majority of men that men are to women, however this may wound the vanity of some of us.

Bacon says of great spirits: *There is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits, and great business, do keep out this weak passion.* And in general it is true. The great souls of the world, among men, have not often been in bondage to women—for long. Of course there was Antony; but then we do not know whether he had a really great soul or whether he was merely a sensualist. In any case he was a soldier, and throughout the ages Mars has always been the ardent lover of Venus.

Shakespeare, too, says: *Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them—but not for Love!*

Turning now to the lover-men, Class B, I think that there are probably only two subdivisions:

(1) Those who idolize women.

(2) Those who despise but pursue them as *the* main life interest.

The first subdivision have always a grain of simplicity in their characters. (I had almost written "of the simpleton" instead of "simplicity." How dreadful of me!) Women are on a pedestal for them. Every fault is to be excused and every weakness palliated. Their admiration is profound, their reverence great. They have brought chivalry to the point of foolishness. For it is not only their mothers who for them are angels, but every woman, fundamentally. These are the poets and the dreamers, seldom the doers or the achievers; and

strangely enough, women do not value the regard of this class. I made an aphorism in one of my books to the following effect: "A woman does not *really* appreciate a man who reverences her sex in the abstract and is chivalrous about all women—she rather thinks him a simpleton. What she does appreciate is a man who holds cynical views about the female sex in general—and shows reverence and chivalry toward herself in particular. This is the truth, and the reason is that the vanity of woman is affronted at the idea of being one of a herd. She always desires to be *the* reigning individual."

This subdivision of Class B would probably say that woman's place was "to be adored." Such men are the victims of one tender passion after another, for they live always in their emotions. They are capable of dying for love—in spite of Shakespeare. Apparently they are, in the abstract, exactly what the lover-woman thinks all men should be; and yet the irony of it is that from the very lover-women who hold this view they would never call forth the deep passion that the most stern, cruel or indifferent man of the first subdivision of Class A would draw. Because no matter how distasteful it is for numbers of modern women to admit, the innermost instinct of woman desires a master. The stronger the man the more attractive he becomes, and the more he inspires desire in women to capture him. Neither women nor men value that which they can obtain, or attain, easily.

Those in the second subdivision of Class B are often loved by women; their lives are dedicated to the capture of women; women are frankly their only interest. They have very much the nature of the female spider. They

are connoisseurs of the sex. They know all woman's weaknesses, and all her vanities. Women's good qualities are not interesting to these men. Their aim is to get as much physical and mental pleasure from women as possible. If asked what is woman's place, they would reply that she should be a beautiful instrument for man's pleasure.

These men keep their heads in their affairs and so can use all



Elinor Glyn during her recent visit to America.

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Even in gay Paris Elinor Glyn does not allow her pen to grow rusty with idleness.

the arts for the seduction of women. They have no reverence to hamper their methods. There is nothing of the chivalrous simpleton about them; and so women are often taken in by them, and value their interest, and are indeed capable of loving them deeply. Men in this subdivision of Class B are generally disliked by their own sex and called "women's men." They are perhaps the most worthless members of their whole sex.

And so at last we get to Class C, the pure, unadulterated "fathers." Happy for them if they mate with mother-women, for otherwise their lot is a sad one. They adore children. Women mean nothing to them, but everything to do with children is of thrilling importance. They are generally simple, nice

characters, with much of female tenderness in them. They have a fatherly, protective way with women, even at the stage when they are in love with them. Unconsciously they are looking on their Marys and Hildas only as prospective mothers, and their minds are romping on to the days when they will have a brood of little ones.

If asked what is the place of woman they would probably unhesitatingly answer, "In the nursery—attending to and caring for as many babies as she can." Woman's work would be a tiresome duty, not an interest. Life would center wholly in the home.

Women can very rarely love such men, (Continued on page 159)

An Efficient CHRISTMAS

Illustrations by

St. Nicholas said
With a shake of his head:
"This job of mine's growing too hard, on the dead!
It's tough as can be
On my reindeer and me.
A fact which the dullest will readily see;
Especially now when humanity dwells
In tenements, flats and apartment hotels
Which tower and soar
Forty stories or more
With scarcely a chimney or flue to a floor.
I'm old and I'm nervous
From long years of service;
My not very slim knees
Are pretty near broke
From scrambling down chimneys
All choked up with smoke;
I'm tired of bearing
My lumpy old pack—
It's frightfully wearing
And hard on my back.
This Christmastide burden
Is irking my soul.
I'd give a huge guerdon,
A plethoric roll,
Of bright new simoleons, cases and beans
To someone who'd show me the ways and the means
To lighten my labors. He'd have to be wise.
With pep to his step and with fire in his eyes,
And gifted with sort of a business omniscency—
Oh, for a manager trained in Efficiency!"

[2]

Then came a rap on his door, and a chap
Bounded right in with a vim and a snap,
Easily, breezily swooped on a chair.
And
"Santa, Old Top,"
He observed with a grin,



"I'm the fellow to cop
If you want to begin
Running your work on the up-to-date principle
Which has made many a business invincible.
I am," he caroled in jubilant tones.
"I am the famous Efficiency Jones.
You have had word of me?
You *must* have heard of me!
Booster of Profits and Doctor of Trade,
Rejuvenator of Business Senility;
Basing my dope on the study I've made
I know you need my peculiar ability.
I'll run your job—we'll consider I'm hired;
Watch me put jazz in the works around here!
Santa, I see you are jaded and tired,
Take a vacation, you need it, old dear.
Now I am busy—don't let me detain you;
Go play around with no cares to restrain you.
Try out the beaches,
Palm Beach or Miami.
Sport with the Peaches
Afar from this clammy
Climate up here near the boreal pole.
Try South America, say, or the Isthmus.
Loaf and take time for inviting your soul
While I get busy preparing for Christmas."

[3]

"'T was the night before Christmas—"
(You know how it goes)
And everyone hung up the longest of hose
And some, in their urgency,
Ripe for emergency,
Borrowed from others
(Their sisters and mothers)
Just to be sure that when Santa Claus blew
Up through the steam pipes or down through the flue

S B Y BERTON BRALEY

by James Montgomery Flagg



Nothing so shocking
Should bother his skill
As lack of a stocking
Or something to fill.
" 'Twas the night before Christmas—"
(We've said that before)
When a ringing was heard at each family's door
And when it was opened and blithely flung wide
There, standing outside,
Was an affable chap
With a natty red cap
Who said: "How de do!
I've a package for you
With a message of happiness, pleasure and cheer.
There isn't a bill,
The charges are—nil.
Yes, here's the receipt book, you'll kindly sign here.
Ah, thank you, that's right—
Merry Christmas—good night!"
The purr of a motor, an aeroplane's flight,
The messenger vanishes out of their sight.

There were those who would kick
At this businesslike way
And who wanted St. Nick
With his reindeer and sleigh,
And who stoutly maintained in a tone broken-hearted
That Christmas time glamour had wholly departed.
They viewed the new scheme as a thing
reprehensible,
But most people found it efficient and sensible.
And as for the poor—in no uncertain tones
They fell for the scheme of Efficiency Jones.

[4]

"You see," said Jones, "the trouble was
That this old fellow, Santa Claus,

Had grown so stale and out of date
He couldn't keep his business straight.

"He loved the poor, yet Christmas Day
He'd scarcely ever heed 'em,
But carry presents by the dray
To folks who didn't need 'em.
He carted bales and bales of truck
To those who had no bent for it
From other folks who cursed the luck
To think what they had spent for it.
And oh, the junk, the useless junk,
The objects tawdry, ugly, punk,
Which Santa carried by the trunk!
The paperweights and tabourets,
The bric-a-brac that clutters places,
The notebooks and the writing sets,
The blotters and the collar cases,
The cheap cigars, the flimsy toys,
The awful books in padded covers,
The scented soap no man enjoys,
The hideous 'prints' from picture-lovers!
The socks and ties
That blind the eyes,
The much embroidered smoking jackets,
The fancy dish
For soup or fish,
The calendars and copper placquets!
The silver and cut glass monstrosities,
The flimsy cigarette containers,
The various hammered brass atrocities,
The sugar tongs and coffee strainers!
The shirts that should be banned by law,
The meerschaum pipes that wouldn't draw!
Such stuff as this he'd cart around
And leave behind him everywhere,
To cause discomfort most profound
And grief and sorrow and despair;
To rouse disgust
And gather dust
And fill up room—as such things must.





"Now when you see that sort of crime
Done by St. Nick at Christmas time
You want to weep, you want to sob,
You want to stop him playing hob;
And so, when I was able,
I simply grabbed the old man's job
And sent his reindeer to the stable,
Reorganized the plant complete
And hired a bunch of bright assistants
And got a nifty aero fleet
To carry things to any distance.
We catalogued the presents
For millionaires or peasants
And made a note of everyone's desire
From jewels in variety
For dames in high society
To little things a baby might require.
And so in time, you may believe,
We had the dope for Christmas Eve
The gifts that had real love behind 'em
We sent them as directed.
But where the givers had designed 'em
To land some favor they expected
We very slyly ceded 'em
To someone else who needed 'em.
And as for junk and such-like booty
Which goes to people as a 'duty,'
We simply pawned that type of clutter
And spent the cash for bread and butter
And eggs and meat in generous hummocks

For starving people's empty stomachs.
The rich folks got a little less,
The poor a little more, I guess,
But take it by and large, me lad,
A 'very pleasant time was had'!
We got no thanks
From selfish cranks,
But from Alaska to the Isthmus
In thunderous tones
Folks cheered for Jones
Who brought efficiency to Xmas!"

[5]

And Santa Claus—what did he think of all this?
Well, no one could say that he took it amiss.
Unburdened of all of his Christmastide stunts,
Like being some ten million places at once,
Relieved of his onerous responsibility,
Old Santa rejoiced in a glad juvenility;
He shaved off his beard and he moth-bagged his furs,
He reveled in traveling quite incognito,
And down where the tropic breeze drowsily stirs
He frolicked and danced with a light and a fleet toe,
And when a reporter pursued him and found him
Old Santa had seventeen flappers around him.
"Well, kid," said the Saint with a nod and a wink,
"You tell 'em I'm flourishing, healthy and happy,
And grateful to Jones, that efficiency gink,
For jazzing up Christmas and making it snappy;
For I had grown rusty
And aged and fusty,
Young blood in my business was direfully needed,
I'm wondering now how I got on without it.
Since Jones, in my place, has so fully succeeded—
Oh boy, I should sit up and worry about it!
So, kid, have a heart
And do not impart
The news of my whereabouts—leave me in peace,
I feel like a jailbird who's had his release.
Yet think how these flappers would turn me down cold
Should they learn I'm over two thousand years old.
Oh, think what it means
And don't spill the beans!
You won't? Attaboy! Have a drink with me, do!
Meet Dolly and Polly and Angie and Prue,
And Mary and Carrie—they're nice girls and sweet,
With gay, laughing eyes and with feathers for feet;
And when you get back to the labor and strife
You tell the world Santa says, 'This is the life!'
While Jones runs my job with efficiency sheer
I'm having my Christmas twelve months in
the year!"



By

FRANK R. ADAMS

*A Story of the
One Best Cure
for PESSIMISTS*

The LOVE HATER

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

THE box was made big enough to hold him, together with all of his toys, his collar with the tinkling license tag and his leash. It was the pretty much mangled Teddy bear with one paw bandaged up where Chu had nearly bitten it off that made Chu's master feel the worst perhaps. Chu himself, sleeping just as he had slipped away in Peter's arms the night before, was something that he had steeled himself to look upon; but the other things—the stuffed bear, for instance, that the pup had “wrestled” all over the house upstairs and down in mock combat—they tore at his heart by their unaccustomed reproachful quiet.

Peter didn't have a real friend in all the world since the heart in that red-brown body there in the box had slowed down under his hand and finally ceased to beat altogether; and when the box was all covered up and he was walking away he wondered why he was going anywhere. The only place there was anybody was back there where the ground was freshly spaded up.

Of course there was the shack but, say, have you ever gone back to a house when the fellow who used nearly to knock you down as you came in the door for fear you wouldn't know how glad he was, has gone on the long vacation? Then you know what it's like to listen for the scratching of clumsy paws on the doors and the scurry of padded feet on the stairs. Some people say it's a crime to love a dog like that and some of them even speak of the habit of letting a pup tell how much he loves you as unsanitary but, shucks, who are such people and would you speak to them if they weren't related to you?

The loss of Chu, the chow, was the final lesson in the education

“I'll have to let you have an interest in Mix's heart,” said the girl to Peter. “Apparently he picks his friends better than I do.”

of Peter Maddox in the science of misanthropy. Peter had taken the regular course, to wit: He had introduced his best friend and business partner to his fiancée. The business had gone into bankruptcy without, apparently, impairing his partner's private resources any. And yesterday at high noon the only girl Peter had ever loved had married that same prosperous partner. Peter had attended the wedding because he was too proud to stay away. And when he came home he had found Chu with only a few wags left in his tightly curled tail.

That was what really hurt. To lose the girl you might have had is one thing. But to be separated forever from a pup who is really yours and always has been from first bark to last whimper is something different again.

The house wasn't really Peter's any more anyway; there was a mortgage on it and a trust deed, everything in the way of up-to-date accessories which the banks would take, and Peter hadn't a chance of meeting the payments. He didn't care. The house had been bought with the idea that he and Suzanna would be living there together some day and now Suzanna was



"Carolina, go back to the hotel," ordered Peter. "This is going to be a man's job." "And a woman's," she returned, not moving.

Mrs. Somebodyelse. The things that he liked most about the house hurt him the worst and he couldn't stay there.

So the next morning he locked the front door, mailed the key to the owners of the mortgage, and so forth, filled his slightly shabby car with gas, oil and water and started away.

Just away—anywhere—it didn't matter. There wasn't a spot on earth that beckoned to him. He was a free mass of aches, pains, disbeliefs and disillusionments.

No more dogs in his life, no more women, no more friends—ever.

The road led west. The highway of lonely adventurers

always seems to run toward the setting sun. Peter Maddox, in his shabby but efficient car, bit savagely into the rough miles, chewing off a couple of hundred per day just as if it were important to get somewhere. He camped out a good deal. It matched up with his mood to be under the stars at night.

Between Albuquerque and Gallup, New Mexico, there is a stretch of something like one hundred and forty-five hot, semi-improved Blue Book miles and nothing much else—just miles. There is another road to the south, via Socorro and Springerville, with more towns on it, but that was no particular

recommendation to Peter, who didn't care if he never met a soul. Almost exactly in the middle of that grand but monotonous wilderness Peter passed the charred wreck of a touring car which had evidently met up with old lady Nemesis rather recently because it had not yet been picked clean of removable parts and accessories by coyote tourists.

The sight of the car was probably the only thing that attracted Peter's attention to the dark figure that lay alongside it. At first Peter thought it was a charred human body but a closer inspection proved that it had a fuzzy head and a sort of an undistinguished tail which it wagged apprehensively as Peter stopped his car.

Peter closed his heart instantly when he saw that it was a dog. He didn't even attempt to call the animal back when it ran fearfully away at a limping gallop when Peter got out to inspect the wreck. No, sir, no more traffic with canines for Peter.

The car was a total loss, all right. It wasn't worth towing to the nearest town, nearly a hundred miles away. It had been an expensive bus, too, rather too good to take over the alleged roads of New Mexico. There was a Virginia license on it.

Peter touched the car gingerly. It was quite cold. The accident had probably not taken place that day.

He started up his car once more without looking toward the hills to see if that nondescript dog had perked up enough courage to come back. He could take care of himself. There was doubtless plenty of game in the hills.

Peter made camp near Gallup after dark. But the poor fool could not eat or sleep. He kept remembering the figure of that one-idea-ed dog waiting there beside the car for his master to come back.

Well, what of it? That was the nature of dogs. Men had trained them to be like that. Probably the pup would get tired after a while and join up with a wolf pack and be very happy. If he didn't he'd probably die soon because Peter could not recollect seeing any water near there.

He wished he hadn't thought of that. It kept him arguing with himself all night.

And made him start back over the same rough trail in the morning loaded with an extra water supply, boxes of dog biscuits and the finest collection of bones that could be secured by a round of the kitchens of every restaurant in Gallup. Some of them had steaks attached to them yet.

Peter reached the abandoned car by mid-afternoon.

The dog was still there but ran away again when Peter got out and approached. His eyes looked wistful as if he wanted to be friends but didn't dare take a chance. He even proved immune to the temptation of a bone held up invitingly.

Peter had expected something like that and was prepared. So he pitched camp alongside the burned car and began a campaign of indifference. He made and ate his own supper without paying any further attention to the pair of coal-bright eyes that watched him from just outside the circle of his campfire light.

Then Peter went to bed.

The chill of false dawn would probably have wakened him anyway even if the wolves' howling hadn't done it. As it was he sat bolt upright on the ground just in time nearly to be knocked down by the mad rush of a furry body that came and tried to crawl into his lap.

Peter knew right away who it was and hugged the fool man's dog close to his hungry heart. The other fellow licked his face in grateful appreciation at having discovered that Peter's indifference had been acting all the time.

Peter laughed and got up to rebuild the fire, the dog sticking close to his heels now and growling, with restored confidence, at his renegade brothers of the wilds.

They had a grand feast together. From the way the biscuits and bones disappeared it was evident that one of them hadn't eaten much for some time.

Finally "Pronto," for that was what Peter called his recruit by reason of the precipitate manner in which they had become friends, couldn't stow away another crumb and had regretfully to bury nearly a whole dog biscuit.

Then he came over and went to sleep with his nose in Peter's hand.

"Oh well!" muttered Peter. "You can be my dog if you insist provided you don't expect anything more than Platonic friendship in return."

All of which shows how difficult it is to caseharden a heart if it happens to be made of some soft material, like mush, in the first place.

But the incident was not closed.

In the morning when Peter invited Pronto to occupy a seat in his car the latter courteously but firmly refused. He tried to convey by tail telegraph that he appreciated Peter's kindness and everything but that he felt that he had a certain duty to perform by that collection of twisted metal which had once been so much better looking.

"All right," sighed Peter, "I suppose I'll have to use force."

So he picked up the animal and bore him struggling to the seat of his car.

But he no sooner devoted himself to the business of inciting the engine to activity than Pronto leaped over the side and returned to his job. And Peter couldn't catch him again.

At first it made Peter so mad momentarily that he decided to abandon the fool hound to his fate. But he knew he couldn't drive on without the dog so he didn't start.

There was no particular hurry anyway. Peter wasn't going anywhere and it didn't matter when he got there. He might as well sit down and win the complete confidence of this canine orphan.



The desert plus a burden to carry takes the tuck out of a man. Peter dared not rest much, not if he expected to arrive in Needles with a live dog.

The Love Hater

Pronto was a sort of a nice dog with rather high ideals and the game of leading him from his foolish allegiance to a lost cause rather fascinated Peter; it aroused more interest in his supposedly withered bosom than he had expected ever to feel again.

The grub stake gave out before the game was over. Peter remembered that about twenty miles east on the trail he had passed a railway tank with a couple of houses near it. They wouldn't have dog biscuit but they might have a mess of left-overs. For himself, bacon and eggs would do the trick.

So Peter went away after courteously inviting Pronto to share the transportation, such as it was. It pained Pronto to refuse, especially as he was fearfully afraid Peter wouldn't understand how it was. He followed Peter a way down the trail but stopped on a hill that commanded a view of the wrecked car. He wouldn't go any farther but stood there with one foot in the air, whimpering.

Peter drove on.

The town of Grant, which was the name of the tank, seemed to be the only spot west of the Mississippi where hospitality to the traveler is not an item of supreme importance. The squaw man to whom he applied for rations for Pronto charged Peter three dollars for about a quarter's worth of assorted second-hand grub. Three dollars was quite an item in the expense account of a misanthropist whose budget did not include any allowance for charity. But it was less than it would cost in gas, oil and tires to run back to Los Lunas, which was a whole raft of miles beyond, nearly to Albuquerque. So Peter paid it, hoping inwardly that some day the squaw man would be run over by a 1916 flivver sedan without shock absorbers.

Then there was the ride back, a rough and rocky trip which would only have been pleasurable to Trans-Alpine chamois—not wishing to knock the New Mexico roads, you understand.

But Peter whiled away the miles anticipating how glad Pronto would be to see him.

He tried not to take any pleasure in that prospect, assured himself that he hoped the pup had taken to the hills during his absence, or had gotten the worst of it in an argument with a rattlesnake or some little thing like that. But his indifference wouldn't jell. In spite of himself Peter couldn't help smiling once in a while. And smiles were an anachronism in Peter's hating heart.

When he got there it was a little bit of a shock to find that

Pronto wasn't in evidence. It was the place, all right. There was the wrecked car, even the remains of Peter's own primitive camp.

But no dog.

There was nothing in sight but a very decrepit touring car of an inexpensive but popular make—oh shucks! let's be done with circumlocutions, it was another flivver—tearing up the



"My advice, Peter, to a mentally blind man like yourself," said Carolina, "is to steer clear of the million dollar looker. They won't give you anything but a look."

grade toward the west at the terrific speed of three and a half miles an hour. That isn't so bad for some sections of the Santa Fé trail, at that. And, then again, lots of it is much better than that. And the enameled signs provided by the Automobile Club of Southern California are very cheerful and optimistic.

Peter felt reasonably sure that his canine acquaintance—he wouldn't again call any living thing "friend"—was rustling a jackrabbit or a prairie dog somewhere in the brush. So he whistled on two of his fingers.

The result was rather surprising.

A sudden disturbance took place in the flivver—a disturbance not traceable to the motor, which was whanging along very successfully on four cylinders. It was more like an eruption. Because Pronto was a rather large dog and when he decided to investigate the origin of that whistle, which he thought he

recognized, he went at it without asking anybody to unfasten the side curtains or anything. A couple of them came right along with him. Also part of the top, which was torn in that place anyway.

Pronto gave a correct imitation of an inmate of a canine lunatic asylum. He covered the distance back to the source of the whistle on seven league paws and very nearly ate up the man with whom he had been through so many imaginary perils.

Peter disregarded the introduction. "I didn't claim that he was my dog," he said resentfully.

"But you whistled and he came to you."

"Well, that doesn't prove anything."

"It proves that he knows you."

"Well," confessed Peter truculently, "we have been camping here for a few days."

"Together?"

"Yes."

"But Mix never makes friends with strangers."

"No?" Politely.

"You must be a magician."

"No—your dog was very hungry and frightened—that's all. And I used to like dogs—once."

"Suppose you tell me about this, please."

There wasn't any doubt but that she expected her request to be obeyed like an order. She had rather an imperious way that did not jibe well with the appearance of her equipage nor with the fact that one of her arms was in a sling and there were other and sundry evidences that she had been in that "as is" car when whatever had happened to it had happened.

Peter was of two minds whether to comply or turn his back, start his motor and drive on. Women weren't running Peter's life any more. T'ell with 'em. She wasn't anything particularly regal even if she were better dressed and not bandaged up. Her hair was sort of straight and of a serviceable khaki color. The hands, especially the one that stuck out so noticeably at the end of the splint, were nice but a little large and capable looking. Peter's ideal in the matter of hands, in fact in the matter of everything feminine, was Suzanna, who had tiny extremities, blonde hair, blue eyes and a two year old expression.

So this girl, who was probably a great comfort to her mother, did not stack up so very high by comparison. It was probably for that very reason that Peter decided to be polite. One could not be deliberately rude to a person whose sex and obvious disadvantages placed her on an inferior tactical basis.

"Very well"—Peter reversed his half turn toward his car—"this is what happened."

And he told briefly the incidents in his Platonic intimacy with her dog.

"Do you mean to say," she said incredulously, "that during all the week I've been in the hospital at Albuquerque you've been camping out here in this desert just to keep Mix company?"

"I didn't know what else to do. He wouldn't come away from here and I couldn't leave him, could I?"

She looked up at him curiously (he was taller than she—six inches or so) and there was a pleasant little twist in the corners of her mouth. "You must be rather nice. I'll have to let you have an interest in Mix's heart. Apparently he picks his friends better than I do."

"Thank you, but I don't want an interest in anyone's heart, canine or—"

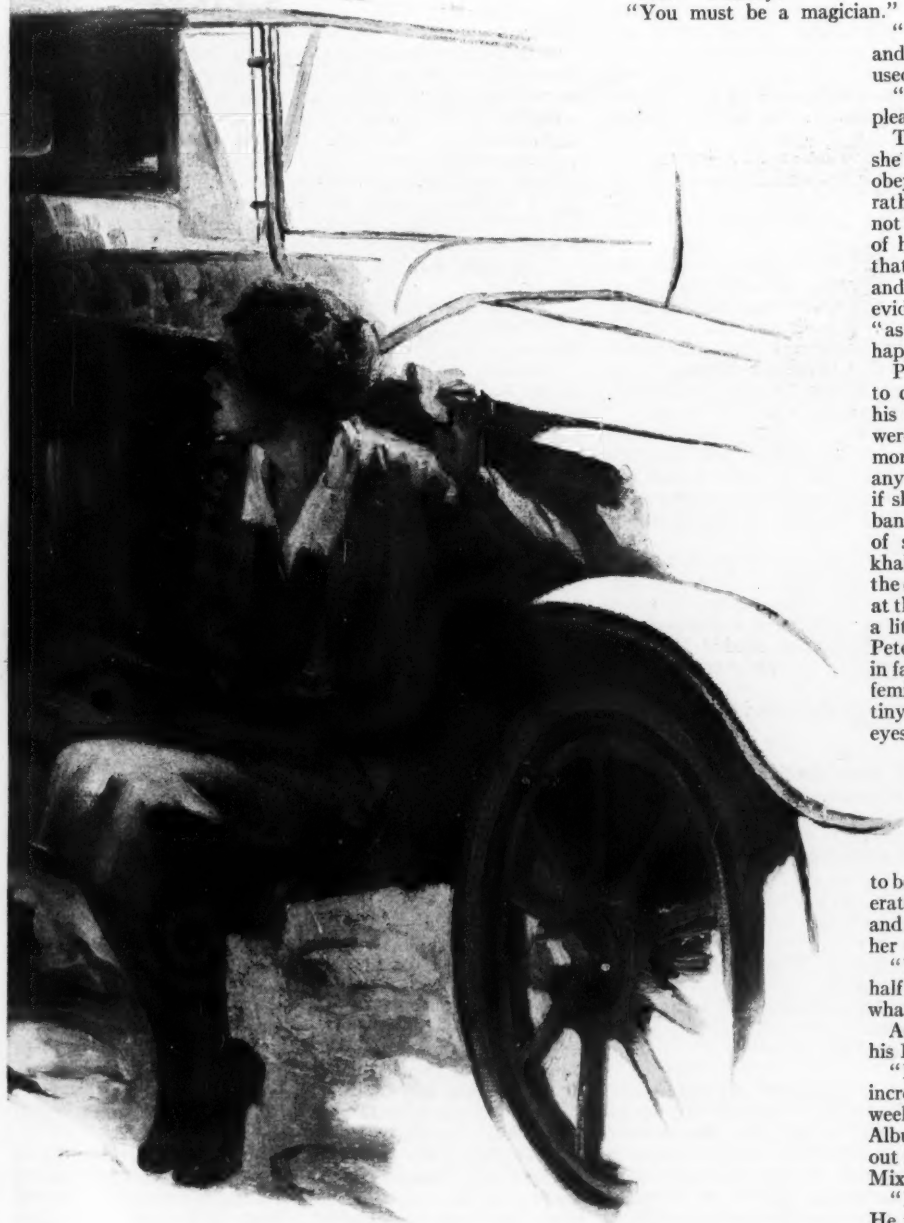
"Feminine?"

"Correct."

"Cured?"

"Yes."

"It must be nice to have graduated like that. Anyway I



In return Peter held Pronto's furry, clumsy body tight in his arms—with reservations, of course—and pretended that the mist in his eyes was caused by a little alkali dust.

By the time Peter and Pronto had consummated the rites of reunion the flivver had backed down the hill and one of its occupants had painfully dismounted.

"After all, you know, Mix really is my dog," she was saying.

Mix, alias Pronto, proved it by running to her with his tail wagging a little better than 1600 r.p.m.

"Adored lady," said Pronto proudly, "meet my best friend, the warrior who saved my worthless life from those ferocious and blood-curdling wolves."

thank you and I trust you will let me send you a check to cover the expenses you incurred. If you'll give me your address—"

"I have no address and I couldn't accept your money. I did what I did selfishly. I couldn't sleep so long as I felt that any animal was in any sort of distress that it was in my power to relieve. That's all there was to it. Now that everything is all right and Pronto—Mix—has found his own family, I'll be going."

"Good by, and thanks."

"Good by."

The driver of the flivver, who had been cheerfully repairing his top and side curtains during the interview, noticing that the conference was at an end, transformed himself into a starting motor, preparatory to resuming the struggle against gravity and the New Mexican landscape, and Peter walked over to his car with sentiments of relief mingled with others which he could not exactly define but which might have been almost regret. Again there was not much to look forward to, no meeting at the journey's end.

What a damn fool he had been to let another dog capture even his fleeting regard! Hereafter he wouldn't even pat one on the head in passing.

The bandaged young woman got into the flivver and Peter took his seat in his own car.

But the scene was not over—not by a long shot. Pronto Mix wasn't satisfied with the arrangement. He gave very evident symptoms of acute distress by going first to one car and then the other and whining his protests. His mistress finally induced him to get into the flivver with her but when it started up he got out again and mentioned loudly that he wasn't going to leave his pal out there alone where the wild animals might get him.

Finally the lady got out again and came back to Peter.

"We'll never get anywhere this way," she declared despairingly. "I wonder if you would mind letting me ride with you as far as Gallup—that is, if you are going that far. I must get there by nightfall and have my arm dressed again—the doctor at Albuquerque made me promise that before he would let me leave the hospital."

Peter Maddox considered. There did not seem to be any alternative. So grudgingly he opened the door for her to get into the seat beside him and then turned to perform the same service for the dog. He was too late. Pronto was already in the back seat sitting up proudly and happily panting "Ha! ha! ha!" with his tongue hanging out. It was an awfully foolish expression of canine triumph.

Peter motioned to the flivver to go ahead and the procession moved on.

Silently.

The speedometer measured off three laborious miles.

Finally: "I've had a college education and I've been around the world once."

Peter continued driving.

A mile farther. "So I know a number of interesting things to talk about."

Peter laughed. "I give in. Why do you call your persistent friend in the back seat by the name Mix? Is it in honor of the smiling demon of the movies or—"

"No. 'Mix' is short for 'Mixture.' The name is merely descriptive and refers to his genealogy."

"Oh! And how come did I find him all alone waiting for you fifty miles or more from anywhere?"

"Well, Mix and I were driving west."

"Alone?"

"Together. And something went wrong with my carburetor. Maybe it was an intake valve that stuck. Anyway the motor blew back and the carburetor caught fire and then the vacuum tank. I tried to put it out with sand but it blew up and burned me. I woke up in the hospital back in Albuquerque—some east-bound tourists had picked me up and carried me in about half dead. Nobody seemed to know what had become of Mix; so, as soon as I was able to be up, I chartered the ark and came out to look for him. That's all."

"Plenty."

"In a manner of speaking, yes."

The ice once broken, the conversational current flowed more smoothly. Her name it appeared, was Carolina Carey. Peter didn't exactly unbend but he responded imperceptibly to the torque strain. He did not talk about himself—he never had and now, certainly, he never would—but he made it less difficult for the girl to bridge the silences. And he drove very carefully—an involuntary exclamation of pain when he hit an especially rough bump warned him that the poor kid must be keeping a stiff upper lip at the expense of intolerable repressed agony.

But he didn't let himself think of that much either. Or permit it to engage his sympathies.

Ces jours sont parti pour jamais.

Peter finally delivered his passengers, both of them, at the Harvey House in Gallup. The problem of making Pronto stay in the baggage room, to which the rules of the hotel assigned him, was solved by purchasing a nice new collar, a strong rope and tying him to a couple of heavy sample cases.

Peter said good by and after purchasing a few supplies went ahead on the trail a mile or so to make camp.

When he got up in the morning Pronto was waiting patiently to join him at breakfast. Apparently the rope which he had chewed up wasn't particularly nourishing.

Both of them laughed. Gosh darn, it was clever to outwit that hotel porter like that. Pronto pretended politely to like bacon and eggs better than anything in the world.

And while Peter was clearing up and breaking camp Pronto asked anxiously, "You aren't going to go off and leave the rest of the gang, are you?"

Peter was intending to do just that. And he would have, too, secure in the knowledge that she would find her dog all right and take care of him, if she had not arrived just as everything was all packed up ready to start. She was walking.

"I thought I might find Pronto with you," she explained simply.

"You said his name was Mix."

"I know I did, but he likes your name and I think it fits him better."

Now imagine that! How could Peter, under the circumstances, refuse to give Pronto and Carolina a lift to the next town? He couldn't. Neither could he escape them the next day. Or the day after that.

It got to be understood between the three of them that Carolina would sleep at the hotel in the town where they finished the day's run and that Peter and Pronto would camp just outside.

"Pronto is happier that way and besides I feel that you are safe if he is with you."

Peter refrained from asking her what concern it was of hers whether he was safe or not and merely pointed out that Pronto wasn't his dog and some day they would have to separate.

Carolina, after the manner of women and children, seemed not particularly concerned about the future. And neither of them spoke of the past.

"Do you know, Peter, I've never had so many pleasant, care free days one after another as I'm having right now. We're in a little planet all of our own, doing a whirl around the universe."

"Ours is a darn bumpy orbit," commented Peter, avoiding a large Arizona rock—they were in that state now.

Carolina continued: "We don't even know what is going on in the worlds we pass and they aren't aware that we've gone by. We wander as free as Ulysses."

"Didn't Ulysses have a Penelope?"

"I believe he did. Have you?" It was as near as she ever came to asking a question about his affairs.

He shook his head.

After a moment she said: "I'm glad my old car blew up." He could not trace back her channels of thought. There was no particular point in it anyway.

Later she remarked: "Do you know, Peter, a great many men have thought I was attractive. I can talk like this with you because I know your ideal type of woman is smaller and blonder than I am—and incidentally more beautiful."

Peter did not deny it. If she were fishing for compliments, let her fish. See if it did her any good.

"But, Peter," she went on as if he had presented an argument, "beauty isn't everything. Intelligence, appreciation, humor, loyalty, all those things count an awful lot after the courtship cream has been skimmed off. Look at Pronto, for instance. No one would ever call him beautiful."

"Ha! ha! ha!" panted Pronto in the back seat, immensely pleased at having been mentioned in the conversation.

"And yet look how very durable his affection is."

"I've never said anything against the love of a dog." Peter was almost harsh with her for the first time.

"You emphasized the word 'dog,'" Carolina mused. "There's snow on that mountain—probably Hualpai Peak. You really care for dogs, don't you?"

"I did care for a dog once. Now I don't care for anything. He died. I'm a love hater."

"Excuse me." Carolina got up and successfully maneuvered a crawling transfer to the rear seat. (Continued on page 144)



*A Fantasy
of the Isles
in Southern Seas*

By

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

Mr. Ig's Amok

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

MANSLAUGHTER and murder are variously regarded, but wherever civilization has risen to so much as a fig leaf, excepting always the Flowery Kingdom and the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, the gods of the place and the people who inhabit it have fixed their canons against self-slaughter. The white man who is bent on suicide simply disrespects these injunctions and kills himself; the black and brown peoples, more especially those who are of Malay descent, get around them.

When a man runs amok his object, nine times out of ten, is not to see how many people he can kill, but so to inflame public opinion that he will be cut down himself and spared the dubious hereafter of the suicide.

Ig had the wish neither to destroy himself nor to be destroyed by others. His house was commodious. It stood upon tall stilts over an estuary of tidal water. His pig sty stood next to it. There were plenty of mats in the house and plenty of pigs in the sty.

Ig's wife had more bright silk dresses and metal bracelets than the average wife, and there was no occasion so informal or ceremonious that Ig was not in a position to array himself fashionably for it. He nearly always had tobacco, and from the center post of the house was suspended a treasure the like of which was not to be found even in the Sultan's Armory.

It was a two handed sword which a roving and adventurous ancestor of its present proprietor had brought home together with a couple of young princesses from an island far to the southward.

The idea of this sword was that if a powerful man laid on with it his enemy would fall to the ground in two pieces. But although Ig was by far the most powerful man of the men of Pauru he had never had occasion to unsheathe the frightful decapitator in anger and try it out.

Before you strike with the average sword you pull it out of its scabbard. But the sword from the island to the southward was sheathed on a different principle. The case was in two flat parts which were tied together at four points with fragile dried grasses. When you struck, therefore, the scabbard burst open and fell to the ground in the same number of pieces as your adversary.

Merely to heft the sword was to believe that its mechanical principles were sound and fatal. The back was thick and heavy; the edge, which could be perceived between the halves of the scabbard, was hideously sharp.

Ig, then, had everything that a man really needs to make him happy. Household goods, pigs, a wife, a fancy sword, health, youth, strength and a mind which very seldom became too active for comfort. And he had begun his career as a married man without any nervous system whatever.

His wife Plu, however, though of good family—one brother was in the Sultan's privy council—was an insufferable scold, chatterer and fault finder. Ig, in her quick, acquisitive eyes, could never do right.

After eight years of this his nervous system went suddenly to pieces. It was a balmy spring morning. Everybody ought

"I shall have to run amok," grunted Ig sorrowfully. And he swung the decapitator.

to have been peaceful and happy. But Plu had waked while it was still dark and she had been scolding and finding fault ever since.

The first thing Ig knew he was lost in a red cloud. When he came out of it the scabbard of the ancestral sword lay on the floor at his feet in two pieces, and one piece of his wife lay in one corner of the house and the other piece of her lay in another.

When a white man weathers a homicidal brainstorm and returns to his senses he is more apt than not to beg the question of arrest and trial by jury by turning the smoking or reeking weapon which he still holds in his hand against himself. But Ig was not a white man, and he well knew that the ghosts of suicides are tormented throughout eternity by having splinters of burning pitch pine continually thrust under the nails of their ten fingers and their ten toes. And even in the white man's Hell, according to Mr. Kelp, the missionary resident in Pauru, the punishment is of a fiery nature.

It was, however, out of the question for a man in Ig's really ignominious and provoking situation to go on living. The price of another wife in pigs, silks and rubber would ruin him. And even if the severed woman could be duplicated it was doubtful if any respectable parent in the village would entrust the happiness of a daughter to a man who had made such a show of himself.

After all the cackle and chatter and scoldings of the last eight years the sudden silence in the house was appalling. The silence

was not only to be noticed within the house, but without, and half an hour had not passed with Ig hectically trying to decide what he ought to do next when an ancient woman named Toto Shag remarked it.

Toto Shag lived in the nearest house on the right. In her youth she had been captured back in the forest where the river is only a spring at the root of a tree, and brought to Pauru in a Malacca cage. When she had been tamed and taught a few words of Pauru she had been taken out of the cage and initiated by the Sultan himself into the mysteries and delights of court life. But time withering her and custom stealing her charm, she had been pensioned and sent to live in a house which was just about as far from the Sultan's house as it was possible for a house to be. Remarking the silence that was upon the house of Ig, this old lady set out to ascertain the cause.

Ig, his mind in a fearful flurry of indecision, heard the sounds of her hands and feet upon the rungs of his house ladder and came to the conclusion that if anything was to be done it must be done at once.

When the withered head of Toto Shag, with its black forest eyes and its toothless mouth full of questions, appeared through the ladder opening in the floor of Ig's house, it must have been obvious even to the most casual observer that the life of such a mischievous old woman is preserved only at a great expense to the community in general. Her gold hair ornaments alone were worth the purchase money of a young and comely wife of good family.

The old woman's marvelous forest eyes began at once to seek out the dark corners of the house.

"Why the appalling silence, neighbor?" she asked.

Ig, still undecided but badly flustered, made no answer. Then Toto Shag perceived in the corner where it still lay the upper piece of Ig's late wife, and tittered.

There is such a thing as tittering at the wrong time and in the wrong place. And there is such a thing as tittering once too often. Toto Shag had committed all three of these solecisms.

Ig, perceiving that in a few moments his inexplicable folly would be common gossip, and almost in tears, grunted:

"I shall have to run amok. It cannot be otherwise."

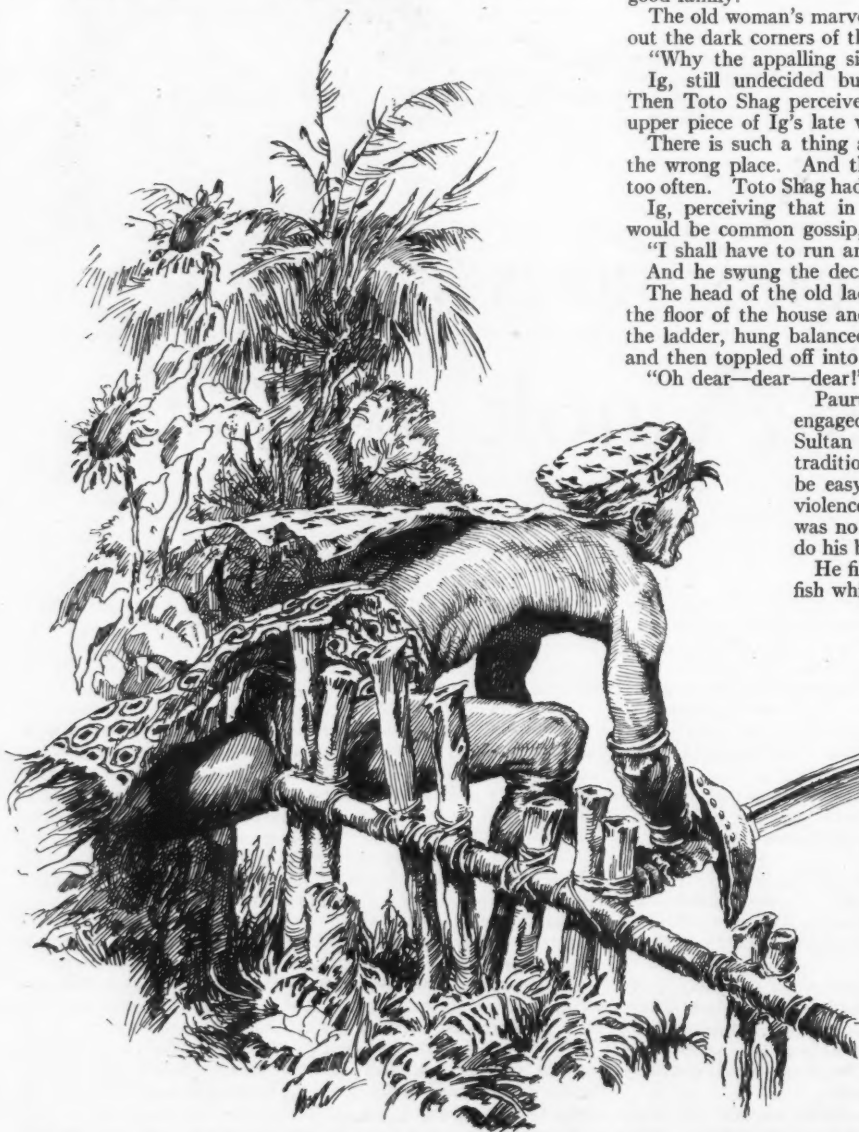
And he swung the decapitator and smote.

The head of the old lady went hopping and bumping across the floor of the house and the rest of her went tumbling down the ladder, hung balanced for a moment on the landing stage and then toppled off into the water with a quiet splash.

"Oh dear—dear—dear!" thought Ig. "Now I am in for it."

Pauru, rich and powerful, had not been engaged in warfare for a generation. The Sultan and the war chiefs were fighters by tradition and not by practice. It would not be easy to provoke them into doing him a violence and putting an end to a life which was no longer fit to live, but he intended to do his best.

He first ate the entire bowl of rice and raw fish which the unfortunate Plu had been pre-



So Ig pursued with the zeal of a fanatic who seeks to deliver himself from oppression—

paring for their joint morning meal, fed his pigs, dipped up a dozen buckets of salt water and sluiced down the gleaming mahogany floor of their sty, gathered the two pieces of his wife and the head of the old lady together in one place, covered them over with a second best mat, changed his white cotton loin cloth for a fringed one of scarlet silk, cleaned and polished the huge blade of the decapitator and not without hesitation and embarrassment, for he was a shy man and easily confused, climbed down his house ladder to the landing stage and set off by the forest

path for the more fashionable and popular parts of the village.

Ig's way led him past the house of Mr. Kelp the missionary. He knew that it would and he hoped that the missionary, who was forever pestering him about his gods and urging him to change them, as lightly as you change breech cloths, wouldn't put in an appearance. But the missionary had a fenced off yard in which he practiced horticulture, and here Ig perceived him from afar doing woman's work with a hoe.

Ig sighed, and hoped that he could get through his business with the missionary without any preliminary conversation, but even this hope was to be blasted.

Mr. Kelp perceived Ig and approaching the fence leaned on it and accosted him.

"Why the best silk loin cloth and the great sword?"

Ig explained as best he could.

"I have divided my wife, Plu, into two parts," he said, "and the shame of it caused me in sheer desperation to sever the head of our respected neighbor, Toto Shag, from her body, and now my hand is raised against all men so that presently, the hands of all men will be raised against me until the misery and confusion which I have brought upon myself may be ended forever."

So saying he swiped suddenly sideways at Mr. Kelp the missionary; but that one ducking madly evaded the blow and fled squealing for his house, with Ig, who had leaped the fence, bounding at his heels and swinging the decapitator.

It had been part of Mr. Kelp's policy in dealing with native populations to plant in them the belief that his own particular bodily integrity and welfare were the particular and peculiar preoccupation of the gods whom he served and recommended, and Ig, therefore, had some reason to believe that his own death would be the instant result of killing or even harming the missionary. And so he pursued Mr. Kelp with all the zeal of a fanatic who seeks to deliver himself from oppression.

Mr. Kelp plunged into his house through the front door, which he sought to slam in the face of his pursuer and almost instantly plunged out of it through the back. The frame of the latter caught the edge of the decapitator and saved him for the moment. He zig-zagged then, darted out at his front gate and fled with incredible speed along the forest paths toward the village. But his wind was not good, and if the gods whom he served and recommended really valued him it soon became high time for them to interfere in his behalf. His stride began to weaken and falter. He stubbed his foot against a stubborn root, fell, scrambled squealing to his feet, lost his left arm at the shoulder and, an instant later, his head.

"And now," thought Ig with a sudden smile of relief, "my troubles are all over."

He stood breathing heavily, and wondered from what direction the doom, which he felt certain the gods of the white man were about to visit upon him, would approach.

But after half an hour of patient and hopeful waiting it began to appear as if the late missionary had perhaps exaggerated the importance in which he was held by his gods, or that these, owing to the multiplicity of their heavenly engagements, had been too much occupied to notice his dismemberment and subsequent decapitation.

"He was wrong about this," Ig thought. "Maybe he was wrong about everything."

He sighed and walked slowly out of the forest and into the very heart of town.

"I've got to find somebody who'll put an end to all this misery," he thought, and he stood and looked about him.

In the shade of a Bo tree a number of the Sultan's children, among them the heir apparent, were squatted on the ground and playing at jackstraws. The heir apparent was a nervous, vicious child, who continually accused the littler children of cheating and slapped them right and left. He resembled his father, the Sultan, as closely as one mango resembles another. But his voice shrill, querulous and incessant, was his mother's.



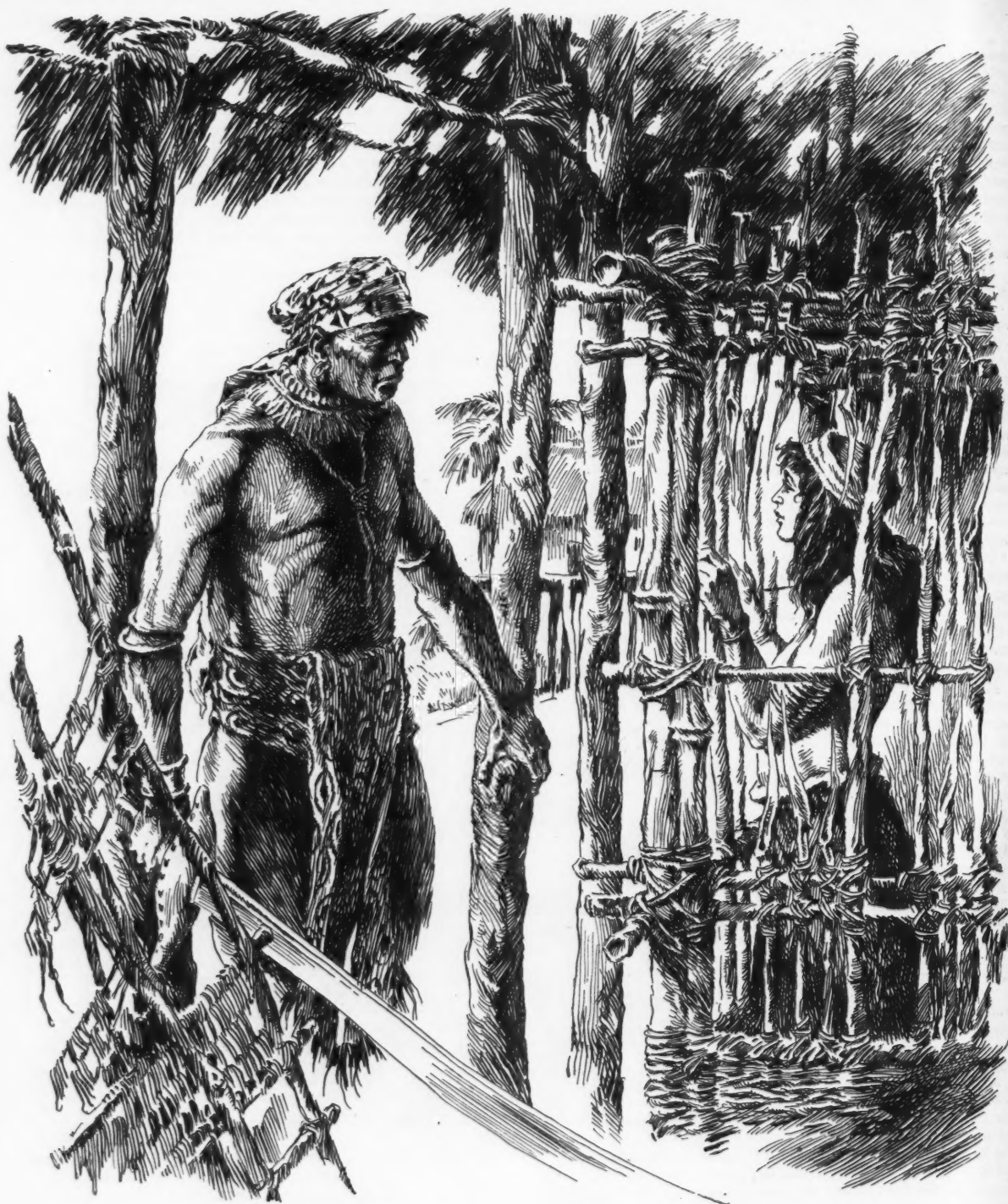
—and Mr. Kelp fled with incredible speed along the forest pathways toward the village.

Ig stood and watched the children. A number of grown persons came out of their houses and perceiving Ig and the great loper on which he leaned, forgot the business which had brought them out and went back in. Only the king's children intent upon their game did not notice him.

One of the adults who had come out of his house and hastily gone back in was the chief of the Sultan's war council. This able military expert now by the simple process of cutting an opening through the back of his house and thereafter crawling on his stomach for a hundred yards succeeded in gaining the Sultan's palace and the Sultan's ear.

"Ig, the strong man," said the chief of council, "is without watching the royal children at play. He is leaning on the two handed sword which his ancestor brought together with two princesses from an island to the southward. The sword is stained with blood. And I am of the opinion that Ig, the strong man, has gone mad and that he is running amok. More particularly I fear for the life of the heir apparent, upon whom the attention of the madman appeared to be more particularly focused than on the other children."

"It is a pity," said the Sultan, "that I have this very morning



"Do you know what *I* think!" said the wild woman.

"I think you have been horribly misunderstood."

sent the army back into the forest where the river is only a spring at the root of a tree, in order to set traps for wild women. We be old men, thou and I. But I would make short work of this fellow Ig if I had my army here."

At that moment there came to them from without a sudden sound of screaming and squealing and wailing. Then there was silence.

"Perhaps," said the chief of the war council, "I had better go after the army and fetch it back."

"Perhaps," said the Sultan, "we should both go. The thought is not an unhappy one. I shall then return at the head of my army and deal with this fellow. It is said that the ancestral sword of Ig is capable, almost of its own accord, of separating the whole into its component parts. We had best quit the palace by the back door."

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But at that moment a knocking, firm but respectful, fell upon the front door of the palace and the two old men who had risen to their feet shivered and listened. The knocking was repeated.

"Stay where you are," commanded the Sultan suddenly, "and say what you have to say."

"Sultan of Pauru," came the answer, "I am Ig the strong man, and because of the shame and confusion occasioned by being lost in a red mist and coming out of it to discover that I had divided my lamented wife, Plu, into two parts, I have run amok. I have cut down in her old age Toto Shag, who was our nearest neighbor, and who perceiving that there was silence in our house after eight years of scolding and fault finding came to inquire the cause. I have lopped off the left arm of the

white missionary at the shoulder, and his head at the neck. At this juncture his gods failed him, and always in the hope of inciting others to do me a fatal violence, I came and stood for a time watching the royal children at play under the Bo tree. But it is very horrible for a man like me to have to go on living. Wherefore in the sure belief that you will order out the army and cause me to be shot down like the worthless dog that I am, I have brought you the head of the heir apparent . . ."

But the two old men had long since tiptoed to the back door of the palace and made their way silently into the forest.

Ig sighed, and after knocking a couple more times, and repeating, though listlessly and without much hope, the detailed narrative of his amok, abandoned himself to the languorous noon heat and sat down in the shade to rest.

Then he remembered that his pigs had not been fed that morning and he started up and hurried home. Just because he had made a horrible mess of his life was no reason why the pigs should suffer. They were affectionate, trusting pigs of which he had always been justly proud.

Certain other chores delayed his return to the village. Blue bottles were making free in his house, and it seemed best to row the head of Toto Shag and the pieces of his wife far out on the estuary and dump them overboard. Running amok is often a slow business and he might have need of his house for several days and nights longer. Between killings a man likes to eat and bathe, to rest on a heap of mats and once in a while to change his clothes. Between killings a man likes to have some place to go, and as the old Pauru saying has it, "Home is best."

So Ig cleaned house, and leaving a lighted stick of Chinese incense to sweeten it during his absence, returned to the village. The news of the amok which he was running was now, however, common gossip, and except for the pigs and fowls the inhabitants of Pauru seemed all to have fled. It is true that a "lifer" stared at Ig through the barred window of the Sultan's prison, and he seemed to hear soft incantations as he passed close to the house of the priest. But of persons who might be expected to stand up and fight or to revenge themselves for the loss of kith and kin there were none.

In their headlong flight the villagers had abandoned so many articles of value that if Ig had gathered them together and made off with them he would have been a rich man. But he was too much preoccupied with the business of procuring his own death at the hands of someone other than himself to think of worldly matters.

Fowls cackled and scratched in the mold. Pigs suffering from hunger and the presentiment that they had been abandoned disturbed the peace.

Baffled by the turn which matters had taken, Ig, after much aimless wandering in and out of houses and among them, pushed open the door of the Sultan's palace and strolled from room to room, from storehouse to storehouse, from shed to shed and from compound to compound. But it was in a remote shed at the back of everything that he found the wild woman.

Her cage of heavy malacca, one of a long row of similar cages, was the only one which happened at the moment to be occupied.

She was a little, young thing. And at first glance she seemed to consist entirely of a pair of huge dark forest eyes. Such eyes are usually associated with suffering and emaciation, but the tiny creature's arms and legs and breasts were as round and firm as they were delicate and shapely. A knee length petticoat of scarlet silk set off her rich brown coloring and the shadow of the shed was a sop to the Pauru idea of convention and modesty. She was no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age.

She must have been a long time in the cage, being prepared for the Sultan's harem, for her first words proved that for a wild woman she had managed to acquire a very unusual command of the difficult Pauru dialect.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I heard all about you while the Sultan's wives were packing up and getting ready to leave. I suppose you know that nothing would so infuriate the Sultan as my death at your hands. What you don't know is that nothing would please me better. I am sick of this cage and I had rather die than enter the harem of a snuffy and mangy old man."

"With one blow," said Ig, "I could cut through the malacca bars and you too."

"Don't I know that?" said the wild woman. "To look at you is sufficient. I never saw such muscles."

Ig, the strong man, blushed and stammered in his confusion.

"But before you do it," said the wild woman, and now he saw nothing of her but her eyes, "I do wish you would tell me just what you did to make your life seem no longer worth living. At least you weren't in a cage. At least you weren't being trained and educated for a life of shame."

"I was living happily enough at the time," said Ig, "if you really want to know."

And forthwith, eager perhaps for a word or two of human sympathy, he launched out and told her the whole story from the beginning.

When he had finished, the vast forest eyes of the wild woman appeared to be very soft and melting.

"Do you know what I think!" she said, and she brushed her eyes with the back of her hand. "I think you have been horribly misunderstood."

Ig sighed. And his liver, which among the Pauruans is the seat of the affections, warmed toward the wild woman.

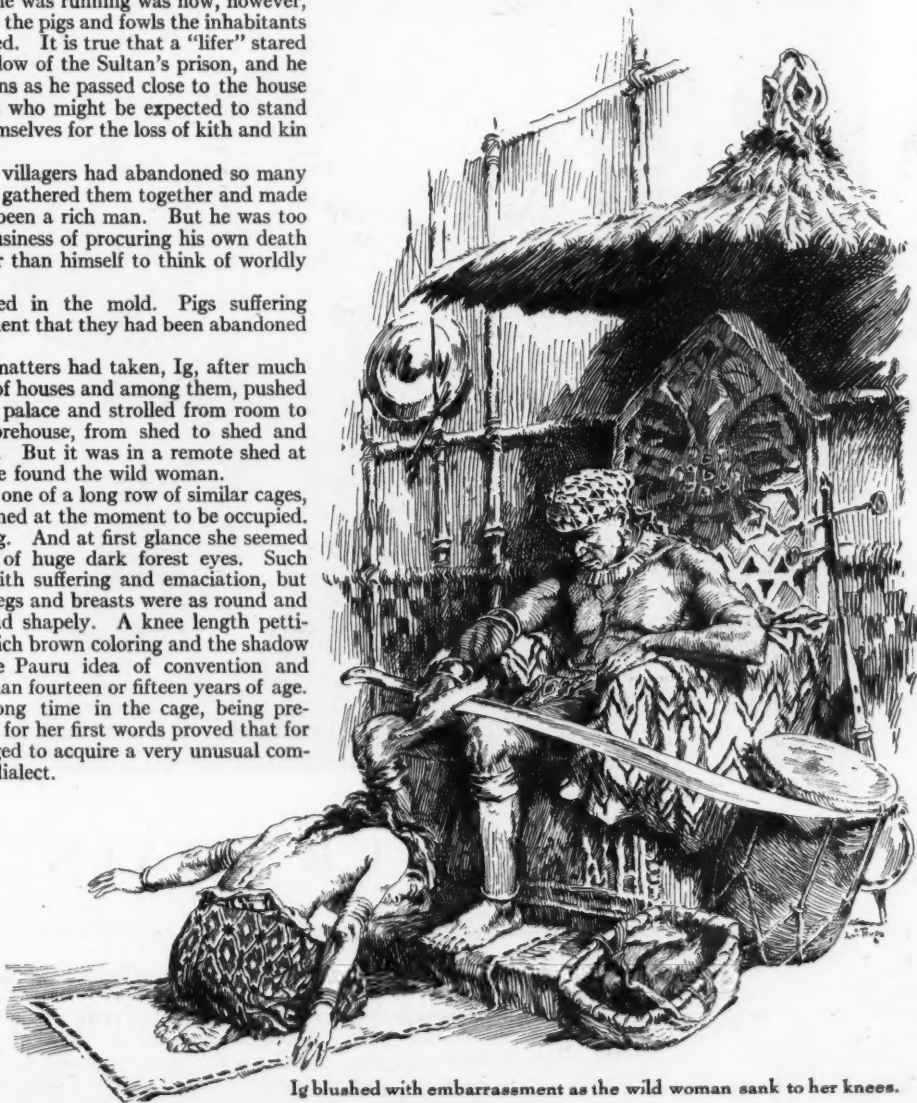
"What is your name?" he asked.

"Plepilune."

"Well, Plepilune," he said, "there are all kinds of women in the world. But you are different."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how I boil at the thought of all the injustice that you have suffered!"

"And I," said he, "at the thought of a woman like you being shut in a cage and prepared for a life of shame." (Continued on page 157)



Ig blushed with embarrassment as the wild woman sank to her knees.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

ARTHUR TRAIN

a novelist whose social acquaintance and experience as former Deputy Attorney General and Assistant District Attorney give him a unique knowledge of New York from the inside.

ARTHUR TRAIN

*Tells the secrets between
the lines of America's
Social Register in*

His Children's Children

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



A Résumé of Parts One to Five:

THE story concerns the Kayne family, prominent in the New York social set of today.

PETER B. KAYNE, "The Pirate," is a delightful old rascal who, having amassed a fortune in the ruthless railroad-grabbing days, retired to Fifth Avenue and respectability. Peter is very fond of youngsters, and inordinately proud of his successful son

RUFUS, the conservative, narrow, socially conventional president of the Utopia Trust Company. In reality, Rufus has been growing exceedingly weary of his smugly successful existence; and recently he has had a belated fling by drifting into an "affair" with the young dancer, Mercedes Delaval, which turned out harmlessly enough though it involved a regrettable trip to Atlantic City. But through the trust company he has loaned to two friends of Mercedes, Steiner and Savoy, a million dollars for motion picture promotion, endorsing the notes himself because the loan was strongly disapproved by Pepperill, the trust company's attorney. The motion picture concern goes bankrupt, whereupon Rufus is censured for the loan by his board of directors, who determine to ask for his resignation and compel him to meet the notes himself. Rufus wonders how he will tell the news to

ELIZABETH, his wife, a fat and short-winded social climber whose life rotates about the bridge table. Neither Rufus nor Elizabeth has ever tried to understand their children, especially

DIANA, the eldest, who is brilliant, popular, exotically beautiful and talked of as a "fast one," but really sound and straightforward at heart. Diana has long been courted by the wealthy

and likable young sportsman, Larry Devereaux; but since meeting Lloyd Maitland, who had saved Devereaux's life in the trenches, she has been aware of a growing love for this man so different from those in her own set; and too, she has recently had a spiritual awakening to the futile selfishness of her life through the discovery that her sister

SHEILA has been taking cocaine. The girl is in the "flapper" stage, and through the sheer exhaustion of the interminable round of dances, teas and parties has taken to drugs for relief, like others of her young companions. Diana promises to help her lead a saner life, and Sheila takes up physical culture with DHAL SHASTRI, a fashionable practitioner of oriental mysticism, whose club on Long Island is anything but the health resort it professes to be. The sinister nature of Doctor Dhal's activities has just been discovered by

LLOYD MAITLAND, a young lawyer and hero of the war who has lately become more and more involved in the legal and personal affairs of the Kaynes, and who is deeply in love with Diana. Maitland it was who first suggested a way out of the marital difficulties of Rufus's other daughter

CLAUDIA, who during the war had married the scoundrelly Lord Harrowdale and dragged out a miserable existence in England, unable to secure a divorce because of the antiquated English law. Carrying out Maitland's plan, his friend

NIGEL CRAIG, a charming young war hero, English, had "kidnapped" Claudia and her two children and brought them to America. Claudia and Nigel naturally fall in love with one another, but Maitland is compelled to advise them that Lady Harrowdale could not secure a divorce in America which would be legal in England. Nigel suddenly goes blind as the result of old gas injuries, and determined not to be a burden to his friends, drops out of sight in an obscure home for disabled soldiers; and Claudia is well-nigh broken hearted.

Part Six: CHAPTER XXIII

CARLYLE said that for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred who will stand adversity. Rufus Kayne took his blow like a man. It had fallen swiftly. Twenty minutes after leaving the directors' meeting he had been officially informed that he must within thirty days reimburse the trust company for the full amount of the loan to the Alpha-Omega and immediately place his resignation in the hands of the board, to take effect at the end of the same period.



CHARLES J. STREHL

It would be amply sufficient, thought Maitland, for Mercedes to sue Rufus for breach of promise.



He neither questioned the justice of this decision nor entertained the thought of denying his responsibility, partly because he realized that the evidence against him was sufficient to convince the court of public opinion and partly, as well, because of a curious desire to make a clean sweep of everything; pay his price; have done with it for good and all; and start over again. There would be enough money left to keep them going—he had no fear of the wolf of famine howling at the kitchen door—but the raising of a million dollars, unless Steiner and Savoy could be forced to make good, would mean an entire readjustment of his affairs, the liquidation of all his negotiable securities and the sale of his houses in both New York and Northampton.

For some intangible reason, as each day passed he had less and less confidence that Steiner and Savoy would pay. In the pride of his financial power he had handed them a million nonchalantly, carelessly—almost as a gesture; but he now discovered that he could not borrow a like amount himself. His original fortune had shrunk, owing to the war, to less than two million dollars and the bulk of it was invested in such forms that it could not be withdrawn. He was, in addition, carrying several heavy loans. Only by disposing of his realty could he meet his obligation; and the sale of the Fifth Avenue house would necessitate the disclosure to his father of what had happened.

The thought of this dismayed him. If only some way could be devised whereby the house could be saved from the wreck! He revolved this ceaselessly. If Steiner and Savoy could be made to pay up promptly as each note fell due, he might be able to work it out. He would know soon enough. He had already deposited a hundred thousand dollars, the proceeds of his railroad stock—representing a net loss of over fifty thousand—to cover their default in case it should occur. No word of what had taken place at the directors' meeting had leaked out and he still came and went as usual, transacting the company's business as its president.

His relations with Mr. Pepperill had ceased and he now discussed all his affairs with Maitland, whose clarity of vision and innate integrity inspired him with a kind of vicarious moral courage. Rufus had, in fact, after all his years of easy success, taken hold of the desperate situation in which he now found himself with a certain sense of exhilaration. It would be fanciful to say that he derived any enjoyment from his grim determination to make the best of a bad business, but the necessity of a struggle, even only of one to save his material fortunes, stimulated and invigorated him. If it were not for his father! After all, he was not too old to begin life over again and make a success!

On the afternoon of April thirtieth he received a call from Mr. Mark Krabfleisch, who, it appeared, had in some mysterious way secured his own appointment as attorney for the receiver of the bankrupt Alpha-Omega Company. There was about him an excess of cordiality—an unctuousness—that filled Rufus with distaste from the moment of his entrance.

Mr. Krabfleisch took from his pocket two very large cigars and offered one to the banker even before the latter had invited him to be seated, and it was obvious that he wished his visit to be a friendly one. Afterwards Rufus recalled the fact that the lawyer had closed the door to the outer office, complaining of a slight cold in his head. At the time, however, the incident had made no impression upon him.

Mr. Krabfleisch, whose flabby cheeks lost themselves in a

turn-over collar, leaving his small chin protruding like a misplaced Adam's apple, proved of an astonishing volubility. Fixing Rufus with a beady black eye he poured forth a breathless torrent of soft sound which was not susceptible of interruption.

He began by expressing much regret over the unexpected failure of the Alpha-Omega Company and its consequent inability to meet its notes—at least for the present. It was quite possible that in time they could get on their feet again. What he would like to do would be to arrange a settlement on a basis of part cash and the balance in long term notes. In a word, he proposed that the Utopia Trust Company should take in exchange for its million dollar claim a cash payment of fifteen thousand dollars and a series of notes payable at the end of three years aggregating nine hundred and eighty-five thousand. Then, sweeping aside Rufus's involuntary ejaculation of protest, he wheezed on again.

Well, Mr. Kayne had better think it over. Everything was worth thinking over. But that was what Mr. Steiner and Mr. Savoy were going to do, and their claims were considerably larger than that of the Utopia.

This seemed to remind him for the first time that Mr. Steiner and Mr. Savoy were endorsers on the Utopia notes and that they had a contingent liability. He remarked with seeming inconsequence that they were peculiar men—both of them; and told a long rambling story of their various misfortunes in different parts of the world in each of which somebody seemed to have gone to jail. It was all very confused and Rufus wondered what on earth it had to do with anything in which he was concerned.

And then suddenly a chill crept up his spine. Mr. Krabfleisch was recounting an experience of Mr. Savoy in which the latter had joined a party of ladies and gentlemen in an excursion to Cape May—in New Jersey—of all places in the world! On their

return there had been a great deal of trouble about the Mann Act. Of course Mr. Kayne knew about the Mann Act?

Rufus, gazing hypnotized at him, made no answer. It was the act, Mr. Krabfleisch recalled, that made it a crime for a gentleman and lady to go from one state of the Union to another for certain purposes. Mr. Savoy had had a very unpleasant time—very, very unpleasant—with the United States District Attorney. He had had to spend a lot of money—a lot of money! And he had never forgotten it. He was a peculiar man.

Now about the notes. Mr. Krabfleisch felt sure that Mr. Kayne with all his influence could arrange it. After all it would make no difference in the end but it would be so much pleasanter. Mr. Savoy was a very nice man, but he was peculiar. Mr. Kayne knew Mr. Savoy very well, did he not? Mr. Krabfleisch understood that they had a mutual friend in—*Miss Delaval*.

Stark terror congealed the membranes of Rufus Kayne's throat. The Mann Act! He knew all about it—a frequent subject of jest at the "Corner Store." The devils! They had got him! Had put up a game on him. Planned it all along from the very first. Salted away their million, probably, and given that little slut of a Mercedes her rake-off!

Krabfleisch was sure the matter could be arranged! The door closed softly behind him.

But Rufus did not move. He was choking. Sweat poured from him. Blackmail! He thrust two fingers into his collar the better to breathe. This would ruin him forever—prevent his ever taking another position—disgrace the whole lot of them! He felt for a cigar and tried to light it—by the wrong end. He dropped it and began to cry.

"Oh, my God!" he whimpered. "Oh, my God!"

But God did not answer.

He perceived that he could not stand this thing alone. But to whom could he turn? What friend had he in whom he could confide? Not one! His brother James?—Krass?—Thrum? He uttered a hollow laugh more like a groan. Pepperill? There had been a time—No! Not Pepperill! Anybody but Pepperill! Maitland? Why yes! Of course! Rufus turned to him for everything. And that very morning he had brought his will down from the bank and asked Lloyd to draw a codicil to it. They ought to get busy and execute it.

The youth was in his customary attitude—leaning back in his



"And did your suggestion include a proposal of marriage?" demanded Diana. "Oh Larry! Did you think you could buy my father?"

chair sucking on his short pipe—when the banker entered his office. Under the electric light his sallow face was livid and at first Lloyd was frightened, fearing that the banker had had a heart attack.

"What's the matter, sir?" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Take this chair."

Kayne sank into it.

"I'm all right," he said. "I've merely had a bit of a jar."

He pulled out another cigar, fumbling it like an old man, as he gradually regained control of himself. This time he got the right end.

"Is it necessary that you should tell me this?"

"It is. It involves my connection with the trust company. I have been asked to resign."

"What! You!" cried Lloyd.

"Yes. My connection with the Utopia ceases after May twenty-fifth."

Maitland did not reply for several moments. "I don't understand," he said finally.

"I don't blame you!" answered Rufus. "I can hardly understand it myself. But the situation has got beyond me. I can't cope with it. You have managed to become tied up with most of my affairs—and I wish your good opinion besides. I want somebody to know the truth. I want help. I know you'll give me a fair hearing and an honest opinion. You can imagine this is pretty hard for me!"

His lip trembled.

"I don't want you to think I am any worse than I am. You know my family, you see, and—well, sometime perhaps you can explain, if worse comes to worst, that in a way I'm the victim of circumstances." He laughed. "I suppose every convict says the same thing! But I think you'll agree that I really am. Now that I've made a mess of my life—now that it's too late—I can see why. I've had the wrong idea from the start. The things I've been after haven't been

worth while. I've been good from a wrong motive and that's the next thing to being bad." He straightened himself and laid his cigar on the desk.

"One doesn't realize how close he is to the precipice. One misstep and he's gone—dragging everything with him! I'm telling you this merely so you'll not judge me too harshly. I can see now that I should not have made that million dollar loan to the Alpha-Omega in the face of Pepperill's opposition. You remember that I guaranteed the notes?"

Maitland nodded: "I never understood why."

"I did it simply because Mr. Pepperill disapproved the loan—only to be decent! Yet that is the reason they are throwing me out—forcing me to resign. Coupled with the fact that afterward I bought some stock in another company that controlled the first—of which I was ignorant at the time.

"Well, that's done. I'm going! I've got to start all over again. But I don't mind that so much. I don't even mind being obliged to take up the loan myself—although it may mean selling all my real property. What I do mind is the fact that these two scoundrels who induced me to make the



"I want your advice on a personal matter. The fact is I've made rather a fool of myself. I haven't done anything really wrong—but what I have done is susceptible of misconstruction. I'm threatened with blackmail." His face had resumed its normal color. He spoke in his customary even tone. "It's rather 'a tangled web'—complicated as those things are apt to be. A young woman, Miss Delaval—"

Lloyd's face hardened. The girl was a friend of the man's own daughter, Diana! He did not wish to receive confidences of that sort.

loan are now threatening me with a prosecution under the Mann Act if I proceed against them upon their endorsements."

"But what does the Mann Act have to do with their liability upon these notes?" asked Lloyd.

"Through this man Savoy I made the acquaintance of a young actress named Mercedes Delaval. She interested me. I 'fell for her' as the expression goes—made a fool of myself over her, but I never did her any harm. I'm not proud of the affair, but there was nothing wrong about it in the ordinary sense. There might have been, of course. No doubt they intended that there should be. I'm satisfied it was a put up job to get me in a position where I would not dare to sue them on their endorsements. Krabfleisch, their lawyer, has just left my office—"

"But how does Miss Delaval—" began Maitland.

"I took her to Atlantic City. There was a party of us. We motored down. It was all entirely regular. Just a lark—an excursion. But my name is on the hotel register and so is hers."

A wave of disgust engulfed Maitland. So this was Diana's father!

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated and rose to his feet. He could see the headlines in the papers—the photographs of Mercedes in her leopard skin juxtaposed with those of Rufus Kayne in his cutaway—of Mrs. Kayne, of Diana, Claudia, Sheila!

The mere thought of it made him shudder. They need not go to the length of having Kayne arrested for a violation of the Mann Act to accomplish that. It would be amply sufficient and quite in order for Mercedes to bring an action against him for breach of promise. They could hold the other in reserve lest he should fight the case. And if he did, and they stimulated a prosecution under the Federal law, they might even succeed in putting Kayne in jail. He would not be the only obstinate millionaire who had landed in Atlanta under the same charge. Maitland turned sharply from where he stood by the window.

"If you do not proceed against Steiner and Savoy on their endorsements, will they stay quiet?"

"I think so."

"How about the Delaval woman? Is she likely to make trouble?"

"She seemed like a nice girl. I do not think that she would make any trouble for me if left to herself."

Maitland came back to his desk and resumed his chair.

"Did you know that this girl was a friend of your daughter Diana?" he asked coldly.

A flush gathered upon the heavy face of the banker.

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. I have met her myself at your daughter's studio."

"Do you mean that Diana associates with women like that!"

"You said yourself that she seemed like a nice girl!" quickly retorted Maitland in Diana's defense. "If she appeared so to you, Miss Kayne can hardly be blamed for thinking the same thing."

The color of Kayne's face deepened and his eyes refused to meet those of the lawyer. Nothing could have more startlingly demonstrated to him the consequences of his own reckless disregard of his responsibility towards his children than the fact that he might have taken as his mistress this girl who was a friend of one of them.

What did he know of Diana's habits, of her associates? Indeed, he did not even know what her relations were with Devereaux. People had talked enough, certainly!

"Good God!" he muttered, running his fingers through his hair.

"How soon are you obliged to take up these notes?" asked Maitland, drawing over a pad and taking up a pencil.

"By May twenty-fifth—the day my resignation takes effect."

"Of course they are valueless—can't be discounted for anything?"

"Not for a cent!"

"Can you raise the money?"

"Only by selling my two houses—unless Steiner or Savoy make good."

"Well, they won't!" Maitland tapped with the pencil on his desk. "What do you want my advice about?" he asked.

Suddenly Rufus Kayne bowed his head upon his hands.

"Everything!" he groaned. "I'm at my wits' end! I've lost my nerve. I want somebody to buck me up—to tell me what to do. To think for me and stand back of me."

There was a pause. Then the young lawyer said in a more friendly tone:

"Well then! Now for it! Question number one: Shall you sue Steiner and Savoy or settle on their terms? They are a pair of professional blackmailers and bankrupts. If you proceed against them you'll get nothing except a summons in a breach of promise suit, and you may find yourself in jail—a rich man has

very little chance these days. Answer: No. You will not sue Messrs. Steiner and Savoy. You will accept fifteen thousand dollars and the notes of the Alpha-Omega Company for the balance, payable in three years."

He made a dot on the pad, smiled slightly and carefully drew a circle around it.

"Next. Question number two: How are you going to raise a million dollars by May twenty-fifth? You say that you can do so by the sale of your real estate, but that is undesirable for many reasons, if it can be avoided. Therefore I ask you: Can you borrow the money, either with or without security?"

Rufus shook his head and carefully enumerated his assets and liabilities. It almost seemed as if he took a certain grim satisfaction in the definiteness of this knowledge.

"But after all," continued Lloyd, "this is only a temporary embarrassment. Haven't you any friends or business associates who either individually or as a syndicate could underwrite your liability or let you have the money on what collateral you have?"

"No! None!" answered Kayne laconically.

There was a circular containing a printed list of the trust company's directors lying upon Maitland's desk and he reached out and pulled it towards him. Surely among them there must be one or more who would come to the banker's assistance.

"How about Senator Krass?"

"The hypocritical old wolf!" ejaculated Rufus.

"Mr. Phillips?"

"No."

"Or Mr. Williams?"

"Never in the world!"

Maitland kept on, rapidly skimming over the names.

"Vandergrift—Phelps—Thompson—Devereaux."

Maitland bit his lips and inwardly cursed himself. He had read the name automatically. The two men looked away from one another.

Rufus had already thought of Devereaux as a solution of his difficulties. To the proprietor of Treasure Island a loan of a million dollars on any sort of security would be a bagatelle. Any bank in the city would make it upon his endorsement or possibly upon his mere request. But on what ground could Rufus ask him for financial assistance? They were not friends. The only possible claim which Rufus had upon the sportsman was through Diana. Should he ask Devereaux for money—particularly for any such sum—his ask would be susceptible of the grossest misconstruction; would suggest an intimacy between the sportsman and Diana which even if it in fact did not exist, might then fairly be assumed, and which naturally would be viewed by a cynical world as polite blackmail.

"Leave Devereaux out of it!" he answered with a scowl.

To Maitland the words carried with them the plainest of implications. Why should not the banker apply to Devereaux for a properly secured loan—even of a million dollars—unless his request could be regarded as a demand? Lloyd involuntarily closed his eyes. Oh, Diana!

"There's no one," concluded Rufus. "All my business associates are connected with the Utopia. There's no help for it. I've gone over the whole thing. I've got to realize on my two houses—and at once. Frankly I don't care very much. I never liked either of them. The thing that hurts is telling my father. He's eighty-one years old and not very strong. I'm afraid it will hit him pretty hard. But there's no other way out of this mess."

"Not on your statement of the case," agreed Lloyd.

"Then the sooner we get rid of them the better. I'll leave the matter entirely to you. Private sale or auction as you may deem best."

"There's very little time to negotiate a sale," said Maitland.

"Then arrange for an auction. Real estate is pretty high now, everything considered. Sell the furnishings at the same time. Whoever buys the house might bid them up. We ought to clear six hundred thousand over the mortgage."

"Very well, sir. I'll take it up with the Clark-Baldwin Company tomorrow morning."

Rufus arose and stretched his arms.

"Thank Heaven, that's settled!" he remarked, using almost the same formula as he had on reading of Sheila's debut the morning after. "Sometimes it seems as if everything were tumbling about your head, but if you take 'em one by one somehow you generally manage to muddle through." He paused and smiled. "Do you remember our first meeting?"

"You consulted me about your daughter, Lady Harrowdale."

"Yes. Pepperill turned me over to you. I thought at first you were too inexperienced. But I was mistaken. You've done a lot more for me than Pepperill (Continued on page 181)

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MARION DAVIES, the sweet, delectable and altogether human Princess Mary Tudor in Cosmopolitan Productions' film play of the brave days of Romance and clinking swords, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."



PAULINE FREDERICK, after winning fresh laurels in eight years with the films, this season returns to spoken drama in "The Guilty One."



MARY NASH as Anna Valeska in "Captain Applejack" has made her niche in the theatrical hall of fame more secure than ever.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD TRATER BROWN



MARTHA LORBER leads the Fokine Ballet in the Ziegfeld
"Follies" with a rhythmic grace accentuated by her classic beauty.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRI LARSEN

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By H. C. WITWER

*Whose Fountain Pen is
a Well of Laughter*

See America's Worst

*Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk*



ACCORDIN' to a gent entitled Francis Bacon which cut quite a dash in the fiscal year of 1600, travel is a education. Well, I have just finished investigatin' that rumor and by a odd coincidence it seems Frankie told the truth. As the matter of fact, travel has made many's the guy famous which might never been heard of had he been a Alice-sit-by-the-fire. For example, we have Noah, Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, Columbus, Sinbad, the Wandering Jew, Pullman, the A. E. F., O'Sullivan, Ford, and the ones *you* can think of. Travel likewise had a great bearin' on the education of One-Punch Murphy, nee Mephistopheles Horowitz. And that ain't another story, as Kipling says. It's *this* one!

"See America First!" says the cute little booklets got out by the railroads, but they forget to add that in takin' the Coast to Coast trip behind a locomotive you can also see America's worst. The "California or bust!" parties which has brung their meals for the entire voyage along with 'em in a shoe box and devours throwin' tomatoes with lavish display when you are on your ways to the diner, thereby cancelin' your appetite; the clowns of all sexes which scurries right through to the observation platform the minute they get on the train and camps there for the rest of the journey so's you can't even get out for a breathin' spell; the sapolios which can't pass the open door of your drawin' room without lookin' in at you like you was a Airedale cat or the like; the jobbies in the club car which pretends they're district attorneys and crossexamines you on your business, religion, politics, how did your nose get so long, etc.; the guys which winks mysteriously and takes you into their compartment for a drink of Keeley Cure antidote and then gives you a swallow of drug store gin which removes both tonsils and one side of your throat on the ways down to pillage your tummy; the blonde panic which won't give you a tumble; the terrible looker which does; the yokel quartette on the observation platform featurin' "Sweet Adeline" from eight to eleven P.M.; the leather-lunged infants which begins their bawl game at midnight; the dumbbells which comes in the two-by-four wash room in the mornin's to shave and puts toothpowder, soap, razor, and this and that all over the seats, incidentally servin' you with a generous portion of lather on your clothes; and the bozo opposite you at the table in the diner which views everything you eat like it was the Grand Canyon and he was seein' it for the first time.

That's just a few of 'em. They's plenty more—if you don't believe it, take the trip. If the pests get you red-headed you can always do what Mephistopheles Horowitz done to break up the monotony of the voyage.

Mephistopheles Horowitz, or One-Punch Murphy, to bring his nom du box fight into play, was a victim of mistaken identity. He made the mistake himself. He thought he was a champ, whereas he was merely a chump! A trip to Arizona and the kind attentions of Mystica Kane and Bad News Burns enabled Mephistopheles to properly identify himself.

Let's go!

About the time Mr. J. Dempsey smacked Gorgeous Georges for a mock turtle, first class heavyweights was as scarce as dental parlors operated exclusively for roosters. A glance over the pugilistic horizon showed exactly nobody which could give Jack more than a laugh unless they was allowed to enter the ring with a six-gun in each hand, and the game wasn't ripe for that yet. A guy which could knock the champion stiff would have a million to shoot at, and his manager, on the usual equal division of the loot, would get about seven hundred thousand of it. I know that's nothin' to get excited about, but it's nice money at that. Even the boy which finished second in a scuffle with Dempsey would collect a warehouse full of doubloons—Ta-ra-ra Car-pont-teay clicked off \$200,000 for doin' his stuff less than twelve minutes. What other trick will show returns like that? I mean *aside* from bootleggin'?

Well, as it's a hobby of mine to always look for the best of it, I begin to cast about me for a bright young fellow which was ambitious to try and break Dempsey's hands with his chin and hadn't the faintest objections to gettin' slapped silly for a couple of hundred grand. The heavies I had in stock was all graduates of the Annette Kellerman school and once they crawled into a prize ring they immediately staged a piece of divin' which would



"Is this jazzbo annoyin' you, lady?" asks One-Punch Murphy, grabbin' the guy by the arm.

make a seal cry its little eyes out. I'm within two feet of my wits' end when I got a rush of brains to the head and put the followin' advertisement in such New York mornin' papers as didn't kid me out of it:

WANTED AT ONCE!
YOUNG MEN NOT TOO PROUD TO FIGHT
 Must be six feet long or more so,
 weigh 190-225 undraped, age 18-25
SALARY UP TO \$300,000
FOR A FEW MINUTES CONGENIAL
WORK IN COOL AIRY RING
WITH CHANCE OF ADVANCEMENT

Room 21584

Hotel Ephone

I forgot to say that my ads read "Apply 11 A. M." So at

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seven the next mornin' the first 800 applicants begins to appear and by nine o'clock I'm satisfied that everybody in the wide wide world had dropped whatever they was doin' and turned prizefighter the minute they seen my ad. They was Irish, English, French, Russian, Greek, Eyetalian, Swedes, Germans, Scotch and what not. Even two Indians and a Chinese showed up. They all come highly recommended—by themselves. At noon I had weeded the candidates down to a scant fifty, had the reserves chase the other two thousand away and been asked to leave the hotel by the highly scandalized manager.

My next imitation is to take my fifty merry men up to Eddie McWagon's gym, caparison 'em all in ring togs and lace boxin' gloves on their dainty little hands. Then I called 'em to the middle of the room and spoke like thus:

"Fellow citizens, we are gathered here this afternoon for the praiseworthy purposes of findin' a boy which I can develop into a two-fisted idiot, with the object of knockin' Jack the Dempsey loose from his world's championship crown! Now even you dumbbells knows it would take too much of my valuable time to put on elimination bouts. I got a trick worth two of that! When I get done talkin' I'm goin' to ring a bell. That'll be the signal for you birds to tie into each other. The man on his feet at the end of five minutes will be the man in line for the world's heavyweight championship!" I reached for the bell: "Let's go!"

Then the fun began.

Honest, I felt like I had struck a match on Fifth Avenue and immediately seen the public library go up in flames! I give them huskies five minutes to display their wares and that was a lavish amount of time. In less than four minutes the only guy standin' upright in the gym is doin' that in a corner—on his head. The floor is fairly littered with would-be champions, trainers, pugs, innocent bystanders and all this sort of thing. No kiddin', a whizz bang would of did far less damage! Only one of the gladiators on the floor shows signs of life. He rears a battered head up from the mass of sleepin' beauties and gasps, "Hurray, I licked 'em all! When do I fight Dempsey?" At this critical second another bozo, with a slightly shopworn pan, drags himself to his knees. "Ain't we got fun?" pants this wreck and—blam! He smacks the first survivor for a row of Peruvian nutmeg graters and then falls back insensible himself. When both bodies had settled, I climbed down the girder I was hangin' from and took the air, thoroughly disgusted with one and all. Thus endeth the first lesson!

To show you what a strange thing fate is, even in these modern times, who do I bump into at the door of the gym but Red Egan, which had just been out to the penitentiary visitin' his folks. He greets me like puss greets a platter of cream and begs for the loan of twenty-five bucks, so's he can get his laundry out, he says. I only got a hundred dollars on me and I divided it with Red. I give him half a buck. Then Red says he seen my ad in the paper and he thinks my scheme to excavate a new heavyweight champ is the rattlesnake's hips. He wants to know have I picked out a guy yet and when I answer in the affirmative, Red gets all worked up.

"Listen," he says, "don't interview no more of them boloneys because I got the next world's heavyweight champeen all set for you. This baby is just sweet twenty-one, he's got to bend his comely head to walk under anything lower than six foot two, he tips the beam at a scant two hundred and twenty and he can knock two adults as stiff as a waiter's collar with one smack! Why, lookit, he got in a jam with ten big husky sailors the other night and d'ye know what happened?"

"Why, certainly," I says, with a sarcastical grin, "that's a cinch. He hauled off and slapped all them gobs silly!"

"No," says Red. "They beat his head off—but then they was ten of 'em, don't forget that! This socker never had no gloves on in his life, but when he *does* lace 'em on he'll go through the present crop of chumps like a bullet through a cigar box!"

"Can he take it?" I asks, out of idle curiosity.

"Can he take it?" says Red. "Why, say, after them ten sailors half killed him the other night, I forget to tell you that he got up off the ground and flattened four or five red-headed coppers named O'Rourke, which had come runnin' up to see what's the matter!"

"What's his national-ity?" I exclaim.

"I don't know—what's the difference?" says Red impatiently. "In round numbers, his name's Horowitz—that's Scotch, ain't it? Names don't mean nothin' to me! I know that when they's a O in front they're usually Irish and when they's a O on the end they're usually Eytalian. This guy's a cook in a kafe, that's all I know."

"Where is this trap?" is my next request.

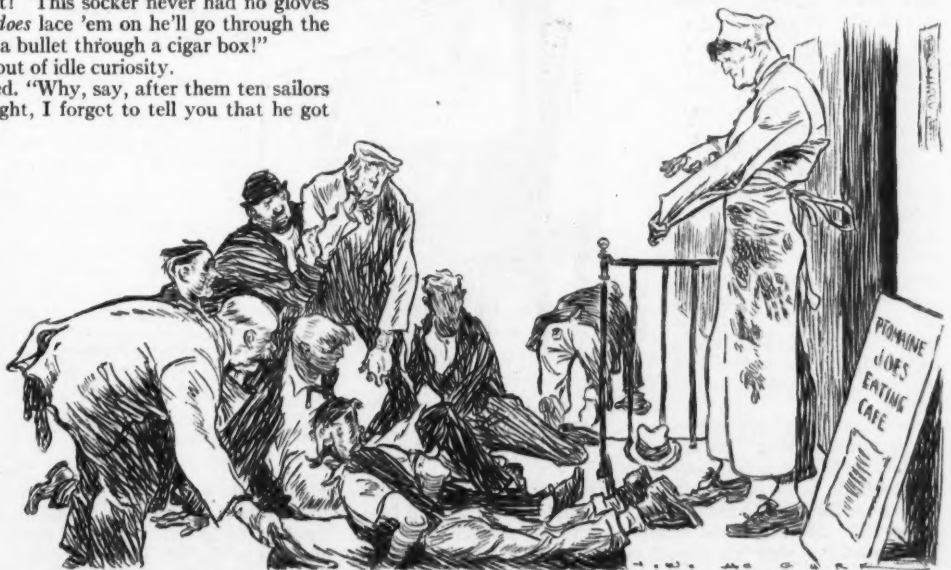
Red tells me it's down by the dear old docks, so we nod to a passin' taxi—to go ahead—and take the subway down to the Battery. Red then escorts me into a deadfall labeled "Ptomaine Joe's Eating Café" where coffee is two cents a scoop and if you play your cards properly they'll throw in a cruller as a bonus. Beef stew is listed under "Desserts" and the eggs is all of the missile variety. Red goes back to the kitchen to interview Mons. Horowitz, the fightin' fool. He comes out in a few minutes, excitement itself.

"I told you this bozo was a cave man!" he says. "It seems somebody give him a nasty look or somethin' in here last night and he just *runed* about twenty guys, up to and includin' the boss. Well, the boss goes to work and has him pinched and his case comes up today. C'mon, we'll bound round to the court and spring him. He'll be so thankful to get out of this jam he'll sign any kind of a contract you can cook up. It's the chance of a lifetime to get a human gold mine for nothin'!"

It was no such thing, but I went around with him.

We managed to get orchestra seats in the courtroom and it was well worth the trouble. The judge is a gay young blood of seventy summers, with plenty whiskers, a merciless look and thirty-five dollars worth of chewin' tobacco in one side of his face. As the case is called, Red points out Mephistopheles Horowitz to me. The battlin' chef is as advertised and then some more. He looks big enough to knock over Grant's Tomb with a straight left and foolish enough to try it. The clerk reads the complaint and then the judge commands Ptomaine Joe to take the rostrum and give him the low down on how things happened.

"Jedge, your Honor, sir," says Joe, "it's this way. I'm what you call a nervous man—all a-quiver is what I mean, jedge. Well, Mephistopheles here gits himself a pair of shoes which squeaks somethin' scandalous when he walks around my kitchen. Every time he takes a step them squeakin' shoes goes through me like a knife—me bein' that nervous, like I told you, jedge. So I says: 'Mephistopheles,' I says, 'Mephistopheles, you got to git you some other shoes. Them squeakin' shoes is drivin' me crazy!' Jedge, he just laffs. Well, next day he's still got on them same shoes and there he is walkin' around my kitchen—squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak! Jedge, I git to tremblin' and quiverin' somethin' terrible. So I goes out to the kitchen and I says: 'Mephistopheles, either you or them shoes has got to go. I can't stand that squeakin' and that's all they is to it!' Jedge, your Honor, he gives me a ugly look. Well, jedge, yistiddy he comes in wearin' a pair of sneakers. He walks back to the kitchen without makin' a sound. I'm just goin' in to thank him when what does he do but take off them sneakers and put back on them squeaky shoes again! Jedge, I listen to that squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak for about five minutes and I'm jumpin' and shakin' like a maniac! So I run back to the kitchen and ask Mephistopheles will he take off them shoes and he goes to work and throws me out of my own restaurant. Not only



"Mephistopheles," testified Ptomaine Joe. "throws me out and four customers, a dishwasher and two waiters on top of me."

that, judge, your Honor, but he throws out four customers, a dishwasher and two waiters on top of me! That's all, judge, except that this boy's a cookin' fool and if he'll git rid of them squeaky shoes I'm willin' to take him back!"

"You want your job back?" says the judge to Mephistopheles.

"Yes!" is the prompt answer.

"Yes *what*?" bawls the judge.

"Yes indeed!" says Mephistopheles, with a goofy grin.

The judge quits.

"All right!" he says. "You go back—and hereafter you come to work barefooted!" He bangs the desk with his gavel. "Meanwhile, I fine you fifty dollars for disorderly conduct, with a touch of felonious assault. Ah-ptu, next case!"

Well, Mephistopheles Horowitz ain't got fifty dollars no more than he's got fifty foreheads and it looks like he's set for a month in the Bastille, when I come to the rescue. I walk up to the clerk and laid down the fine and without even a affectionate glance at me Mephistopheles starts to walk out of the court. This sample of gratitude burns me up and I run after the big stiff, grabbin' his walkin' beam arm.

"Hey, dumbbell!" I says politely. "Who d'ye think I am, Lady Bountiful? Ain't you got nothin' to say to me for payin' your fine?"

"What d'ye want me to do—bust out cryin'?" growls this ten minute egg gratefully. "Did I ask you to butt into my private affairs?"

I am fit to be tied, but Red Egan steps to the fore.

"Now, Meph," he says, "that ain't no way to act with this gent. He saved you from goin' to the hoosegow and now he's ready to put you next to a million bucks cold!"

"What's the plant?" grunts Meph, turnin' to me. "C'mon, make it snappy, or I'm liable to knock *you* cold!"

A nice fellow, what?

"Be yourself, you big clown!" I says pleasantly. "You take a punch at me and I'll break your arms for you! I'm here to offer you a chance to win yourself three dollars for every Russian in Petrograd, within the next two years. All you got to do is stop Jack Dempsey!"

"Stop him from what?" says Mephistopheles.

"From bein' heavyweight champ," I says. "In other words, knock him for a row of Hindu succotash bowls!"

"Blah!" says Meph. "What do I have to wait two years to do *that* for? I can lick Dempsey right now! I can lick anybody—lookit here!" And he starts towards a beefy copper which is standin' on the corner swingin' his club.

Me and Red Egan saved the cop's life by hustlin' Mephistopheles Horowitz over to Eddie McWagon's gym. I wasted no movements in gettin' the battlin' cook out of his citizen's clothes into what I hoped would hereafter be his business suit — purple trunks, ring shoes and gloves. Stripped, he looks more like a million dollars than the money itself!

Over in a corner of the gym is 36-round O'Mug, shadow boxin'. O'Mug has been out the twilight before celebratin' his sixth month on the water wagon and he's in a condition which would make Volstead bust out cryin'. He takes free swings at the air, staggers back like he stopped one with his chin, flops on the floor—and then gets up and does it all over again. I think if Mephistopheles can't stop *this* bozo then he's useless indeed, so I ask Meph how he'd like to step a round or two with him.

"I thought I was supposed to fight Dempsey," he complains. "What time's *he* goin' to show up?"

"Somebody must of tipped him off that *you* was here and he's took a run out for powder," soothes Red Egan. "Besides, he'd be a chump to mingle with you for nothin' when he can get half a million and the glory of havin' you knock him out in public!"

"And also besides," I chime in, takin' Mephistopheles by the arm, "he's got to do plenty trainin' for a socker like you. You wouldn't be coward enough to take Dempsey's title away from him when the boy ain't in condition, would you? I hope you're not a bully!"

Mephistopheles looks kind of sheepish, so I invite him again to come on and box 36-Round O'Mug. For a couple of minutes he watches the antics of the dizzy O'Mug with the greatest of interest.

"What's he swingin' at the air and fallin' down on the floor for?" he asks, kind of puzzled.

"Why, he's full of red eye," I says, "and he thinks he's battlin' somebody and gettin' knocked down, that's all."

Mephistopheles looks thoughtful.

"I see," he says slowly. "He thinks he's gettin' knocked down, *but he keeps gettin' up!* Well, I like the ones which *stays* down! I don't think it's fair to pick on that baby no more than it is to pick on Dempsey. I'll box somebody else this mornin'!"

Red Egan has been doin' a little scoutin' around the gym and he finally brings over a giant which breaks down and confesses to bein' heavyweight champion of Pike's Peak. His signature was "Special Delivery" McFadden, and Meph learned about boxin' from him!

It was a wow of a scuffle while it lasted, but then five minutes

ain't very long. Mephistopheles Horowitz was the wildest thing I ever seen this side of Borneo and, on the evidence, even a mixed jury would of instantly acquitted him of boxin'. For four and a half minutes he was simply a catcher while Special Delivery McFadden done the pitchin', and he had a world of stuff on the ball, he did for a fact! He hit Meph with every blow known to the game in about every part of his body but the soles of his feet and in no time at all Meph was a sight which would of gladdened the heart of a dispensary. Meph leadin' with his chin and hittin' McFadden on both gloves with it and he'd immediately follow them blows by crashin' gracelessly to the mat. He was down and up so many times that we all got dizzy watchin' him, but still he's in there carryin' on smartly.

This here's too much for Special Delivery McFadden, who's leaden arms is commencin' to dangle at his sides. He gets wild eyed and gasps somethin' about Meph not bein' human, while he backpedals frantically around the ring. That's the tip-off to Meph, who joyfully takes up the chase and finally pins McFadden in a neutral corner. McFadden stabs out nervously with a straight left and Meph ducks it by dumb luck, at the same time swingin' his

mighty right without no more idea than a rabbit of where it was goin' to land. McFadden bobs his head and the punch socked him back of his ear. He went down as if hit with a ax, buryin' his nose to the hilt in the canvas. McFadden was out for ten minutes and has been a total loss ever since. Some battle. The winner was hit five thousand times, the loser once!

So *that* was all settled.



After breakfast Mystica tears off a drawin' of Murphy for a souvenir.



"Let's go!" I says. Then the fun began. In four minutes the floor is littered with would-be champions.

After takin' Mephistopheles to a medico to get his ruined pan repaved, I shoved the dotted line over for him to sign on a year's contract under my able management. I am to get sixty-five percent of all purses and Meph is to try and get thirty-five. I have to act as his press agent, second, trainer, collector, book-keeper, yes-man and governess, and all he's got to do is step in and take a pastin'. Pretty soft for Meph, hey?

My first official act as Meph's pilot was to retitle him. I tell him his weird label has got to go and he kind of indignantly wants to know what's the matter with it.

"They's plenty the matter with it," I says. "Can you imagine a announcer tryin' to beller, 'In this corner, *Mephistopheles Horowitz*'? Why, the customers would get the hystericals! Well, that's out. From henceforth you rejoice in the name of One-Punch Murphy!"

"What's the idea of callin' myself 'One-Punch' anything?" inquires Meph, unpleased.

"Why, think of the moral effect it'll have on Dempsey when he hears you introduced from the other corner," I explain. "That 'One-Punch' thing will take all the heart out of him and—"

"And he'll prob'ly knock you dead in the first round, so's not to take chances with you in a long fight!" butts in Red Egan soothin'ly.

"That's all apple sauce!" grunts Meph. "They ain't nobody goin' to never knock me dead. Dempsey was made to order for me and I can lick him no matter if you make me go into the ring under the name of Percy Lovejoy! Likewise, if you don't match me with him at my earliest convenience, I'll hunt him up and pick a fight with him on the street!"

Oh, Meph was rough and tough, no foolin'!

Well, me and Red talks Meph out of his villainous intentions with regards to the world's heavyweight champion and finally we even manage to convince him that before tacklin' the sheik of the heavies he needs a couple of battles under his belt. This last was no small feat, as Ptomaine Joe's ex-cook now thought he was the cat's vest when it come to fisticuffs and he couldn't understand why he had to do *any* trainin' for such a sorry push-over as he figured Dempsey would be for him. However, I took him in hand and with the assistance of a few assorted human choppin' blocks and a couple of months' time, why, I actually made a boxer out of him. A few weeks before he couldn't hit the ground with his hat, now he was good, what I mean!

I picked a set-up by the name of Dynamite Daniels as the prey for One-Punch Murphy's first public quarrel before the exactin' Metropolitan fight fans. They's ten thousand patrons of the art of aggravated assault present and they was ten thousand cuckoos before my man finished his act! He danced out at the bell as light on his feet as a grasshopper and he stepped around the muddled and befuddled Dynamite Daniels with the grace

and execution of a classical dancer. That must of been what the angry crowd thought he *was*, because they razzed him some-thin' terrible and begged him to stand up and fight. Nothin' stirrin'! One-Punch Murphy was now a polished boxer and not no vulgar rough and tumble slugger. Suddenly Dynamite Daniels got fed up watchin' his charmin' adversus caperin' around him, so he clips him on the jaw with a sizzlin' right. Down went my food card like he slipped off the Woolworth Buildin' and the crowd howls. Then it shrieks, because Murphy bounced up off the canvas like a rubber ball, let out a wild yell and charged at the dumbfounded Daniels like a famished lion.

Forgotten was all the science and footwork I spent weeks teachin' him, gone was his knowledge of the fine points of the game. Mephistopheles Horowitz was himself again! His first wild swing took the panic stricken referee under the chin and knocked him as cold as a shark's eye. His next number caught the fear-crazed Dynamite Daniels on the side of the head and hurled him through the ropes into the ringside boxes, twenty degrees colder than the referee. Then One-Punch Murphy runs over to the ropes and glares out at the crowd. The boys in the front rows thought he was goin' to beat up the attendance also and they trampled over each other, scamperin' for cover. I never laughed so much at any show I ever seen in my life and I am still gigglin' when I went out and collected our \$500 guarantee.

In the dressin' room after the shambles, I handed One-Punch Murphy \$8.75 for his trouble, which he lost within ten minutes shootin' crap with Red Egan. Murphy come back and moans to me that he thought we was to get \$500 for the muss with Dynamite Daniels.

"Maybe you likewise remember that the quarrel was scheduled for ten rounds and only went half of one," I says. "Ten rounds at five hundred bucks is fifty berries a round. Well, you only let Daniels stay half a round, or twenty-five dollars. Sixty-five percent of twenty-five dollars, *my* share, is sixteen and a quarter, leavin' a balance of eight seventy-five which I just give you. Now your next—"

"My next fight has got to be with Dempsey or *nobody*, get me?" butts in Murphy. "I think you're givin' me a pushin' around! You told me I'd make a million and all I made so far is eight seventy-five. Not so good! At that rate, I'd have to fight nearly two hundred thousand boys to get a bare million bucks!"

"Well, what's wrong with that?" remarks Red Egan. "Look at the experience you'll have at the end of that time! And two hundred thousand guys at a average of eight seventy-five a

scuffle ain't so hard to take, either. When you was in France you fought two million guys for thirty-three berries a month, didn't you?"

"Yes," says Murphy, "but I had nearly four million seconds in my corner. That didn't hurt, neither!"

It was finally agreed that after one more battle I'd allow my cave man to challenge Dempsey. The guy I selected for the pre-championship holocaust was Bad News Burns.

The battlefield for the One-Punch Murphy-Bad News Burns imbroglio was Phenix, Arizona, and the thing was scheduled to go ten rounds to a decision. It didn't go no rounds and instead of puttin' Murphy in line for a scrap with Dempsey, it put him back in Ptomaine Joe's kitchen, thanks to Mystica Kane.

Murphy will remember that railroad ride long after he's forgot his name! In the first place, I don't think he'd ever had a good time in his life and he had positively never rode in a Pullman before where they was windows and seats and the doors was on each end instead of the sides. This dizzy sapolio didn't know what it was all about, for a fact, and the first night he crawled into his upper berth he laid awake a couple of hours waitin' for a Mongolian to shuffle along with the hop layout Murphy figured went with it. Then findin' that him and sleep couldn't get together, he stays up all night rollin' the bones with the Ethiopian waiters and they made him love it to the tune of his life's savin's, forty-six dollars.

He borreys a hundred from me and at breakfast the next mornin', after tellin' the world what he'll eventually do to Jack Dempsey, he rubs his hands together briskly and takes one brief flash at the menu.

"All that and a cup of coffee," he says to the waitin' dinge, wavin' his hand at the bill of fare to include everything on it. "And make it snappy!"

The waiter made it both snappy and \$28.57. Murphy hollers murder, but he had to pay. He claims he thought the chow was included with his ticket, like it is on shipboard. For lunch that day he had tea and toast.

From then to the sensational climax of the trip, One-Punch Murphy is the life of the party. He calls the Pullman porter over one day and, takin' out a bill, tears it across and hands one half to the astonished dinge.

"Here, Gus," says this clown, "gimme plenty service for the rest of the voyage and the other half of that bill is yours!"

The porter is one of them haughty high brows which would try to Ritz Harding. He looks at the bill and sees it's one buck. Takin' it by the corner with two fingers like it was on fire, he opens the window and drops it out.

"Be yosef, boy!" says the porter. "An' don't fuss with me nuss yo' got some impohtant money to donate. An' mah name is Mistah Leffin'well, not Gus!"

Murphy's right missed him by two inches and we got no attention at all from that boy for the rest of the journey. Well, I ain't goin' to keep you from work tellin' you all the various and sundry things One-Punch Murphy done on that ride. When he didn't have me fit to be tied, I am laughin' myself sick. He says the cooks on the diner is fearful and I got to bodily prevent him from goin' into the kitchen and teachin' 'em the mysteries of toastin' a jelly omelet, a thing at which Murphy claims he won a world wide reputation in that stevedore's hashery where he used to work. He got off at every station and sent Ptomaine Joe, apparently the only person he knew in the universe, souvenir postcards with the same thing on 'em they is on all souvenir postcards: "Having a fine time. Wish you were here." He explored every nook and cranny of that train with no more interest than Peary explored the North Pole. He interviewed

brakemen, conductors, porters, waiters and what not, tellin' 'em all just who he was and what he would do to Dempsey if he ever got him in a ring. He even told the Indians all about it at Albuquerque. He had everybody duckin' from the club car when they seen him comin' because he was Mr. Pest himself and he drove 'em all off the observation platform every night by singin' everything from "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" to "The Curse of an Aching Heart" in a glycerine tenor which must of caused consternation in far off Peru.

At this point Mystica Kane stepped into the life and adventures of One-Punch Murphy and what she done to his future was pitiful!

She got on the rattler at Denver and created no more sensation than a cloudburst would in Hades. Dressed in a layout which would of got her cautioned at even a lenient bathin' beach a few years ago, but which gets by on the boulevards now, she was a triple disturbance if they ever was one! A single glance at her is all that's needed to ruin One-Punch Murphy. As she trips through our car he turns a lot of colors and stares after her, with his eyes and mouth as open as the North Atlantic. In justice to my battler, I must say that he's just one of a hundred which is doin' the same thing.

"Woof!" he gasps. "What a tasty number that one is!" He straightens his tie. "Will we wait till she meets another Jane and make it a party of four, or is it O. K. with you if I see can I do myself some good right now?"

"You're cuckoo!" I laughs. "That opium fiend's dream which just wafted past here wouldn't give Valentino a tumble, let alone us!"

"Maybe she wouldn't give Valentino a tumble," says Murphy. "But I'll lay you a hundred even she'll give me a tumble!"

"You're faded!" I grins. "We won't get to Phenix for forty-eight hours yet. If you ain't made this girl by that time, I'm another hundred with you."

"Two days before we get to Phenix, hey?" says Murphy. "Well, by the time we pull into that slab, me and this second Cleopatra will be carryin' on like schoolmates. With two whole days at my disposal, I could have the Follies

chorus fightin' over my phone number!"

With that he grabs up his suitcase and vanishes into the wash room. He's out in practically no time, a hour to be exact, all dressed up like a horse. The old suit, cap and sweater which he had wore up to date has been canceled and replaced by a black and white check creation, loud enough to be plainly heard over the roar of the train. He's got on a striped silk shirt which looks like he stole it from some jockey while the kid was on his way to the post and a knitted tie colored after a block of Neapolitan ice cream. Lavender silk socks under orange tan shoes completes a layout which brings back memories of the old time minstrel shows. He was a perfect example of how not to dress.

"Well, how do I check up?" he says, pullin' down his vest and polishin' his nails on his coat sleeve. "Pretty snappy, eh?"

"You look like a clown to me," I says admiringly. "All you need is a tamborine. You go boundin' around this train in that masquerade costume and the conductor will lock you in the baggage car for frightenin' the kiddies!"

"Go ahead, laugh me off now!" snarls Murphy. "But when I put Dempsey on the floor you'll be braggin' that you even knew me! I was savin' this scenery to give the natives a treat in Phenix after I have flattened Bad News Burns, but I guess I might as well break it in right here. I'm goin' to stall out to the observation car now and promote this Jane."

He's back again in very soon and he (Continued on page 140)



"What's he swingin' at the air and fallin' down for?" says Meph.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The One Motto for a MARRIED WOMAN

Illustrations by H. R. Ballinger

THE pale gray fog, light and cloying as a fluffy powder puff and scented with the sea, lay over San Francisco.

The yellow street lights fought it, breaking through in strange, opalescent gleams.

Wisps of it drifted to the station platform, where Mary Jo Wilton drew the collar of her squirrel cloak closer about her chin and crammed her white-gloved hands far into the pockets.

Mary Jo hated fogs, hated grayness, hated the insidious cold.

"It's mighty chilly in here," she said plaintively. "Why are stations always so horrid? Ross, do you reckon we've ever had so much fog before? You bet I'll be glad to see some sunshine—hot sunshine. Do I look nice, daddy?"

Her husband patted her hand absently. His eyes were following the porter who disappeared into the train with her bags. His loose, careless figure towered above her as he teetered casually back and forth, heel to toe, on the dark asphalt.

"You look all right," he said indifferently. "It's not really cold, Pompom. You're just tired of the gray days. You're pretty susceptible, you know, to surroundings—weather and people and atmosphere. Hollywood'll do you good. And I'll manage to get in a lot of extra golf."

Mary Jo rippled the suggestion of a shrug, then laughed. The two men who were passing turned to glance at her. Men nearly always stared at Mary Jo when she laughed, because then seven little dimples, exactly like those in a baby's elbows, flitted about her mouth. And the chuckles bubbled in her throat as golden champagne bubbles in a glass.

"That's a right husbandly farewell," she murmured. "I'm going away for a whole month, and you only mention you're going to get extra golf. Course I think that's right. Husbands and wives ought always to take their vacations



"You don't really mind my going, do you?" cried Mary Jo. "You mustn't be old-fashioned and provincial."

separately. Get away from each other for a while every year—follow their own paths. Only for an old eighteenth century variety like you, you should be pale with despair and tearing your hair out by the roots, because a wife who goes away by herself is probably going straight to—to perdition."

"U-mm," Ross was examining her tickets, with his usual attention to detail. "I haven't so many hairs left I want to lose any. Besides, when you've been married ten years——"

"Oh, don't!" Mary Jo shuddered fascinatingly. "Please, Ross, when you feel you've got to tell about our being married ten years, don't *shout*. Makes me feel all wrinkled and bent over. Besides, now I'm actually going off by myself, I'm trying to forget I'm married. Renew my lost youth. I might even find somebody on the train to flirt with."

"Well," said Ross prosaically, "I don't imagine your being married would interfere. I shouldn't be surprised if men on trains looking for flirtations have got women with platinum wedding rings down on their list ahead of girls with rolled stockings. And I guess, Mary Jo, you'll always find somebody to flirt with. You always have."

Mary Jo's giggle sounded a victorious little crow.

"You can't ever get over that platinum wedding ring, can you? And I know why! It's because you can see it stands as a symbol of the equality of women and the freedom of wives."

"Freedom to get into trouble, maybe," said Ross. "I certainly don't like it. Now you take good care of yourself, Pompom. Don't stay up all night and don't smoke more than five cigarettes a day. You get so excited about things. I'm letting

you go down there because you need a change, but I don't believe much in wives leaving their husbands. Don't get too fresh and remember what I've told you—men are *men*, and if you play around with fire, sooner or later you'll get burned.

"I know Amy's a real old

friend of yours, but you haven't seen her since she got mixed up with this movie crowd. I don't believe all the papers say about the movies, of course, but they can't be just like us or they wouldn't be actors. Besides, Amy's divorced, and I don't believe in divorce."

Mary Jo moved closer to him, sweetly, suddenly and facetiously moved by the actual parting. "Ross, dear, you miss me a little bit, you hear? And take good care of Snooks."

The man's smile became an unexpected thing in his serious, slightly heavy face—the face of a man who thinks slowly, feels deeply, acts with judgment and conviction. A face to count on—to reckon with.

"It's a good thing he can't hear you, Pompom. I'll bet he hasn't asked you more than fifty times not to call him Snooks."

The porter saluted at his elbow. "Lady's things all in the drawing room, sir," he said.

"My goodness gracious!" cried Mary Jo. "Kiss me, daddy. It won't be long. I'll be very good. Only you mustn't be old-fashioned and provincial. I haven't had any real fun in a long time. I'm sorry I called your son Snooks again. Take good care of Robert Ross Wilton for his mother, will you? Good by, dear."

She leaned down from the step and in the light from the car window her eyes were sweetly wet.

The conductor shouted. The thrilling tone of the engine bell quickened her pulse. The train came to life in slow ripples, like a snake awakening from its winter sleep, and crawled into the night.

Young Mrs. Wilton gazed back, straining to pierce the fog, then shut her drawing room door with an ecstatic little bang.

II

WHEN the porter had made up her berth, she wrapped herself in the gorgeous kimono Ross had given her for a going away present, and climbed into it. She even wriggled her toes delightedly against the unaccustomed roughness of the cold sheets. It was the first time she had been away from home in three—no, in four years. She gave the covers a little kick of excitement. She was so very, very tired of the fog, and the big, stately house on Pacific Avenue.

As the train sped out of the fog into the soft, starlit darkness, Mary Jo lay wide-eyed.

And an odd premonition took possession of her—a premonition that she had embarked upon a strange adventure. She could almost hear the wail of the wind and the rush of waves. Her heart raced faster in answer to a quicksilver promise creeping through her veins. She tried to shake it off, but it whispered to her that when she passed that way again she would have turned a scarlet page in the book of life.

In the double glass of the window she could see an impressionistic vision of herself, backgrounded against the blue-black, spangled sky. A lovely canvas. Robbed as her face was of the thick brown of her eyes—of the glimmer of her hair where autumn brown and copper red and Tuscan gold fought for each soft curl—of the deep rose that lay so near the surface of her white skin that you could count the pulse of it, see its ebb and flow—robbed of all this, Mary Jo's face was still lovely. A sonnet face.

As her eyes lingered now on the line of hair and brow and nostril, she decided she was just as good looking as she had been in the days of her girlhood triumphs.

And so deciding, she remembered with a shamed and guilty pang the delicious flattery of wooing, in those days, of courtships, of the power wielded by drooping eyes and blushing cheeks. The stir of young blood. The thrill of danger. The precarious sweetness of those first matchless moments of conquest. Of fluttered questionings. Of that first yielded kiss.

Why did a woman have to give up all that when she married—so harmless, so intoxicating, so utterly, utterly flattering?

Ross was so stupid about that. Didn't believe in harmless flirtations. Was so serious minded he saw actual danger and possible harm in any man's admiration.

As though a woman couldn't always take care of herself—a woman of the world, in these advanced days.



"The only absolute and infallible truth about women," quoted Ramon, "is 'Van-ity, vanity, all is vanity.'"



"Ramon, I have been mad with a madness I didn't know existed," said Mary Jo.

She put out one hand to touch the pictured face. Her left hand.

Her eyes fell upon the platinum and diamond band that circled her wedding finger. In the dim light the diamonds danced like elves on a satin bed.

Marriage ought to be like that—exquisite, glittering, free. How much more—more symbolic of twentieth century marriage than just a plain gold band.

It was her badge of emancipation from a lot of Ross's stupid, old, behind the times, mid-Victorian notions, that ring.

Not that Ross wasn't the dearest, the most devoted of hus-

bands. Why shouldn't he be? She was young. Pretty. A good wife. A good housekeeper. An exceptional mother.

Those were things Ross could understand and appreciate.

Unable to sleep, her dramatic mind attuned to every new sight and sound and smell, her romantic, pictorial imagination unleashed in the flying night hours, Mary Jo lived again the victory that had ended in that small platinum circle.

If it hadn't been for Snooks's new uniform she might never have found the courage. In some ways she was afraid of Ross.

Snooks came home that late afternoon for the first time in his military uniform. It was Ross who had insisted on sending him



to military school. That baby. Ross had overruled her, silenced her protests.

And Mary Jo, touching with trembling fingers the brass buttons and the absurd long pants and the yards of braid, had herself been between tears and laughter.

"But Snooks—why, why darling," she had cried, her voice breaking into a little laugh over the lump in her throat, "why, Snooks, you're a *man*! Where's mother's baby?"

"You mustn't call me Snooks any more, please, Muddy Jo," he had begged gravely. How exactly like his father he was! "Don't you—don't you love me in this swell new suit? I can't be a baby for good and always. Daddy says it's his turn now—and he will teach me to play golf soon."

When he had gone upstairs to his supper Mary Jo had knelt beside the window, her eyes wistfully on the tiny crescent moon.

It hurt—it hurt terribly. After all, she was his *mother*. Perhaps she was not a very wise woman, perhaps she didn't understand self-control, and discipline, and education by rule as well as Ross. But there were many of the finer things that she understood much better. Why should he ruthlessly decide such a question? It seemed to mean so definitely that her child had grown beyond her.

For Mary Jo was the emotional type of mother who loves her babies best when they are small and soft against her breast.

If only there could be more babies—a girl. But there would never be any more babies. And now Snooks was a man, who had grown beyond the need of such small, mothering care.

It was in this bitterness that she asked Ross for the new wedding ring.

"Well, Pompom," he said with an amused smile, settling behind his paper in the big chair, "you're usually wanting something new, but I never heard before of anyone wanting a new wedding ring without a new husband to go with it."

"There's lots of things you never heard tell of before, Rip Van Winkle," said his wife impudently. Beneath a hanging lamp that brought out every frivolous bronze curl she looked

absurdly young, dangerous, reckless. "Everybody's getting new rings nowadays. Look—how ugly that old gold band is beside my beautiful settings."

Ross Wilton looked down at the pretty dimpled hand she held out to him. His face grew oddly soft—touching.

"Is it ugly?" he asked slowly, seriously. "I think it's more beautiful than any ring in the world—more beautiful than priceless jewels. Why, my dear, my dear, that's the ring I put on your finger the day we were joined before the altar. 'With this ring I thee wed'—remember? It's more than beautiful—it's sacred. What are you women thinking about?"

Sensitive as a harp to every breath of feeling, Mary Jo grew rosy, stood smiling up at him. Then a ripple of her own restlessness swept her and she set small white teeth in her full lip. "But, honey, that's silly. I don't believe it's right to cling to worn-out traditions like that. I haven't any sentiment about *things*. Of course I'll keep this old thing as a memento. But I just must have a new platinum one. It isn't only for the looks. Women aren't such silly, ignorant, downtrodden fools as they used to be. We've changed a lot."

"Maybe so," he said slowly, "but men haven't. You're venturing deeper and deeper into an unknown wilderness, you women. It hurts me pretty badly to think you'd take off that plain gold band and stick a bunch of gewgaws in its place. It's as though the—sanctity of our marriage was gone—the safety of it. Maybe I am old-fashioned, Pompom. But the safety of marriage was meant for women—you're the ones that need it. It's been a kind of a safe old harbor for—especially for pretty women, marriage has. When you get to traveling around in the open sea—oh, well, you know what I mean and you won't listen to me! You know so much. You'll have to—find out, I guess."

Mary Jo tossed her pretty, wilful head. "I reckon I can look after myself," she said. "Every time I have just a simple little friendship with a man, or one pays me a compliment, you get panicky. I know too much to be silly."

The man shook his head with slow stubbornness. "No woman—oh, well, let's talk about something else!"

The shrill toot of the engine's whistle as it started downgrade roused Mary Jo from her reverie. Still she could not sleep. Her mind went racing ahead to this visit to Amy Evringham. Amy, who wrote scenarios for pictures and whose big house in Hollywood was a gathering for celebrities of the film world.

Her sleepless night only brought out the whiteness of her skin and the thick brown of her eyes.

So that in the Los Angeles station next morning, Mrs. Evringham took her hands and looked into her face for a long moment.

"Mary Jo Riddle," she said, in her husky voice, "you were the prettiest



girl in school and you're prettier than ever. No self-respecting woman should be seen on the street with you."

Scarlet flooded Mary Jo's cheek.

A young man, dashing by, pulled up short as though halted by that magnificent flag of beauty. Called a careless greeting to Amy Evringham. Passed on.

"Amy," asked Mary Jo breathlessly, "wasn't that Ramon Corral?"

"Who? Where?" the older woman glanced around indifferently as she paused beside the expensive closed car. "Oh yes! Get in, child."

Openly Mary Jo was thrilled and breathless as the car left behind the commercial districts of Los Angeles and in a few swift minutes entered the outskirts of Hollywood, that almost touch its hem. Felt herself lifted on a wave of delight.

Hollywood! It began to unfold before her eager gaze like the flaming portals of the Arabian Nights.

No one has ever explained the exact feeling that Hollywood gives you, nor the reason for it.

Mary Jo knew its lure on the instant that she breathed its perfumed air, mingled orange blossoms and hill brush, and—like absinthe in a cocktail—that faint, fresh tang of the sea.

The Boulevard stretched its paved length before her between trees that lent it an almost fairy-like beauty.

There were the even rows of picturesque, one story shops, Spanish in design, plastered in every color of the rainbow, flaunting oriental striped awnings. Absolutely foreign in their quaint

appeal. Intriguing. Broken incongruously now and then by prim brick business blocks or large old mansions behind rolling lawns.

The carelessness of it struck Mary Jo—the easy joyousness. The incongruity.

She saw two women standing together (Continued on page 169)

"You are real, yes," said Ramon, "but you are fashioned of rosedust and morning dew and the breath of the honeysuckle."



Illustrations by
C. F. Peters

A Stroll Through LONDON

IT WAS morning in London. Ordinarily morning is difficult to detect. But down the hall I could hear the super-optimist from America whining pitifully for ice water. I never saw him but you'll find his name on the "sucker list" of all the wildcat oil companies in Wall Street. Naturally any man who asks for ice water in London would be.

Later the bellboy at the Savoy, wearing a ripping (sartorially, not actually) cutaway coat, rapped at the door with a fresh copy of the Times. Try to give a bellboy with a cutaway coat a tuppence tip. I'm laughing.

"How's the weather?" I inquired.

"A bit of a 'aze, sir!" He waited hopefully.

Returning to bed, I glanced at the headlines.

"Horrible Exhibition at Ottershaw!" was a leading article. I wanted to learn what other American had been caught eating with his knife. But it proved to be the report of a cricket match. I have no interest in shooting crickets so I dropped into a doze.

Shortly after I awakened with a start. My first thought was for my ivory knobbed cane and pearl gray hat, newly acquired. From the glare in the room I knew the hotel was on fire. Gathering the hat and cane together I aroused my wife and told her not to be frightened.

"Why should I be?" she inquired sleepily. "I have grown used to seeing you every morning." We had not yet arrived in Paris.

It wasn't a fire. The

drizzling skies had suddenly dried and it was only a reluctant sun popping out.

As I passed out of the hotel for a stroll the head porter commented: "Wonderful weather we are 'aving!" He omitted the drawl. He had to say it quick. He knows his London.

Down in Trafalgar Square timid pigeons fluttered from friendly eaves to strut grotesquely about the huge bronze lions.

One by one the Strand's army of tatterdemalions took places along the curb—pardon, *kerb*—with trays of whirligigs.

At the iron gates of Charing Cross the first of the flower women began her shrill cry in ripest Cockney: "Flowers, ly-dee, tuppence a bunch!"

From narrow alleys seeped the aged newspaper venders emblazoned with freshly posted heralds, front and back:

"Surrey vs. Kent. Result!" "Drug Raid in Wrexham!"

Over historic London Bridge trudged the cleaning women chatting of their 'Arries and Alfs who would spend the day around the pubs sipping ale while their women toiled.

"My Bert! Lor' bli'me! 'E was owled last night, 'e was," chuckled a little old woman with a poke bonnet perched ludicrously on the side. "And comical! No end!" she concluded.

Along by the American Express in the Haymarket, a shabby figure darted out to a taxicab, cap in hand. He was an American who had "missed the boat." He's been missing it for years.

Out at an entrance to Hyde Park where malcontents are permitted to "blow off steam" unrestrained, a half-dozen or so were erecting portable platforms. An anti-royalist was exhorting himself into a foaming rage.

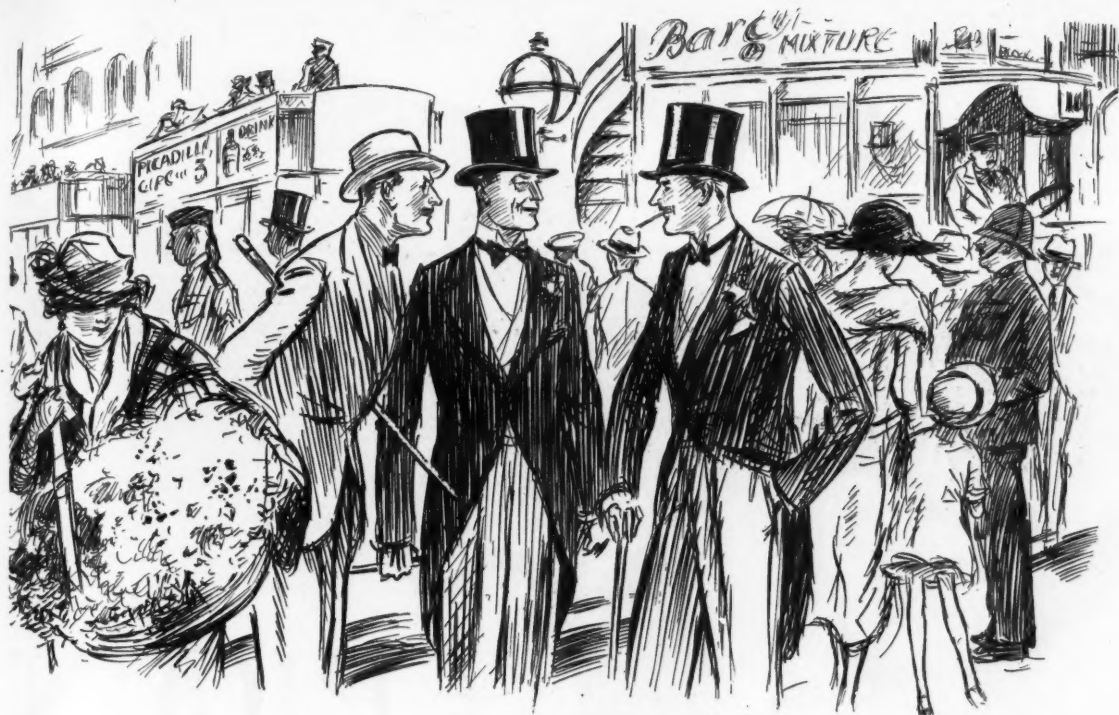
"See what they're a-doin' to the young Prince," he cried. "They're tryin' to sell 'im to save the throne. All day long they lug 'im out with 'is smile and cheerio. Killin' the lad! That's the bleedin' shame of it. And for what?"

The swank of London with a bang! From Victoria Station into Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, New Bond and Regent Street swept the well dressed clerks, carrying chamois gloves in the hand that held the malacca walking stick. Many in braided walking coats, neatly pin-striped trousers and pearl gray hats. And boutonniere. You'd be surprised!

Through Burlington Arcade—"Monocle Row"—came the mid-morning dandies. Each stopping to idle in front of the window mirrors the conventional fifteen minutes.

And at noon I found myself groping through another fog.





With O. O. MCINTYRE

I managed to locate a bobby to inquire the way back to the Savoy. "At the first turning, sir, go right!" Then he added: "Be sprightly!" He need not have added that. It struck me as coming under the head of a nasty dig.

I thanked him and stepped into a taxi. If you know London's "turnings" you will realize I was paying no disrespect to the law. I love the bobbies, comic little chin straps and all. I even admire Scotland Yard. It must be a wonderful place for the children to play.

My driver taxied to the Savoy, I think, by way of Liverpool. Collie and Kitty, the barmaids, were artistically frosting the shakers. It had been a warm and exasperating morning and an overwhelming thirst developed. I felt a kinship with my American brother who cried for ice water.

Why not ask for a glass? Better men than I had failed and there was little harm in trying. So I did.

"You mean charged water, sir?" inquired Kitty.

"No"—meekly. "Iced—i-c-e-d—water!"

She looked fearfully puzzled—fearfully so. She suggested several brands of vichy. A benevolent gentleman with puffed red cheeks, stove pipe hat, over-Niagara mustache and a breath that would win life membership in any New York supper club, offered help.

"I say, Kitty," he interposed, "e wants just ordi-neery water. You know, like that in the Tams. I've seen the trick. 'E tykes a goldfish from it."

It was useless. So I switched to Scotch and soda.

Thus fortified I drifted into Simpson's for luncheon.

I discovered at Simpson's that the Duke business is not holding up. One who married two American girls sat next to me. He started to sign his check.

"The management desires cash, sir!" the head waiter said quite firmly. Picture that! And right before all the people.

In the afternoon I strolled out along Birdcage Walk near Buckingham Palace, where the king used to air his favorite canary. Devilish young Rollos in Eton jackets, carefully guarded by nursemaids, were wildly rolling their hoops.

And in the mews back of fine homes, where poverty hides, spindly-legged children were drooping about on doorsteps.

In London the stranger is constantly impressed by the contrast of poverty with the city's pomp. It is only a short spin from the alcoholic wrecks along the Strand to the breathless beauty of Mayfair.

From Pall Mall I taxied to Whitechapel, the London ghetto. In the center of the brooding thoroughfare a group of children, underfed and underbred, were gleefully torturing a meowing cat. And out of a wine and bun shop a peg-leg beggar lurched. "H'i say, guv'ner," he demanded, "ow about a sixpence?" And the refusal brought a flood of guttery epithets. London at its worst.

As evening came my steps turned to "The Cheshire Cheese" where Dickens ate—also Thackeray, Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith and Longfellow. It has endured for three centuries.

The sawdust-coated floors bring a sense of supreme comfort. The friendly parrot that screeches loudly for "Scotch" gives a homelike touch. The plump, red-cheeked waiters, so familiar in the English prints, seem to have been handed down with the ages.

There is one who constantly cries "Any gentleman say pudden?" Just as one did when good Doctor Johnson replied: "No gentleman says pudden!" The "Cheese" is still the haunt of men of letters, barristers and journalists with a soupçon of sporting celebrities and a dash of impecunious "down-and-outers." It typifies London—a city that rarely changes.

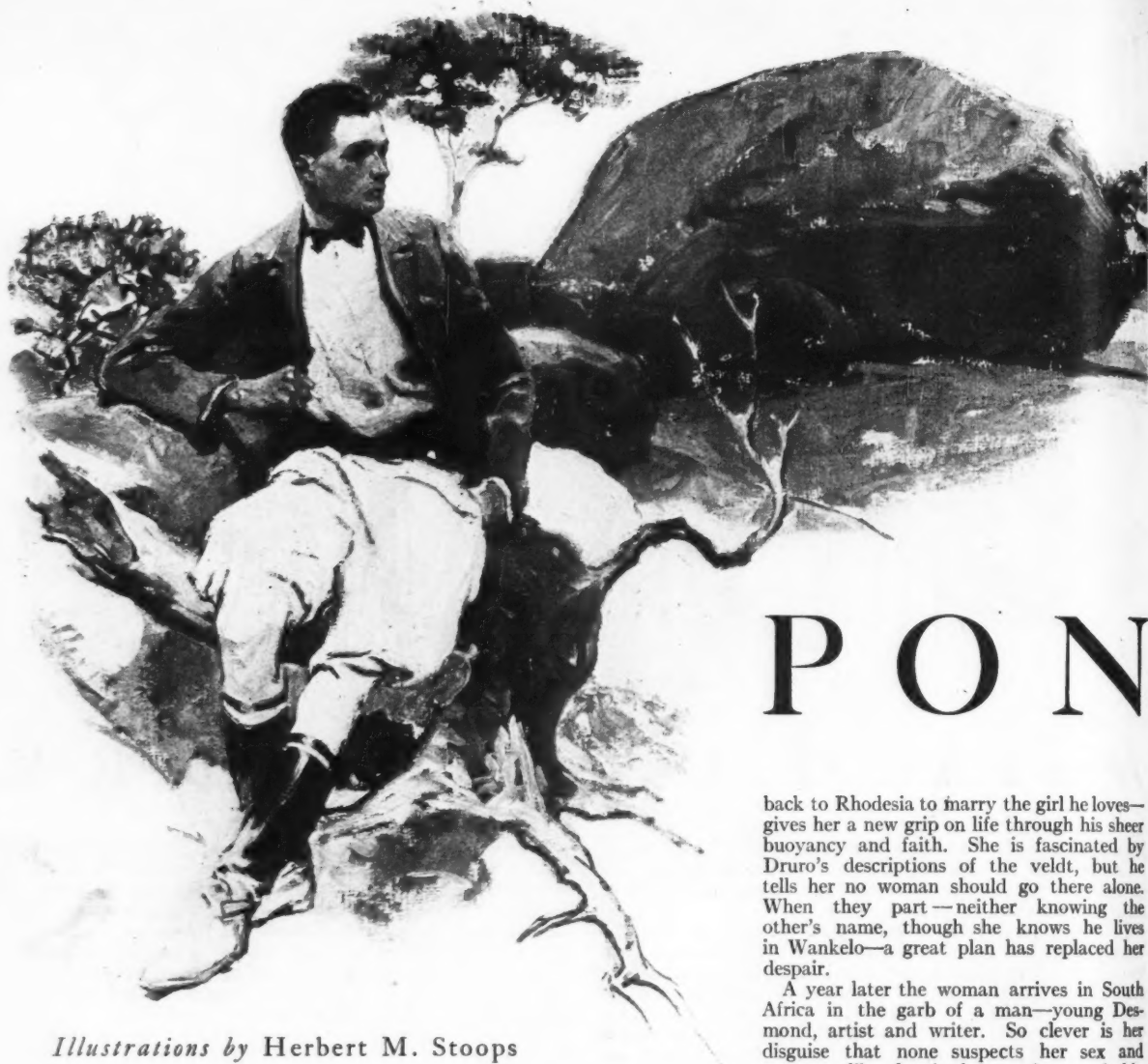
Going home, Big Ben was striking ten. The countless army of street bands were slipping away into the night. In a half-hour London's streets would be deserted.

At a side entrance of the old Drury Lane Theater a lone blind man with his tiny portable organ was playing his final tune—"Bertie, Me Lad," a coster song.

There was something eerie about it all. The fog. The old houses. And narrow crooked streets.

It is no wonder that London clings to its cheerful open hearths.





Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

P O N

THE story takes place in and about Wankelo, Rhodesia, South Africa. The principal characters are:

AN UNNAMED WOMAN, young, boyish, fascinating, wealthy, who lives in the artists' quarter of Paris.

GAYNOR LYPIATT pretty, ethereally charming, recently married to Constant Lypiatt.

MRS. ERIC (LOOCHIA) LUFF, cattish, with "vamping" tendencies.

MRS. HOPE, who runs a hospital near Wankelo.

"YOUNG" DESMOND, debonair, handsome, brilliant, the best of pals, whose past is a mystery.

FRANCIS (LUNDI) DRURO, fearless, charming, rapidly succumbing to "ponjola" or drink.

CONSTANT LYPIATT, a hard, unscrupulous gold miner.

SHERIDAN, "Champagne Sherry," a happy-go-lucky dare-devil who "manages" Druro's run-down farm.

COUNT VON BLAUHIMMEL, "The Count," hail-fellow-well-met, manager of Lypiatt's mine, the Oof-Bird.

ERIC LUFF, good-for-nothing gambler and miner.

A Résumé of Parts One to Four:

AT THE breaking point through some great tragedy in her life, the Unnamed Woman determines that her only recourse is suicide. She is on her way to the Seine when an accidental meeting with a stranger—Lundi Druro, en route

back to Rhodesia to marry the girl he loves—gives her a new grip on life through his sheer buoyancy and faith. She is fascinated by Druro's descriptions of the veldt, but he tells her no woman should go there alone. When they part—neither knowing the other's name, though she knows he lives in Wankelo—a great plan has replaced her despair.

A year later the woman arrives in South Africa in the garb of a man—young Desmond, artist and writer. So clever is her disguise that none suspects her sex and everyone likes her for her good comradeship save Loochia Luff, whose tender advances on

shipboard she had neatly repulsed. Almost at once young Desmond is offered a job as "secretary" at the Oof-Bird by the Count, and she accepts, though she dislikes Lypiatt, the Oof-Bird's owner, as instinctively as she likes Lypiatt's winsome young wife.

Actually Desmond had come to Rhodesia to derive inspiration from the happiness of Druro and his bride. It is therefore with a terrible shock that on meeting Druro she sees him a drunken wreck. Druro, it seems, had returned to Rhodesia from Europe to find the woman he idolized married to another man, and his gold mine worthless. Turned cynic by the blow, he had, like many of his fellow countrymen, taken to ponjola with all the despairing fervor of a powerful nature. Desmond's next shock is to learn that the girl who had thrown Druro over is Lypiatt's wife, Gaynor. Desmond's liking for her turns to contempt.

Rapidly now Desmond becomes a close comrade of Druro and Sherry, and popular among the mining men, despite the fact that she takes only soft drinks. After a long trek on the veldt, during which she comes to know the unconquerable fineness beneath the superficial wreck of Druro's soul, she takes up her duties at the Oof-Bird. Shortly thereafter Lypiatt concocts a scheme to compromise Druro with Loochia while the former is drunk; and in furtherance thereof the despicable Luff opens a "pub," at the bar of which Druro is, of course, a frequent visitor. Desmond outwits the plan, however, when he accompanies Druro to Loochia's house one midnight and, just as Loochia is in her "vampiess" stage, finds Luff concealed in a cupboard.

Riding home in the moonlight, she tells Druro of the plot, leaving out Lypiatt's name. In a rage, he talks about women

CYNTHIA STOCKLEY'S

Novel of the African Veldt



N JOLA

and reminiscently tells Desmond of a beautiful and apparently fine-souled girl he had once met in Paris who, he afterwards learned, was a "rotter" like the rest; on her very wedding day the other man had turned up and he and the husband had shot one another. The woman had made away with money, jewels and her husband's title, but had been completely ostracized by society. Desmond during this recital is curiously and inscrutably silent.

About this time, the Count coming down with delirium tremens, Druro, partly for friendship's sake, consents to act as manager of the Oof-Bird in his place. At once the gold output drops to nothing; but on the Count's resuming charge it goes up at once. Druro now discovers that Lypiatt, who visits the mine weekly, has been bringing over gold from one of his other mines and reporting it as coming from the Oof-Bird, to cheat the government out of royalties. Druro forces the shut-down of the mine on threat of exposure; but the Count's betrayal of his friendship is a further blow to his self-respect.

That evening, preparing to depart, Desmond comes down with a bad case of malaria alone in her hut.

She recovers consciousness in the Selukine hospital, dressed in a woman's nightgown, and realizes with a groan that someone knows her secret. The someone proves to be Nurse Hope, who says that Lypiatt had brought her there but does not know she is a woman. During convalescence, Mrs. Hope tries to persuade the beautiful girl to give up her disguise, but Desmond, with tragedy in her eyes, steadfastly refuses.

On her first day out she meets Druro, who has been on a terrific spree. Reading his eyes, she knows he is on the point of ending it all, and recalls a prescription of his for a miner's death—cyanide and whisky. Determined on drastic action to save him, Desmond now induces Gaynor Lypiatt (whose husband is away on business) to accompany her to Druro's lonely shack that night. When Druro returns sodden with whisky, Desmond sends Gaynor in to him; but the woman's nerve is broken by the ravings of the drunken man and she flees from the hut. Then, wrapped in Gaynor's cloak, Desmond goes herself. Druro is on the point of swallowing the cyanide when she takes him in her arms. In the darkness he thinks it is his old love Gaynor really come back to him; and Desmond, though her own love for Druro tears at her heart, nurses his delusion and draws from him a sobbing promise that he will give up drink for her (supposedly Gaynor's) sake, whispering that

she (Gaynor) will love him always.

Next morning Druro awakes to a new outlook on life. He finds Desmond at the hut cheerfully preparing breakfast, with the explanation that she had been told by Gaynor Lypiatt that Druro was ill and needed help. For Druro life has a new hope despite his alcoholic depression, and the two decide to go to Druro's rundown farm in Sombwelo.

Part Five: CHAPTER XIII

THREE months later—almost to the hour—Lundi Druro, looking out on his farm and the works of his hands, found them good to behold. Acres of freshly ploughed lands, newly planted orchards, substantial looking storage huts, kraals for the cattle and a superb tennis court. Away to the left of the house lay the forest and a range of kopjes upon which herds of koodoo roamed unmolested; to the right, near the river, brickyards had arisen and under the direction of a Dutchman called Fouché thousands of bricks materialized daily. A dipping tank, essential to prosperity on any cattle farm, had been planned, dug and awaited building.

During the whole three months Druro had never left the farm. It was Desmond who had ridden to town almost every other day to do the chores, from buying sugar and candles to the engaging of Fouché and beguiling a further overdraft from the bank. She had even bought cattle and a hundred heifers of her own were now added to the grazing stock.

Seated opposite Druro on the veranda, with a big pot of coffee between them, she too might well have been content with the work of her hands. For M'Schlega was himself again. His smile no longer sprang from a Spartan desire to hide a thing tearing his vitals. Desmond did not, however, take any credit to herself. She gave it to the God of the lost ones whom she had learned to believe in here on the veldt. Incidentally, credit might be due to the potent healing of thirty flawless dawns wet with dew or, of late, be-diamonded with frost; to the life-giving breath of the veldt and all the wondrous charm of the African *mise-en-scène*.

Then, too, Druro himself had fought like a tiger for freedom from his chains. No one but a drunkard knows what principalities and powers are up against the man who essays to break loose and reform. But Desmond in these three months had

seen something of the contest, and the memory of it and of Druro's courage would stay with her forever.

And among other things that would always be dear was the memory of such mornings as this when they had worked for an hour before dawn ploughing the odorous earth; then sunrise and the surging scent of the sand veldt sweeping up like a tide, with joyous squawk of pheasant, ripple of redwing and doves in hundreds cooing their orisons from the trees. After the ploughing, the cattle to be looked over and rough doctoring done—a couple of heifers flung down and held while Druro scooped a bunch of maggots from their front feet, washed the wound with salt and water, and pumped in petrol. Time was when Desmond might have looked upon this little entertainment as anything but a fitting prelude to breakfast, but now it in no wise affected her appetite.

"The aberration men call love may offer us the food of the gods, but work well done holds to the lips the unflinching cruse of content," she quoted blithely. They read together evenings, Boswell's Johnson, Shakespeare, Dickens and Marcus Aurelius. But Druro had classics stored in his mind as well as on the shelf and knew well enough where the quotation came from. He smiled somewhat wryly.

"If you knew anything about love, my son, you might be in a position to amplify that—or demolish it."

"Do you?" asked Desmond idly.

The other's face changed and the question remained unanswered. For Lundi Druro knew about love; and most especially the anguish of its unfulfilment and loss of the beloved. Whilst alcohol was being sweated from his system, roasted out in the sunshine, blown out by sweet winds; whilst he engaged in battle with the demons of thirst and the terrible aftermath of depression, there was little enough leisure to consider that other exquisite torment. But now, sane and clean, free of his devils, he was a man once more, fit to take out the treasure that lay guarded in his heart and gloat over it; and he realized that if he sat still doing that in Sombwelo Forest he should go mad. He had tackled the tasks on the farm with desperate energy, and they had melted before him. The farm, set on its feet, would go ahead now and, with a little care from somebody, keep going. But that somebody would not be Lundi Druro.

His only hope lay in a return to the wandering life that was in his blood. On the open veldt he would find solace as never in the peaceful monotony of life on a ranch. That was good in its way, but all too terribly remindful of how good life might be, how sweet home could be—if only she were here with him—instead of Desmond! He looked moodily across at "that kid" and accused himself of being an ungrateful brute. Nevertheless his heart held steadfast to his plan to hit the trail once more and get away alone. He wanted solitude in which to think of her and to plan how to get her. Yes, it had come to that now—a plan to get her! He must get money first . . . find gold, big gold . . . a fortune with which to clear out of the country! Then he would wrest her out of the arms of that fellow . . . snatch and carry her away to the other side of the world . . . away, away!

"Ho-la-le-la!" he muttered with a gesture, and got up from

his chair like something suddenly unchained. *Ho-la-le-la* is the Basuto word for departure to great distance, and Desmond saw that the blue of his eyes was slightly blood laden once more. "I'm clearing out, Desmond." Druro came to the point.

"Well then, so am I."

"No; I want you to stop here and look after the place."

"That I shan't! Nenni nenni, said the cat."

"It'll darn well have to look after itself then," decided Druro, shrugging his shoulders. "A pity, after all the work we've put in. It'll go to pot at once with only a Dutchman and niggers in charge. Still, what does that matter?" He got up and tapped his pipe out against the rail with a final and conclusive air.

"A pity!" echoed Desmond. "I should think so. It's a crime. What do you want to go off for? And where are you going?"

Druro looked at her reflectively and smiled. "What school did you go to, Desmond? I've often wondered."

Desmond's cheek grew dark.

"You mean I am prying into what is not my business?"

"Not exactly. Sometimes you seem never to have assimilated certain rules of demarcation that come very naturally to boys after the first week at a public school—that's all."

Anger and mortification struggled in Desmond.

"I'll try to remember in future not to overstep the boundaries of friendship," she said coldly.

"Don't get mad now." Druro was genuinely sorry. But Desmond had turned away and stood looking fiercely at a distant herd of koodoo. "You think I'm a brute after all you've done for me? It isn't exactly that, kid. But there are boundary lines, always must be—surely you know that—between men."

He thought awhile, and profoundly, of all the other's kindnesses to him since they had been here; the patience and understanding shown; the cheerfulness on days when his own mood was dark and desperate; the never failing sympathy. He was ready to admit that had it not been for the companionship of the youngster he could not always have held firm to his resolution. When a man has voluntarily given himself over for years to the tyranny of drink, he cannot in a week or a month regain his powers of resistance. And Druro's soul, crippled by long excess, could never by itself have triumphed against the terrible batteries of the enemy. Even had victory been won after many defeats, it could never have been quite the same thing as the clean, radiant triumph he now felt. Pride burned like fire in him that, since that night of nights in the shanty, his life had stayed unstained by one single lapse. He knew he was a free man once more—captain of his soul, king of his fate. Surely that was a gift worth offering to a queen!

But could he have won it and had it to offer but for Desmond at his side in the dark hours when night fell and loneliness descended? Desmond making coffee when

the devils within clamored for stimulant; getting up at any hour to walk with him when the walls of the house held only torment; chasing away dull care by violin tarantellas gay and wild; keeping at bay his treacherous longings for the atmosphere of bars by immersion in the clear, cool minds of Hugo, Dickens and Landor; keeping him always cheered, interested, self-respecting and content! Could he have won out except by the



Lypiat emerged and sharply demanded Qualimbo's business.



Desmond shivered at the irony of fate that brought a representative of the law to her door at that moment. "I am looking for Baas Lypiatt. Is he here?" said the Zulu policeman. "No," she answered, staring him firmly in the eyes.

help of this bright companion on the weary road? Never! With all his heart, then, he conceded victory to Desmond and thanked him—but without words, for he was a Yorkshireman—and loved him—but without demonstration, for he was an Englishman. And yet, and yet . . .

"The truth is," he said slowly at last, "I'm one of those fools who can't open up to anyone except a woman"—the woman, he meant. "As *that* is out of the question, now that I am well"—and sure of myself, he meant—"I must go away into the wilds a bit by myself where I needn't speak to anyone or think of anyone but—" He broke off abruptly. After a moment he said quietly: "Besides, I'm not going to accept the situation. I don't intend to sit still under it. Before I can change it, however, I must get hold of money. This country is full of gold and I'm going out to find it. When I do—and *I will*, Desmond—I'll send you word to come and join me. If you will?"

"Thanks," said Desmond simply, and managed to keep bitterness from the words. "Yes—I'll come."

That was *that*, then; and included a reversal of her decision not to be left alone in Sombwelo Forest. Little as she relished the plan, she found herself tacitly committed to the entire charge of the farm. Druo was not more than a couple of days completing his arrangements for departure, and one of them was taken up by a visit to town; from which he returned perfectly cheerful, composed and master of himself. Desmond did not care to remind herself afterwards of how she had trembled when he set off. It was a great test, that journey alone into Wankelo, and sojourning a full day in the haunts of old habits and appetites. Only she and he himself knew that his soul was firm indeed to have stood the strain.

Sobriety brings its moral inconveniences, too, and Druo's delightful insouciance concerning debts and overdrafts seemed liable to be translated into a tiresome sense of obligations to be met. He had accomplished an illuminating interview with the bank manager. There was an uncomfortable moment in store for Desmond.

"What's this about your guaranteeing my overdraft?"

"Oh, did Gaunt tell you?" was the airy answer. "I meant to myself when we came to go into finances." Druo rather ominously waited for more. "Of course I couldn't come out here and live on you for nothing for three months and let my cattle have the run of your land on the same terms—" Druo's stare became as disagreeable as his silence. "As I don't live on those charity lines, I thought the best thing was just to give the bank my note of hand against the obligations. Then, when we had time and inclination for such tiresome matters, we could fix them up between ourselves."

"And you really consider that nearly five hundred pounds will cover your bill for bread and meat and coffee for three months?" Druo inquired sarcastically. "To say nothing of the expensive feeding of a hundred cows on real green grass?"

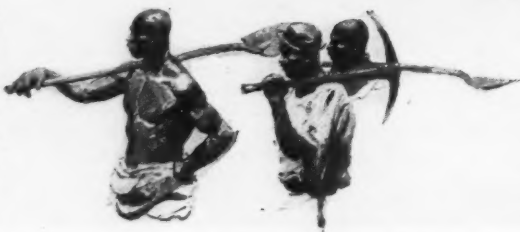
Desmond only laughed. "Don't be an imbecile. I want a lot of other things for my five hundred. I may even ask you to take me into partnership yet."

"Oh! That's it!"

"Well—later of course, when you see whether I make goo!



Lypiatt was caught absolutely in the act of trying



over this management affair. I don't want you to come to a decision until I've proved myself."

"What you really mean, Desmond, is that the rôle of Charity Bob is more suitable to me than yourself—"

"Nothing of the sort—"

"And you're quite right," continued Druo equably. "Considering that I've been hovering between the gutter and the bankruptcy court through no one's fault but my own, it is fitting that I should chew the cud of charity—and be damned grateful to get it."

"You are quite misunderstanding me, Druo, and it's not fair of you. If I can see that this farm is a fine proposition



to murder Desmond, or so it must have seemed to Druro, who instantly flung himself upon his enemy.

and am only too anxious to be in on it with you——"

"Well, thanks old chap, and we'll leave it at that. Anyway I made my will this morning and left you the whole bag of tricks in case I don't come back."

"In case——"

"There'd be the mortgage to pay off, of course, but that's only a third of its value."

"What is this new talk about not coming back?"

"Oh well! I intend to, of course, but you never know your luck on the veldt."

Apart from his wagon boys he was taking only three natives with him—Pofaan the cook and the two he had left at the Fool's Prayer and latterly sent for. These were Lenarbo, a burly Fingo, keen as a hawk in all things relating to mines and gold getting, and Qualimbo, a one-armed 'Mlosi, a thorough rascal but

useful on his feet. He had been a first class rock driller in one of Druro's earlier ventures until too great familiarity with dynamite resulted in the permanent mislaying of his right arm, since when he was employed as errand boy. At this he was something of a crackerjack, being able to do fifty miles a day without winking. The rest of the native retinue stayed at the farm to assist under Desmond's direction in minding the cattle, keeping down grass fires and ploughing. The building boys were in charge of Fouché, who with his family occupied a couple of huts near at hand.

The presence of the Dutchman's wife and children afforded a certain comfort to Desmond who, though not for worlds would she have betrayed the fact, was not too keen on being alone with no one but natives about.

She settled down resolutely, then, to the business in hand. It was not what she had sought for. On the contrary, her

adventurous soul desired to be off with Druro on the trek to new places and new issues. But as she had been politely and firmly told that her company was not required, there was nothing for it but to turn her attention to the job in hand. She resolved on one thing—she would turn Sombwelo Ranch into a model farm and make this old sand veldt blossom like the rose. Almost before Druro was out of sight she had sat down to make out lists to catch the weekly mail for England.

CHAPTER XIV

DRURO sat writing a letter in the mess hut of his new camp, which was pitched on the ruins of what had once been a flourishing mission station. The Jesuits who built it had perhaps found the temptations of "town"—it was only twelve miles from Selukine—too much for their scholars, for they had deserted the lovely kopje side and passed farther on.

By one of those vagaries of fortune that sometimes occur to prospectors Druro had struck it rich when at his last gasp. After trekking all over the known and unknown mining districts of Southern Rhodesia and trekking in vain, here, back in his own district and almost on the doorstep of a town where men passed daily, was gold in chunks! You had only to scratch the earth and out it popped to your eager hands!

So he hastened to write to Desmond, whom he had just heard was at Mrs. Hope's Hospital, though not ill.

I've pegged out a block of claims and registered it as the Jubilate Deo, which may possibly convey something to your nimble mind. Is it well with the child? Deuced well. I'm single handed tho', and if you can join me let me know by bearer and I'll fetch you tomorrow. I don't feel too good and fancy I've got a touch of fever.

Yours,

F. E. Druro

He had more than a touch. His eyes were brilliant with it, and his hands alternately hot and cold. But there was no time to be ill and he deliberately ignored the danger signals.

Being out of envelopes as he was out of most things, he twisted his letter into a cocked hat and gave a great shout. Qualimbo, the official letter carrier, who had been hovering near like an asvogel over a dying ox, instantly appeared. Slim, evil faced and suave, he was arrayed in a loin cloth and an old tweed coat of Druro's from a pocket of which he produced a small forked stick. Druro addressed him in the 'Mlosi tongue:

"Take this letter to Mrs. Hope's hospital, ask to see Baas Desmond and deliver it into his hand."

"Yes, my chief," answered Qualimbo ceremoniously, and disappeared like a streak of damp in the sunshine. He was a record sprinter as well as a born scamp. A smattering of education at a mission school had not done much more for him than teach him how to forge a white man's name to an order for whisky, which he often did when he was in funds.

As it happened that morning he was suffering from acute thirst after the long spell with Druro on trek, and as his wages had not yet been paid, slaking said thirst seemed for the moment out of the question. But he was not without a plan. John Daniel, a "brudda," was employed at the Agate as a house boy. Now John Daniel in some past jamboree had become indebted to him to the tune of three shillings and it was this sum which formed the salient feature of Qualimbo's plan.

The Agate was not on the direct route to the hospital. In fact it lay five miles in the opposite direction. But what of that to a fleet footed drunkard whose "brudda" owed him three shillings? Lo! the noble savage, then, about half an hour after he had taken the note from his master's hand, slinking unobtrusively towards the house where he knew John Daniel to be employed. Most unfortunate for his plan that Lypiatt, but recently returned from his down country trip, should have chosen that moment to emerge from the veranda! At the sight of a strange boy he pulled up and sharply demanded his business.

Qualimbo modestly mentioned that his father being dead he had come to bring the news to "Brudda g'meena John Daniel," but while he was speaking Lypiatt recognized him by his maimed arm for one of Druro's boys and curtly ordered him into the office. Once there, with the door shut fast, Qualimbo thought it time to mention that his *real* business was an errand to the Selukine hospital. Naturally Lypiatt had at once spotted the letter.

"Give it to me," he ordered and Qualimbo obsequiously complied. The white man is a god who must be obeyed—especially Baas Lypiatt, the terror of all boys.

"Schalla-pandhla (wait outside)," was the next and very

welcome command, but a couple of seconds later he was called in again and handed back the note. "And you *voetsack* at once!" Lypiatt shouted fiercely. "This is not the hospital! If ever I catch you here again I'll report you to your master and give you a damned good hiding into the bargain."

Qualimbo decamped at top speed.

And of course Desmond, when she received her note, had no idea that it had already been perused by an unfriendly eye. In her joy at hearing from Druro she did several things at once—threw Qualimbo a halfcrown, sat down and scratched an answering note, gabbled the news to Mrs. Hope, and in ten minutes was off to hire the only car in town to spin her across to Sombwelo and bring her back on the morrow to meet Druro. She was on the hospital veranda next morning just in time to see him tooling up the road behind four mules, waving his whip in greeting and shouting the password:

"Hello you!"

"Hello, yes!" she shouted in return. "Where you from come?"

Mrs. Hope, looking keenly at Druro, advised him to come into hospital and to go to bed but he only laughed.

"Too busy," he said; "besides, I'm all right. Only a little touch of fever. I shall shake it off in a day or two."

To Desmond as they drove away he was full of his find. "No mistake about it this time. We're in for a big thing. The reef is five foot wide, full of visible and panning ounces." Triumph and vibrant excitement could not be kept out of his voice.

"I'm most awfully glad, old man," said Desmond warmly. "It's time you had some luck."

He looked at her with an affectionate smile. "We're all in on this. You, Sherry and me. I've sent for Emma Guthrie, but we'll have to run it by ourselves until he comes."

"I don't know what good I am, but what I can I'll do."

"The great thing is for someone to be on the spot. This is the first time I've left camp since I struck. But with you there I can see about getting niggers and stores, and the moment Guthrie comes we'll get the mill from the Fool's Prayer and start crushing."

She was observing him while he talked and saw that though his face was haggard and there was a strained look about the eyes, all was right with Lundi Druro's soul.

She in turn recounted news.

"Sherry returned a fortnight ago, and has taken command at the farm. Oh! you should have seen what a dandy he was on arrival from home, Druro. A complete suit of clothes and a set of false teeth! But it wasn't a week before he was back in his old togs and wearing the teeth in his breeches pocket."

"And the Count?" asked Druro, laughing. With the future burgeooning for him there was no room in his heart for old grudges.

"The Count is dead and buried."

"Good God!"

"Yes, poor old Count! After getting back from the Cape absolutely stony, he invited a number of men round to the porch one evening to eat grenadillas. But when they got there they found him lying with a revolver in his hand and a little round hole in his forehead."

"So they knew that he was no longer able to buy a whisky and soda!" mused Druro, adding to himself, "And there went Lundy Druro too, but for the grace of God . . . and of Gwendoline."

They had done some shopping in Selukine and, on arrival, Pofaan, the cook, served them a creditable mixed grill, but Druro could swallow nothing except a cup of coffee. Desmond urged him to lie down but he was fervid to show her round, then start off on his hunt for labor and stores.

The camp's lovely aspect captivated Desmond. The whole kopje-side shimmering in crimson, bronze and amber. One of the old huts was entirely concealed beneath masses of wild myrtle, and Desmond plucked some sprays and when Druro showed her the hut she was to occupy she found a tumbler and put them in water on the packing case table.

The "workings" were some distance from the huts and extended across the top of the kopje and down the other side. Druro narrated the story of kicking up the lump of quartz that had roused his suspicions.

"It looked good to me, and just on chance I cracked it up, panned it and got a tail of gold all round the pan. That seemed worth pursuing so I put in a cutting where I found it, and by George I tumbled right on to the reef three foot thick."

The shaft he had started was already about fifteen feet down with the boys working away at the windlass. Calling them off he made them salute Desmond as their new *baas* whom they must obey as himself.

Afterwards they were strolling back (Continued on page 116)

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

*A Story as old as the world—
as new as blossom time*

Josie Takes the Beaten Path



Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"IT SEEMS to me that it's time," Josie Callahan said patiently and thoughtfully, "for something *nice* to happen!"

"You're worn to skin and bone!" her mother commented instantly, with a stricken glance. Mrs. Callahan had had a heavy bronchial cold and had been four days in bed and under a doctor's orders. She felt all an invalid's agony of self-reproach for the weariness and despondency in her daughter's tone; Josie had been head nurse. She put her hand tenderly out toward the tired girl who was sitting a few feet away, at the kitchen table, with her black head fallen upon her locked arms.

Josie looked up with a conscientious smile.

"I'm not tired at all—I shall feel awfully tomorrow, leaving you just to Mary!"

"Indeed, I'm perfectly well able to cook dinner for them tonight," Mrs. Callahan said, but with no energetic movement to emphasize the claim. She was well wrapped in a blanket, and in her own big rocker; the fifteen-foot journey from her own bedroom had strangely tired her.

"Jim's not going to be here tonight; he and Ida are having dinner somewhere," Mary contributed from the chair before the stove, where she was sitting warming her cold, damp-stockinged feet. It was late in a bleak wintry afternoon of slush and treacherous winds; gas was lighted in the kitchen, and mother and daughters were sharing a mood that matched the dismal weather and the weary end of a long day.

"You've not had a decent night's rest for a week, Jo," her mother reminded her fondly, in self-blame. Josie managed a bright smile.

"Ma—a week! Hear her! Why, this is Friday, and you weren't taken sick until Monday."

"It's long enough—I'm perished with sitting here already!" the mother said, with a trace of her own wholesome humor in her voice. "Give me a bowl, Mary, and I'll mix you ger'ls up some cup-cakes!" she added, with a quite visible effort to raise the subdued spirits of them both.

"Indeed you won't!" Josie assured her, shaking her head at Mary. "No, it's not your being sick, ma darling," she explained presently, trying to speak in a quite normal and dispassionate tone. "Of course we minded that, especially that first night when the doctor came," she hastened to add. "But it isn't that—or any *one thing*," Josie elucidated thoughtfully. "But

it was—well, feeling that Jim is really in love with Ida, and then Mary and Marty being sick with colds—and poor little Marty was so peevish, of course it was teeth, too—and then you sick, and this *horrible* weather! Of course," Josie went on quickly, now fighting a certain thickening of the voice and smarting of the eyes, "of course everything will come out right—you're well again, and Kate's been such a darling about keeping Marty while you were ill, and Jim an angel—he'd have to marry somebody some day, I suppose! Only—only, as I just said, it seems to me that it's time for something *nice* to happen!"

"Well, perhaps the nice thing will be Annie's baby!" Mary suggested, her own eyes sympathetically watering at Josie's tone but her purpose resolutely optimistic. "You'll go to Albany," she told her sister enthusiastically, "and see Annie's house and everything, and it'll be lots of fun! I wish I was going!"

"I wish to goodness you were!" Josie said, making a little face. "It was ma Annie wanted," she added seriously, "and I'll bet she cried when she got my telegram saying that ma couldn't come."

"She'll be just as pleased to see you, Jo, and you'll be a great comfort to her," the mother said reassuringly. "She says that they're going to have a nurse and a doctor both—God knows what they want the doctor for! But you're so steady, Jo, and you and Annie have always been so good to each other, it'll be a godsend to her, and a good change for you!"

"But I don't know much about babies, ma, and I'm not much of a cook, either," Josie offered doubtfully; but she was only twenty after all, and the prospect of an unexpected fortnight's holiday in midwinter, and the little trip, were beginning to win her back to happiness in spite of herself.

"You know a lot more than I did when I had my first!" her mother said. "The ger'ls nowadays—they can't do anything, and they know everything!" she went on darkly. "I suppose Mary there, what with movies every night and reading every newspaper she can lay her hands on, could tell me a good deal more than her prayers!" she finished witheringly.

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Mary giggled. Her feet were warm now and her back felt less tired.

"I wouldn't tell you anything I thought you shouldn't know, ma!" she remarked with pretended dutifulness.

At this Josie laughed suddenly, and Mrs. Callahan's blighting look, through half lowered eyelids, at Mary, was turned into a half reluctant laugh, too. Josie was the only one of her children that she did not quite understand, and Josie's joys and sorrows were almost always a mystery to her mother. It cut her to the very soul to see tears in cheerful little generous Josie's blue eyes, and she was proportionately glad when the girl was cheerful again.

"I marked her—that one," she sometimes said, to other mothers, of Josie. "I'm a great one to do that! I was very cast down entirely before she was born; Jim was so sick on me with the convulsions, and I thought Annie was going into the hip disease. And then we were in that dark old disastrous Bronx flat, the way we never saw the sun from morning until it was set and gone, and the snow sifting in on me baby from the fire escape, and she but a month old!"

Marked in this interesting manner or not, Josie was certainly different. She had not Annie's scholarly brightness, nor Mary's wit, but she was cleverer than either. Josie had a pretty oval face, soft blue eyes, and silky dark hair in neat braids wound about her head; she was innocent and quiet in manner, yet Josie was the sagest and most reasonable member of the family.

She liked only simple clothes, yet it was with Josie and her frocks that Mrs. Callahan had had the bitterest struggles in old school days. The child would not—apparently *could* not—wear what made her feel uncomfortable and conspicuous. And in the end she never did. And Josie, while always generous and wise in her estimate of other people, was the only one of the Callahans who experienced real aversions in certain directions, and actually suffered from association with uncongenial girls in the office, or neighbors who were "common," or boy friends of Annie's who were "fresh." Nor could she eat in certain restaurants, dreadful places of stools, and thick cups, and grease and odors. She preferred to prepare at home a paper bag containing two thin little cheese sandwiches and a slice of sponge cake and an apple; and a cup of tea brewed in the girls' lunch room at the office.

At her odd little precise ways the family laughed, but there was much more than this to Josie, and for that they adored her. She was innocently serious and childlike, younger far than Mary, for all her twenty-five months' seniority; she was earnest, eager to be useful, generous and self-sacrificing to the point of utter absurdity. She was conscientious, and what Josie said was always the simple and unvarnished truth, as Josie knew it. She read books upon books upon books, and gleaned interesting and quaint little facts and phrases out of books, and amused the family by demurely producing them. Her mother's love for her was mixed with awe and fear, and was almost the intense devotion that one feels for the beloved dead. Josie's goodness, her sheer dutiful sweetness and thoughtfulness, were unearthly; all through her childhood her mother had predicted that she wouldn't put it past the child to "enter." But Josie did not become a nun but remained a warmly loving, human little member of her devoted family, strangely undeveloped where love affairs were concerned, strangely indifferent to young men, but deeply and tenderly interested in every other human relationship. She was not pious, exactly, but she loved attendance at Benediction with ma more than going to any moving picture with Leo Blake, and a Sunday spent talking with ma and Kate and Ella O'Brien was even pleasanter to Josie than the annual outing of the Young Men's Club of the Cottle Iron Works, at Sheepshead Bay.

"But I hate to leave you, ma," she persisted, in reference to the Albany trip, "with Marty at Kate's, and Jim going away for a few days—"

"Mary and I'll have a grand time!" her mother said gallantly. "Kate runs in every day, and what else could I want that I haven't got?"

And she looked in great content about the warm, lighted, homely room, whose nickel clock and battered saucepans, and



"It seems to me that it's about time,"
said Josie patiently and thoughtfully,
"for something nice to happen."

whose chipped old woodwork and brass faucets were indeed like the faces of old friends.

So Josie went to Albany the next morning, finding every phase of the little journey interesting and exciting, and reaching Annie's house in a flutter of snow, just in time for luncheon.

And what a house it was, all shining new woodwork and tiling and wide windows, with Annie's wedding presents so delightfully arranged in such delightful surroundings! The pink china and the O'Briens' rug and the oak dining room set looked as if they had all been made especially for their respective positions, and Annie had added touches enough, in the way of snowy dotted curtains and shining blue saucepans, to make the ecstatic Josie feel that she was in a little dream of toy housekeeping rather than at the serious business itself.

As for Annie, she was dearer and sweeter and more wonderful than ever, in the blue bungalow apron and with her hair so prettily brushed and netted. Josie had forgotten, in their seventeen months' separation, how delicious Annie's laugh was, how pleasant her gravity, how amazing her efficiency, as compared with ma's dilatory housekeeping and Mary's good natured slatternliness. She and Annie ate the dainty, hot little meal in great harmony, and afterwards made the house speckless again with the most diverting tools; a white little woolly mop, a stiff clean broom, a soft big duster and stiff, snowy, striped pink and white glass towels from the neat little drawer in the china closet.

"Annie, I don't remember you such an old maid!"

"My dear, I had to marry to find out what an old maid I am! But Frank—well, he's just the pink of order and neatness! You never saw anything like it."

They put on their wraps; they were to walk to market for sweet potatoes and cream—Frank loved sweet potatoes, sugared. But oddly enough, he didn't like them baked or fried. Annie had ordered them that morning but they had not come! No matter, it was good for her to walk. She really didn't have enough to do; Frank had a man come fix the furnace every day now; Frank himself did it every morning and night, no matter how tired he



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"Frank's been so sweet about the baby," Annie confided, taking her sister's arm for the walk home. "Of course he *wants* it—he adores children. But it *does* mean responsibility and expense, you know, and then I was so sick all last summer, and he sold the car—it was no use, I couldn't ride—and it has upset his plans a good deal. I think he would have been glad to have it delayed, you know, for another year or two—"

Josie said nothing; she could not answer. Annie's pretty figure gone, Annie panting and uncomfortable, Annie facing the vaguely dreaded hour that had brought Josie all this way to give her comfort and strength, and yet it was all Frank, Frank, Frank! The first emotions of the visiting sister-in-law smote Josie violently, and she was silent. But the cooking of dinner, in the dolls' house kitchen, was really fun, and in the manipulation of all the unfamiliar bowls and plates Josie became quite cheerful again, and a vague little uneasy sense of something wrong, something she did not understand, disappeared entirely. Annie was full of fun and high spirits, and seemed to be making of this particular form of work nothing but the most delightful game, and Josie was too much pleased and amused to do anything but follow suit.

Then Frank came in, brotherly, affectionate, jocose, with a warm kiss for the visitor and a warmer one for his flushed young wife. Had she gotten tired? He reminded Josie that they had to keep her from overdoing.

was. Frank was a great student, it made Annie blush now to think she had ever laughed at his touch of the brogue; he knew more than anybody she had ever known in her life. He was very simple about it, but he was, honestly, the wisest man she had ever known. All the men felt that way to Frank, thought he was a wonder. Annie teased him about a certain Mabel Meisner, in the office; she was a beautiful girl, and she certainly had been crazy about Frank. But he had never paid any attention to her!

There was more about Frank; and Josie, in her sage little soul, began to wonder. Annie had been a gay, independent creature a year or two ago; absorbed in her home and her teaching, she had implied more than once that the man who took her from ma, and from her beloved seventh grade, must have something unusual to offer.

Frank Curley was a nice enough fellow, mused Josie, tempering her steps through sunshine and snow to suit the somewhat laboring steps beside her. Frank was handsome and industrious and ambitious, truly, and he adored his Annie and had given her a dear little home. But Frank was only one of the Curley boys, after all, and the Callahans and the Curleys had grown up together.

He thundered downstairs to look at the furnace and went to the icy front hall door for the evening paper; so far so good. But at dinner Josie began to feel uncomfortable again.

Annie had always been anxious to please everybody; her amiability was nothing new. But surely she was more anxious to please Frank than was reasonable. She watched him with a countenance upon which affection and pleasure were mingled with lively concern. Wasn't it hot—oh, *dear!* Didn't he really like creamed onions—oh, but he was fooling!

"He is the greatest fellow to *josh*," smiled Annie. Josie thought that in her place she would have done something a trifle more constructive than merely smiling. She felt a faint sensation of active dislike for Frank, grinning good-naturedly under his wife's eager ministrations.

When Annie inadvertently interrupted her lord she apologized; Frank must excuse her, what was he going to say?

"Oh, nothing!" said Frank, lightly and pleasantly.

"No, but please, Frank!" his wife said, distressed.

"It was nothing!" he persisted, shrugging his shoulders. And he turned to Josie with a question about the old crowd at home.



Frank Curley, thought Josie, must think he's something wonderful with Annie spoiling him like that!

Josie's heart burned as she answered. Annie's face clouded and she bit her lip.

And after a moment she got up from her place and went to sit on the arm of his chair.

"Please, Frank, don't be cross with his wife! I didn't mean it, dear—I thought you had finished speaking!"

He put his napkin down and looked at her with all generous good nature, one arm about her.

"Well, now, did anyone ever see such a little fool as this one!" Frank said, flashing an amused and indulgent glance at Josie, for her sympathy. "Look at her, she's trying to cry!"

Annie folded the ends of his collar busily together, her face close to his own.

"B-because I thought you were cross with me, Frank," she said whimsically, "and you know I don't allow husbands to be cross with their wives at my table!"

He kissed her, smiling.

"You little idiot—go back and eat your supper!" he said lovingly. Annie came back with a face that was not only radiant but also, in some way completely mystifying to Josie, proud. It was the younger woman's first experience with the little squalls and the bursts of sunshine that mark the beginning of married life, and she felt oddly affronted and offended. Frank Curley must think he was something wonderful, with Annie spoiling him like that, thought Josie resentfully. But apparently Annie and Frank saw nothing amiss, for they began to tease her merrily about her own turn; wouldn't they have the pile of fun when Jo got married! She must come to them for advice.

"No, but really, I feel sorry for anyone who doesn't know how wonderful Frank is," Annie confided, over the dishes. "He's worried to death about this party of mine," she added in a low tone, "and you don't know how I'm praying that it'll begin after he starts off to the yard some morning and be all over before he gets home. It's terrible, for a man."

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"It's worse for you," Josie contented herself by saying dryly, over the dishpan.

"Oh well, it's my job, in a way—and I've been such a terrible burden on him all these months!" Annie said generously. Josie mopped on at the blue china cups without further comment, with the hot beginning of mutiny in her heart. "No, hang the blue cup over the right saucer, and the yellows together," Annie pursued unsuspiciously, a moment later, at the china shelves. "My old maid comes out here sometimes, and he has a fit if things aren't exactly straight!"

"What is it to *him*?" Josie wanted to ask scornfully. With a great effort she stayed the words. Josie had a keen, if quiet, sense of humor, and she said to herself that it would be a pity to commence this "catty sister-in-law stuff" before she had been twenty-four hours in the man's house.

"How's it happen that we're lucky enough to get you, Josie?" Frank asked when the ladies joined him.

"I'm going into the city office on the first, and they're remodeling that branch and didn't need me."

"Annie," he smiled, nodding, "had been making a novena about it, I think!"

"Oh, Frank, aren't you a terror!" his wife said, half tender and half reproachful. "You know that I said that if you wanted me to I'd go into a hospital and all!"

"And I said that you were to do just exactly what you wanted!" he answered, stopping with a big hand her thin, serene ones, busy with pale pink and white wool. Annie looked up; she was not pretty just now, her face was brown and drawn and freckles showed on it, but the look of love and gratitude in her eyes made Josie marvel, and ache, and mutiny afresh.

"Frank," his wife said presently, after a harmonious interlude, "where are the specifications you were going to read me?"

"Right here!" he said, smoking contentedly, and not stirring.

"Well, why not begin now?" Annie suggested cozily, reaching out to pull the chain that lighted one more bulb in the sitting room lamp.

"Oh," he answered lazily, "might as well wait until Jo goes to bed! I don't want to bore her!"

"Jo's going now," announced Josie herself. Both Frank and Annie protested, but the girl pleaded fatigue, and Annie dragged herself up to the little box of a guest room for a little final gossip before they parted for the night. The room was only partly furnished, but there was a neat, clean new bed, and a big closet smelling of damp plaster for Josie's clothes, and that was enough for tonight. It was so cold that Annie suggested leaving the door open so that the warmth of the furnace, which was only connected with the three downstairs rooms, might creep in.

They began to repeat the first eager exchange of the afternoon: Ma was better, that was good. And Kate had dear little Marty—poor Kate, she had been so disappointed, not having a boy. Annie didn't care much but wanted a boy because Frank did. Yes,

personally she would have a little preferred a girl. She wished it was over—

"Annie!" It was Frank's voice, shouting, and Annie, with a startled expression of compunction, hurried away. Josie's education in the higher points of the unwritten law was sufficiently lacking to permit her to creep out into the microscopic upper hallway and hang there listening; too amazed at Frank's peremptoriness to care much whether they heard her or not.

"Can't do anything without you!" Josie heard him say, good-naturedly but a little reproachfully. Annie's apologetically tender voice said something, and they laughed. There was a brief interval, and then evidently Frank began to read the specifications, whatever they were. They appeared to refer to some ship; so many buckets, so many ropes, so many boxes of fire tools.

His voice droned on and on; Josie, reading in bed, felt homesick and superfluous. After a while she got up to shut the door; the cold was preferable to this monotonous voice. By this time Annie was reading patiently: "Two small mirrors, two larger mirrors for washroom, two cushions, eighteen by forty inches—"

"Check those!" said Frank. A pause then Annie said: "They're checked!"

"Oh, they can't be!" Frank muttered impatiently. Josie shut out the rest, but she could dimly hear them murmuring for another hour. Annie—she thought indignantly—who ought to be in her warm bed!

The next day matters went on in the same vein. Annie brought her sister a breakfast tray at half-past eight o'clock.

"Annie—why didn't you wake me! Good gracious, and you've been baking!"

"Oh, I make Frank hot bread every morning—he loves it! Imagine, he used to eat that horrible pulpy bakery stuff every morning; no wonder he had headaches!" Annie said happily, seating herself at the foot of the bed, and panting.

"But I would have helped! You didn't call me!"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Annie confidentially. And over her face there came a tender, reminiscent, half whimsical smile that Josie had never seen there until yesterday. "I kinder think Mr. Frank Curley likes to have his wife to himself now and then!" she said contentedly.

"I see!" Josie answered pleasantly. She wanted to burst out contemptuously, "Oh, Annie, don't you be such a fool!" but once more she restrained herself. Annie had taken the low rocker and had her arms clasped about her knees.

"I often wonder what I've done to be so blessed," said Annie, thoughtfully and reverently. "My dear, good, wonderful boy, and this lovely home—"

"And the baby," Josie supplied, as she paused; somewhat surprised that Annie had not mentioned it.

"And the dear little baby, of course. I know we'll both love it dearly," Annie continued dutifully. "I shall take good care—I've already told the nurse—that it doesn't disturb Frank," she said decidedly. "I've always thought it was terribly hard on fathers, and I'm determined that no matter what happens I'll be just as fresh and tidy, and dinner just as nice, and everything peaceful and quiet when he gets home. There's no earthly reason why the baby shouldn't be tucked upstairs asleep at six . . ."

This was on Saturday morning, and it was much less than twenty-four hours later when the little household was unexpectedly aroused. Josie, who had been sleeping deep, in the comfortable belief that nothing was due to occur for at least another week, was brought from



Josie turned an April face. "I was thinking—isn't it wonderful—to have the man you love in love with you!"

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dreams by the sound of a sweet and patient and weary voice—Annie's voice.

"Frank—Frank dear. You'll have to get Doctor Concannon, I'm afraid. I've not been asleep—"

Then Frank's voice, furry with sleep, yet violent and quick: "What is it!"

"Nothing, dear. Only—it's three o'clock, and I've not been asleep—"

"I get you! Get back into bed, Annie—"

Lights flashed on Josie's wall, she heard Frank's rapid feet, then murmuring, and even Annie's newly deep laugh. Then creaking on the stairs, and Frank's voice at the downstairs telephone.

Josie got into her thick wrapper; she was frightened. She crept quietly across the hall to Annie's door, stood outside for a long half minute, with a hammering heart. She thought of Annie as lying back, ashen and agonized, in pillows.

Annie, when her sister finally mustered courage to open the door, was quietly at a lower bureau drawer, taking out small garments. She smiled almost delightedly.

"Oh, Jo, I waked you! And I wanted you to sleep for a while anyway. This is the little outfit—isn't it dear?"

"How do you feel?" Josie asked anxiously, won to no answering smile.

"Oh, splendidly! No, truly I do. Frank's downstairs telephoning the doctor and Mrs. Cullen. I wish then that he'd lie down on the dining room couch and sleep—it's ridiculous to have him staying up! See if you can't coax him, Jo. Suppose we push this table back against the wall—and put the bed here—"

"Annie, for heaven's sake don't begin to move furniture!"

"Why not? It rolls very simply—"

"Look here," said her husband, coming up behind her and lightly shouldering her away. "What do you think we want in this family, a little piano mover?"

Annie laughed until she was weak, but a moment later her face changed oddly and she caught at Josie's hand. Her sister felt an iron pressure, cold and wet. The young wife presently began to move about again, restlessly straightening and folding, but her face continued to wear its look of something not pained and not frightened, something merely a little serious and awed.

The nurse came, an obnoxious matron, Josie thought, who said with a hearty laugh that there was no need to get the doctor out of his good warm bed yet awhile. She had crisp gray crimps, and while she was carefully pinning a ridiculously small fluted cap above them Annie was wrenched and frightened by sudden pain.

The paroxysm passed, and while Annie, under Mrs. Cullen's direction, walked incessantly about, Josie and the nurse sat watching her and talking with her. Sometimes Josie jumped up and walked about too, in a sort of sympathetic misery. Annie tried to talk simply and naturally; when she could not talk she grasped the foot of the bed and held it, her whole figure bowed. Half an hour of this exhausted her as five hours of any other effort might not; she became pale, her hair was tumbled and her forehead shone with damp beads. In the silences Josie could hear Frank snoring stertorously on the dining room couch.

"Poor fellow, he worked hard today—yesterday," said Annie, with a twisted smile. "He brought your bed upstairs, Mrs. Cullen—he can bring it in here as soon as we need it—and he white-enameled the little basket—"

She broke off, beating the bureau top with the flat of her hand—bang, bang, bang.

"Mrs. Cullen," she said, breathing hard, "don't you think we had better have Doctor Concannon? How long do you—"

"Not long, my dear!" Mrs. Cullen said sympathetically. Josie's heart was sick with fright; it was after this that she heard Mrs. Cullen say guardedly to the doctor at the telephone something about "tomorrow morning—noon, maybe, the way things are now!"

Five o'clock; the winter dark was still locked cold and shining over the out-of-door world. The night was endless. Annie was still walking, chattering wearily now.

"Josie, my darling—don't mind anything I—say—to—you—oh, my God! Oh, Jo—little Jo, don't—don't be in too much of a hurry—oh, my darling! Oh, baby, baby, baby! Jo, you'll have one some day—and your poor old sister will try to be as sweet as you are—oh, my God!"

"Never!" said Jo, between gritted teeth, her cheeks shining with tears.

"Oh yes you will, dear, yes you will! Oh, Jo, I really feel as if I could not—I cannot—they must do something—oh, doctor!"

said poor Annie desperately as the nurse and Frank brought the physician in, "I am so glad you are here!"

"Well, I hear that everything is coming on so well I might have had my sleep," said Doctor John Concannon cheerfully. "Yes, you're uncomfortable," he added sympathetically, "but everything is going on splendidly, and I don't think we'll have much more of it."

He was squarely built, handsome, businesslike. Josie hated him, and hated Mrs. Cullen with her bustling and her gray crimps. Frank was thoroughly awake now; he ran a nervous hand through his tumbled hair, and his face, above the collarless shirt, was pathetic with puzzled surprise.

"Well I'll run over and see my mother," Doctor Concannon said. "About seven I ought to look in at the clinic—you know where to get me!"

"Doctor—" Josie's heart felt all the despair that Annie was too proud to speak. "But doctor—will it be so long?" she faltered.

"It may be any time now, little sister," the doctor said gallantly and soothingly. And with an undertone to Mrs. Cullen, he was gone.

So there they were, Josie reflected bitterly, Frank and the doctor and the nurse, three perfectly sound and cheerful onlookers at this hideous scene. She loathed, she detested them all!

But she softened slightly to Frank, half an hour later. Pathetic, clumsy, his face frankly tear-stained, he came upstairs with a spilling cup of lukewarm tea. Annie could not touch it; she was far removed from anything like appetite; she could not even stand still. She made no attempt to thank him, to smile; agony swept her past him with a rush like charging cavalry, with the hammering of iron-shod feet.

Frank came out into the hall again, his face terrified, and Josie comforted him.

"Don't feel so badly, Frank!" she said, weeping.

He sat on the upper step, his head in his hands.

"My God, I am going to lose her! She was always too good for me—she was always an angel! Annie—" she heard him whisper.

A middle-aged Mrs. Donovan came in, homeward bound from "six," but glad to stay. Also came an elderly woman, nameless to Josie, who began in a quiet, business-like way to get breakfast.

Restless and wretched, the girl went back into Annie's room; Annie was in bed now, but she did not look at her sister. Mrs. Cullen was busy, her face set and anxious. Josie went to her own room and began to pray, went down to the kitchen, where Annie's blue apron hung on a nail.

Suddenly, horrifyingly, the crisis was upon them. Frank flew to the telephone—the receiver rattled in his wet hand; in answer to the operator's nonchalant second repetition, "What number are you calling?" Josie heard his voice break.

She ran upstairs again; Mrs. Donovan was there and gently put her out. The doctor arrived with miraculous speed; Josie and Frank sat upon the stairs and listened and agonized, their hands tightly locked.

"Oh my, but it's awful, dear, and that may go on all day!" said the elderly woman from the kitchen, joining them. And to Josie she added smilingly, "Don't ever get married, my dear, unless you're willing to go through it!"

"Never!" Josie answered, with fervent scorn.

"I'm—I'm going to make them call a specialist!" Frank said thickly, getting to his feet. "They'll kill her, between them!"

Silence. It fell upon the house like a pall of fresh snow, and Josie could hear church bells, and a murmuring sound from Mrs. Cullen. She looked at the others wild-eyed; was Annie dead? The door of the sickroom opened, and Frank and she rose to their feet, not knowing what to expect and what to fear. Then Josie went forward, bewildered—it was Mrs. Cullen, hurried, utterly absorbed upon some other undertaking, with short time for them.

A bundle—soft and warm, with no particular shape to it—was in Josie's inexperienced hands.

"Take him to the kitchen—Aunt Lizzie'll show you what to do with him!" said Mrs. Cullen in a busy whisper. "Here—you keep out!" she said, unceremoniously shouldering Frank, who would have crept by her into Annie's room. "She's fine—why wouldn't she be?" she added impatiently. And again the door closed.

Frank looked at Josie but she had forgotten him, too. With her face against the sweet warm wool of the blanket she carried, she was proceeding carefully and triumphantly to the kitchen. They presently admitted Frank but they did not need him.

"I'd forgotten that a baby was (Continued on page 139)

P. G. WODEHOUSE

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from London*

Bingo & The Little Woman



Bingo gazed at the waitress like a dog who has just remembered where its bone was buried.

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

I RAN into young Bingo Little in the smoking room of the Senior Liberal Club. He was lying back in an armchair with his mouth open and a sort of goofy expression in his eyes, while a gray-bearded cove in the middle distance watched him with so much dislike that I concluded that Bingo had pinched his favorite seat. That's the worst of being in a strange club—absolutely without intending it, you find yourself constantly trampling upon the vested interests of the Oldest Inhabitants.

"Hullo, face," I said.

"Cheerio, ugly," said young Bingo, and we settled down to have a small one before luncheon.

Once a year the committee of the Drones decides that the old club could do with a wash and brush-up, so they shoo us out and dump us down for a few weeks at some other institution. This time we were roosting at the Senior Liberal, and personally I had found the strain pretty fearful. I mean, when you've got used to a club where everything's nice and cheery, and where, if you want to attract a chappie's attention, you heave a bit of bread at him, it kind of damps you to come to a place where the youngest member is about eighty-seven and it isn't considered good form to talk to anyone unless you and he were through the Peninsular War together. It was a relief to come across Bingo. We started to talk in hushed voices.

"This club," I said, "is the limit."

"It is the eel's eyebrows," agreed young Bingo. "I believe that old boy over by the window has been dead three days, but I don't like to mention it to anyone."

"Have you lunched here yet?"

"No. Why?"

"They have waitresses instead of waiters."

"Good Lord! I thought that went out with the Armistice." Bingo mused a moment, straightening his tie absently. "Er—pretty girls?" he said.

"No."

He seemed disappointed but pulled round.

"Well, I've heard that the cooking's the best in London."

"So they say. Shall we be going in?"

"All right. I expect," said young Bingo, "that at the end of the meal—or possibly at the beginning—the waitress will say 'Both together, sir?' Reply in the affirmative. I haven't a bean."

"Hasn't your uncle forgiven you yet?"

"Not yet, confound him!"

You see, young Bingo had had a bit of a dust-up with Lord Bittlesham, his uncle, some time earlier resulting in his allowance being knocked off. I was sorry to hear the row was still on. I resolved to do the poor old thing well at the festive board, and I scanned the menu with some intentness when the girl rolled up with it.

"How would this do you, Bingo?" I said at length. "A few plovers' eggs to weigh in with, a cup of soup, a touch of cold salmon, some cold curry, and a splash of gooseberry tart and cream with a bite of cheese to finish?"

I don't know that I had expected the man actually to scream with delight, though I had picked the items from my knowledge of his pet dishes, but I had expected him to say something. I looked up, and found that his attention was elsewhere. He was gazing at the waitress with the look of a dog that's just remembered where its bone was buried.

She was a tallish girl with sort of soft, soulful brown eyes. Nice figure and all that. Rather decent hands, too. I didn't remember having seen her about before, and I must say she raised the standard of the place quite a bit.

"How about it, laddie?" I said, being all for getting the order booked and going on to the serious knife-and-fork work.

"Eh?" said young Bingo absently.

I recited the program once more.

"Oh yes, fine!" said Bingo. "Anything, anything." The girl pushed off, and he turned to me with protruding eyes. "I thought you said they weren't pretty, Bertie!"

"Oh, my heavens!" I said. "You surely haven't fallen in love again—and with a girl you've only just seen?"

"There are times, Bertie," said young Bingo, "when a look is enough—when, passing through a crowd, we meet somebody's eye and something seems to whisper . . ."

At this point the plovers' eggs arrived, and he suspended his remarks in order to swoop on them with some vigor.

"Jeeves," I said that night when I got home, "stand by."

"Sir?"

"Burnish the old brain and be alert and vigilant. I suspect that Mr. Little will be calling round shortly for sympathy and assistance."

"Is Mr. Little in trouble, sir?"

"Well, you might call it that. He's in love. For about the fifty-third time. I ask you, Jeeves, as man to man, did you ever see such a chap?"

"Mr. Little is certainly warm hearted, sir."

"Warm hearted! I should think he has to wear asbestos vests. Well, stand by, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

And sure enough, it wasn't ten days before in rolled the old ass, bleating for volunteers to step one pace forward and come to the aid of the party.

"Bertie," he said, "if you are a pal of mine, now is the time to show it."

"Proceed, old gargoyle," I replied. "You have our ear."

"You remember giving me luncheon at the Senior Liberal some days ago. We were waited on by a . . ."

"I remember. Tall, lissom female."

He shuddered somewhat.

"I wish you wouldn't talk of her like that, dash it all. She's an angel."

"All right. Carry on."

"I love her."

"Right-o! Push along."

"For goodness sake don't bustle me. Let me tell the story in my own way. I love her, as I was saying, and I want you, Bertie old boy, to pop round to my uncle and do a bit of diplomatic work. That allowance of mine must be restored, and dashed quick, too. What's more, it must be increased."

"But look here," I said, being far from keen on the bally business, "why not wait awhile?"

"Wait? What's the good of waiting?"

"Well, you know what generally happens when you fall in love. Something goes wrong with the works and you get left. Much better tackle your uncle after the whole thing's fixed and settled."

"It is fixed and settled. She accepted me this morning."

"Good Lord! That's quick work. You haven't known her two weeks."

"Not in this life, no," said young Bingo. "But she has a sort of idea that we must have met in some previous existence. She thinks I must have been a king in Babylon when she was a Christian slave. I can't say I remember it myself, but there may be something in it."

"Great Scott!" I said. "Do waitresses really talk like that?"

"How should I know how waitresses talk?"

"Well, you ought to by now. The first time I ever met your uncle was when you hounded me on to ask him if he would rally round to help you marry that girl Mabel in the Piccadilly bunshop."

Bingo started violently. A wild gleam came into his eyes.

"You've given me an idea, Bertie. Can you throw your mind back to that occasion? Do you remember the frightfully subtle scheme I worked? Telling him you were what's-her-name, the woman who wrote those books, I mean?"

It wasn't likely I'd forget. The ghastly thing was absolutely seared into my memory. What had happened—stop me if I've told you this before—was that, in order to induce his dashed uncle to look on me as a chum and hang upon my words and all that, the ass Bingo had told him that I was the author of a lot of mushy novels of which he was particularly fond. All that series by Rosie M. Banks, you know. Said that I had written them, and that Rosie's name on the title page was simply my what-d'you-call-it. Lord Bittlesham, the uncle, had lapped it up without the slightest hesitation and had treated me both then and on the other occasions on which we had met with the Dickens of a lot of reverence.

"That is the line of attack," said Bingo. "That is the scheme. Rosie M. Banks forward once more."

"It can't be done, old thing. Sorry, but it's out of the question. I couldn't go through all that again."

"Not for me?"

"Not for a dozen more like you."

"I never thought," said Bingo sorrowfully, "to hear those words from Bertie Wooster!"

"Well, you've heard them now," I said. "Paste them in your hat."

"Bertie, we were at school together."

"It wasn't my fault."

"We've been pals for fifteen years."

"I know. It's going to take me the rest of my life to live it down."

"Bertie, old man," said Bingo, drawing up his chair closer and starting to knead my shoulder blade, "be reasonable!"

And of course, dash it, at the end of ten minutes I'd allowed the blighter to talk me round. It's always the way.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" I said.

"Start off by sending the old boy an autographed copy of your latest effort with a flattering inscription. That will tickle him to death. Then you pop round and put it across."

"What is my latest?"

"The Woman Who Braved All," said young Bingo. "I've seen it all over the place. The shop windows and bookstalls are full of nothing but. It looks to me from the picture on the jacket the sort of book any chappie would be proud to have written. Of course, he will want to discuss it with you."

"Ah!" I said, cheering up. "That dishes the scheme, doesn't it? I don't know what the bally thing is about."

"You will have to read it, naturally."

"Read it! No, I say . . ."

"Bertie, we were at school together."

"Oh, right-o! Right-o!" I said.

"I knew I could rely on you. You have a heart of gold. Jeeves," said young Bingo, as the faithful servitor rolled in, "Mr. Wooster has a heart of gold."

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

Bar a weekly wrestle with the Pink 'Un and an occasional



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T.S.S.

dip into the form book I'm not much of a lad for reading, and my sufferings as I tackled "The Woman," curse her, "Who Braved All" were pretty fearful. But I managed to get through it, and only just in time, as it happened, for I'd hardly reached the bit where their lips met in one long, slow kiss, and everything was still but for the gentle sighing of the breeze in the Laburnum when a messenger boy brought a note from old Bittlesham asking me to trundle round to luncheon.

I found the old boy in a mood you could only describe as melting. He had a copy of the book on the table beside him and kept turning the pages in the intervals of dealing with things in aspic and what not.

"Mr. Wooster," he said, swallowing a chunk of trout, "I wish to congratulate you. I wish to thank you. You go from strength to strength. I have read 'All For Love'; I have read 'Only a Factory Girl'; I know 'Madcap Myrtle' by heart. But this—is your bravest and best. It tears the heartstrings."

"Yes?"

"Indeed yes! I have read it three times since you most kindly sent me the volume—I wish to thank you once more for the charming inscription—and I think I may say that I am a better, sweeter, deeper man. I am full of human charity and kindness toward my species."

"No, really?"

"Indeed, indeed I am."

"Towards the whole species?"

"Towards the whole species."

"Even young Bingo?" I said, trying him pretty high.

"My nephew? Richard?" He looked a bit thoughtful, but stuck it like a man and refused to hedge. "Yes, even towards Richard. Well . . . that is to say . . . perhaps . . . Yes, even towards Richard."

"That's good, because I wanted to talk about him. He's pretty hard up, you know."

"In straightened circumstances?"

"Stoney. And he could use a bit of the right stuff paid every quarter, if you felt like unbelting."

He mused awhile and got through a slab of cold guinea hen before replying. He toyed with the book, and it fell open at page two hundred and fifteen. I couldn't remember what was on page two hundred and fifteen, but it must have been something tolerably zippy, for his expression changed and he gazed up at me with misty eyes as if he'd taken a shade too much mustard with his last bite of ham.

"Very well, Mr. Wooster," he said. "Fresh from a perusal of this noble work of yours, I cannot harden my heart. Richard shall have his allowance."

"Stout fellow!" I said. Then it occurred to me that the expression might strike a chappie who weighed seventeen stone as a bit personal. "Good egg, I mean. That'll take a weight off his mind. He wants to get married, you know."

"I did not know. And I am not sure that I altogether approve. Who is the lady?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she's a waitress."

He leaped in his seat.

"You don't say so, Mr. Wooster! This is remarkable. This is most cheering. I had not given the boy credit for such tenacity of purpose. An excellent trait in him which I had not hitherto suspected. I recollect clearly that, on the occasion when I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, nearly eighteen months ago, Richard was desirous of marrying this same waitress."

I had to break it to him.

"Well, not absolutely this same waitress. In fact, quite a different waitress. Still, a waitress, you know."

The light of avuncular affection died out of the old boy's eyes.

"H'm!" he said a bit dubiously. "I had supposed that Richard was displaying the quality of constancy which is so rare in the modern young man. I—I must think it over."

So we left it at that, and I came away and told Bingo the position of affairs.



There was a dickens of a painful scene. The old boy nearly got apoplexy.

"Allowance O. K.," I said. "Uncle blessing a trifle wobbly."

"Doesn't he seem to want the wedding bells to ring out?"

"I left him thinking it over. If I were a bookie, I should feel justified in offering a hundred to eight against."

"You can't have approached him properly. I might have known you would muck it up," said young Bingo. Which, considering what I had been through for his sake, struck me as a good bit sharper than a serpent's tooth. "It's awkward. It's infernally awkward. I can't tell you all the details at the moment, but . . . yes, it's awkward."

He helped himself absently to a handful of my cigars and pushed off.

I didn't see him again for three days. Early in the afternoon of the third day he blew in with a flower in his buttonhole and a look on his face as if someone had hit him behind the ear with a stuffed eel skin.

"Hullo, Bertie."

"Hullo, old turnip. Where have you been all this while?"

"Oh, here and there! Ripping weather we're having, Bertie."

"Not bad."

"I see the Bank Rate is down again."

"No, really?"

He potted about the room for a bit, babbling at intervals. The boy seemed cuckoo.

"Oh, I say, Bertie!" he said suddenly, dropping a vase which he had picked off the mantelpiece and was fiddling with. "I know what it was I wanted to tell you. I'm married."

Bingo and the Little Woman

I stared at him. That flower in his buttonhole . . . That dazed look . . . Yes, he had all the symptoms; and yet the thing seemed incredible. The fact is, I suppose, I'd seen so many of young Bingo's love affairs start off with a whoop and a rattle and poof themselves out halfway down the straight that I couldn't believe he had actually brought it off at last.

"Married!"

"Yes. This morning at a registrar's in Holburn. I've just come from the wedding breakfast."

I sat up in my chair. Alert. The man of affairs. It seemed to me that this thing wanted threshing out in all its aspects.

"Let's get this straight," I said.

"You're really married?"

"Yes."

"The same girl you were in love with the day before yesterday?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you know what you're like. Tell me, what made you commit this rash act?"

"I wish the deuce you wouldn't talk like that. I married her because I love her, dash it. The best little woman," said young Bingo, "in the world."

"That's all right, and deuced creditable, I'm sure. But have you reflected what your uncle's going to say? The last I saw of him, he was by no means in a confetti-scattering mood."

"Bertie," said Bingo, "I'll be frank with you. The little woman rather put it up to me, if you know what I mean. I told her how my uncle felt about it, and she said that we must part unless I loved her enough to brave the old boy's wrath and marry her right away. So I had no alternative. I bought a buttonhole and went to it."

"And what do you propose to do now?"

"Oh, I've got it all planned out. After you've seen my uncle and broken the news . . ."

"You don't mean to say you think you're going to lug me into it?"

He looked at me like Lillian Gish coming out of a swoon.

"Is this Bertie Wooster talking?" he said, pained.

"Yes, it jolly well is."

"Bertie, old man," said Bingo, patting me gently here and there, "reflect! We were at school—"

"Oh, all right!"

"Good man! I knew I could rely on you. She's waiting down below in the hall. We'll pick her up and dash round to Pounceby Gardens right away."

I had only seen the bride before in her waitress kit, and I was rather expecting that on her wedding day she would have launched out into something fairly zippy in the way of upholstery. The first gleam of hope I had felt since the start of this black business came to me when I saw that, instead of being all velvet and scent and flowery hat, she was dressed in dashed good taste. Quiet. Nothing loud. So far as looks went, she might have stepped straight out of Berkeley Square.

"This is my old pal Bertie Wooster, darling," said Bingo. "We were at school together, weren't we, Bertie?"

"We were!" I said. "How do you do? I think we—er—met at luncheon the other day, didn't we?"

"Oh yes! How do you do!"

"My uncle eats out of Bertie's hand," explained Bingo. "So he's coming round with us to start things off and kind of pave the way. Hi, taxi!"

We didn't talk much on the journey. Kind of tense feeling. I was glad when the cab stopped at old Bittlesham's wigwam and we all hopped out. I left Bingo and wife in the hall while I went upstairs to the drawing room, and the butler toddled off to dig out the big chief.

While I was prowling about the room waiting for him to show up, I suddenly caught sight of that bally "Woman Who Braved All" lying on one of the tables. It was open at page two hundred and fifteen, and a passage heavily marked in pencil caught my eye. And directly I read it I saw that it was all to the mustard and was going to help me in my business. This was the passage:

"What can prevail"—Millicent's eyes flashed as she faced the stern old man—"what can prevail against a pure and all-consuming love? Neither principalities nor powers, my lord, nor all the puny prohibitions of guardians and parents. I love your son, Lord Windermere, and nothing can keep us apart. Since time first began, this love of ours was fated, and who are you to pit yourself against the decrees of Fate?"

The earl looked at her keenly from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Humph!" he said.

Before I had time to refresh my memory as to what Millicent's comeback had been to that remark, the door opened and old Bittlesham rolled in. All over me, as usual.

"My dear Mr. Wooster, this is an unexpected pleasure. Pray take a seat. What can I do for you?"

"Well, the fact is I'm more or less in the capacity of a jolly old ambassador at the moment. Representing young Bingo, you know." His geniality sagged a trifle, I thought, but he didn't heave me

It wasn't one of the cheeriest moments of my career when I found myself peering into the globular face of Lord Bittlesham.

out, so I pushed on. "The way I always look at it," I said, "is that it's dashed difficult for anything to prevail against what you might call a pure and all-consuming love. I mean, can it be done? I doubt it."

My eyes didn't exactly flash as I faced the stern old man, but I sort of wagged my eyebrows. He puffed a bit and looked doubtful.

"We discussed this matter at our last meeting, Mr. Wooster. And on that occasion . . ."

"Yes. But there have been developments, as it were, since then. The fact of the matter is," I said, coming to the point, "this morning young Bingo went and jumped off the dock."

"Good heavens!" He jerked himself to his feet with his mouth open. "Why? Where? Which dock?"

I saw that he wasn't quite on.

"I was speaking metaphorically," I explained, "if that's the word I want. I mean he got married."

"Married!"

"Absolutely hitched up. I hope you aren't ratty about it, what? Young blood, you know. Two loving hearts, and all that."

He panted in a rather overwrought way.

"I am greatly disturbed by your news. I—I consider that I have been—er—defied. Yes, defied."



"But who are you to pit yourself against the decrees of Fate?" I said, taking a look at the prompt book out of the corner of my eye.

"Eh?"

"You see, this love of theirs was fated. Since time began, you know."

I'm bound to admit that if he'd said "Humph!" at this juncture, he would have had me stymied. Luckily it didn't occur to him. There was a silence, during which he appeared to brood a bit. Then his eye fell on the book and he gave a sort of start.

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. Wooster, you have been quoting!"

"More or less."

"I thought your words sounded familiar." His whole appearance changed and he gave a sort of gurgling chuckle. "Dear me, dear me, you know my weak spot!" He picked up the book and buried himself in it for quite a while. I began to think he had forgotten I was there. After a bit, however, he put it down again, and wiped his eyes. "Ah well!" he said.

I shuffled my feet and hoped for the best.

"Ah well!" he said again. "I must not be like Lord Windermere, must I, Mr. Wooster? Tell me, did you draw that haughty old man from a living model?"

"Oh, no! Just thought of him and bunged him down, you know."

"Genius!" murmured old Bittlesham. "Genius! Well, Mr. Wooster, you have won me over. Who, as you say, am I to pit myself against the decrees of Fate? I will write to Richard tonight and inform him of my consent to his marriage."

"You can slip him the glad news in person," I said. "He's waiting downstairs, with wife complete. I'll pop down and send them up. Cheerio, and thanks very much. Bingo will be most awfully bucked."

I shot out and went downstairs. Bingo and Mrs. were sitting on a couple of chairs like patients in a dentist's waiting room.

"Well?" said Bingo eagerly.

"All over except the hand clasping," I replied, slapping the old crumpet on the back. "Charge up and get matey. Toodle-oo, old things. You know where to find me, if wanted. A thousand congratulations, and all that sort of rot."

And I pipped, not wishing to be fawned upon.

You never can tell in this world. If ever I felt that something attempted, something done had earned a night's repose, it was when I got back to the flat and shoved my feet up on the mantelpiece and started to absorb the cup of tea which Jeeves had brought in. Used as I am to seeing Life's sitters blow up in the home stretch and finish nowhere, I couldn't see any cause for alarm in this affair of young Bingo's. All he had to do when I left him in Pounceby Gardens was to walk upstairs with the little missus and collect the blessing. I was so convinced of this that when, about half an hour later, he came galloping into my sitting room, all I thought was that he wanted to thank me in broken accents and tell me what a good chap I had been. I merely beamed benevolently on the old creature as he entered, and was just going to offer him a cigarette when I observed that he seemed to have something on his mind. In fact, he looked as if something solid had hit him in the solar plexus.

"My dear old soul," I said, "what's up?"

Bingo uttered one of those hollow, mirthless yelps.

"Only every bally thing that could go wrong. What do you think happened after you left us? You know that beastly book you insisted on sending my uncle?"

It wasn't the way I should have put it myself, but I saw the poor old bean was upset for some reason or other so I didn't correct him.

"The Woman Who Braved All?" I said. "It came in dashed useful. It was by quoting bits out of it that I managed to talk him round."

"Well, it didn't come in useful when we got into the room. It was lying on the table, and after we had started to

chat a bit and everything was going along nicely the little woman spotted it. 'Oh, have you read this, Lord Bittlesham?' she said. 'Three times already,' said my uncle. 'I'm so glad,' said the little woman. 'Why, are you also an admirer of Rosie M. Banks?' asked the old boy, beaming. 'I am Rosie M. Banks!' said the little woman.

"Oh, my aunt! Not really?"

"Yes."

"But how could she be? I mean, dash it, she was slinging the foodstuffs at the Senior Liberal Club."

Bingo gave the settee a moody kick.

"She took the job to collect material for a book she's writing called 'Mervyn Keene, Clubman.'"

"She might have told you."

"It made such a hit with her when she found that I loved her for herself alone, despite her humble station, that she kept it under her hat. She meant to spring it on me later on, she said."

"Well, what happened then?"

"There was the dickens of a painful scene. The old boy nearly got apoplexy. Called her an impostor. They both started talking at once at the top of their voices, and the thing ended with the little woman buzzing off to her publishers to collect proofs as a preliminary to getting a written apology from the old boy. What's going to happen now, I don't know. Apart from the fact that my uncle will be as mad as a wet hen when he finds out that he has been fooled, there's going to be a lot of trouble when the little woman discovers that we worked the Rosie M. Banks wheeze with a view to trying to get me married to somebody else. You see, one of the things that first attracted her to me was the fact that I had never been in love before."

"Did you tell her that?"

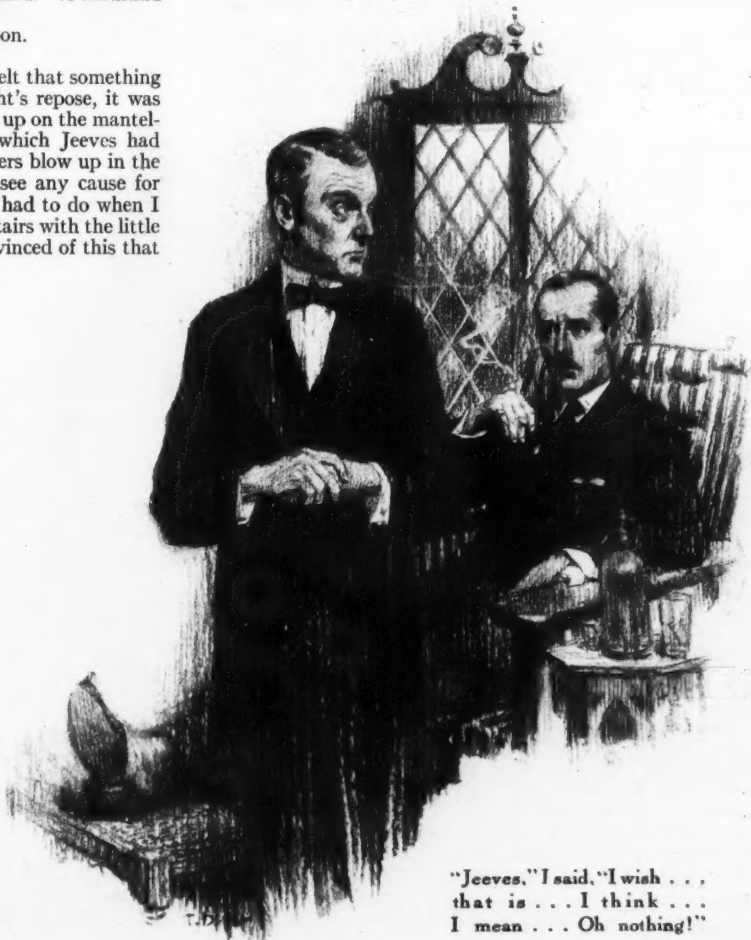
"Yes."

"Great Scott!"

"Well, I hadn't been . . . not really in love. There's all the difference in the world between . . . Well, never mind that. What am I going to do? That's the point."

"I don't know."

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"Jeeves," I said, "I wish . . . that is . . . I think . . . I mean . . . Oh nothing!"

STORIES *That Have Made Me* LAUGH



A Scotsman was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife. On the table at the head of the bed stood a lighted candle. He sat in silence for some time, until at length the doorbell rang.

"Jennie," he said, "I've got to go and answer the door. D'ye hear me?" The poor wife nodded feebly.

"I'll be gone but a few minutes," he said rising, "but in the meantime if ye feel yerself slipping, blaw oot the candle."

SHOULD you decide to hire a housemaid or waitress through the good offices of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, of London, England, you stand in no danger of being deceived as to the character of your employee. Here is a sample advertisement inserted recently in a London newspaper:

"Will anyone undertake as housemaid-waitress a bright, neat, clean girl, who is deceitful, lazy and inclined to be dishonest? Address Hon. Secretary, M.A.B.Y.S., 21 Charlotte Street, S. E."

STORIES of canine intelligence, particularly the pointless ones, would fill a large volume if not an entire library. Usually in these stories the dog can do everything but talk—but I do not remember that any of them told of a dog who was literate and believed in signs as the dog did in the following story:

The towns and villages of Southern California are all called cities and possess a full complement of asphalt streets and "No Parking" signs, as well as signs erected by the Automobile Club of Southern California containing all manner of information useful to automobilists.

On the main street of one of these towns a little woolly dog appeared bearing a large bone in his mouth. He was bent on burying the bone, and to that end he attempted to scratch a hole in the asphalt pavement without of course making the slightest impression on its hard surface. Ten minutes later he was seen on a side street making another desperate attempt upon the asphalt pavement but without any more success than before. From street to street he went with the bone in his mouth, stopping at intervals to scratch furiously at the impervious asphalt until he finally arrived at the corner of a street where the Automobile Club of Southern California had erected one of its informative blue and white signs. A resident of the city saw the little dog gaze earnestly at the sign for a few minutes, and then with the bone firmly clenched between his teeth he darted off up the street, and was still going at top speed as far as the resident could see him. A moment later the resident looked at the Automobile Club sign. It read as follows:

SIX MILES TO A DIRT ROAD

100

YOU have no doubt observed how the Scotsman doesn't in the least mind telling stories on the Scot to illustrate his thrifty nature. Perhaps he is thus compensating for a nationwide unconscious extravagance—flinging away his money left and right in his subconscious mind. Mr. MacKenzie Gordon, the well known Scot tenor, told me this one at Bohemian Grove:

BUGS BAER, whose writings assay more genuine humor to the column than silver in a Mexican dollar, tells the following good one. He says that Philadelphia possesses some ultra-conservative citizens who never read the paper and are about sixty years behind the times. One of these old codgers was recently seen standing on the roof of the North American Building in his Grand Army uniform, shooting at letter carriers with a Springfield rifle.

He thought they were Confederate soldiers.



PERHAPS you have heard of the two Scotsmen dining in the private bar of an Edinburgh hotel. At the end of the meal while they were about to leave one of them dropped a threepenny bit. They searched the floor for more than half an hour and at last one of them had a grand idea. He rang for the waitress.

"Lass," he said when she answered the bell, "I've just dropped two threepenny bits. See if you can find them."

The girl went down on her hands and knees and at last she found the missing threepenny bit underneath the fender.

"That's fine," the Scotsman said as he pocketed the coin and prepared to leave. "My friend and myself have to go now, so when you find the other one you can keep it for your trouble."



THE following story is a companion piece to the one about the bootlegger who had large quantities of whisky, gin and rum for sale but barred absinthe because it was against the law to sell absinthe. This one is about a Scots bootlegger who had been doing a thriving business with some of the worst imitations of most of the best brands of Highland dew. The labels and caps were skillfully forged and the corks were branded with spurious duplicates of the manufacturers' marks. Not even the bottles were genuine. One Sunday morning he called at the house of a customer, in response to a telephone message, having been driven there in an automobile by his brother. He had a suitcase packed with a dozen bottles of Five Star Glenlivet Vatted Liqueur Scotch manufactured on Staten Island, and as he lugged them up three flights of stairs to his customer's flat he was greeted by the sound of whistling. It was the customer himself who opened the flat door—still whistling.

Two minutes later the bootlegger reentered his automobile with the suitcase loaded as before. A sour expression was on his face.

"What's the matter?" his brother asked. "Was he not at home?"

"He was at home—and whistling," the bootlegger replied sternly, "and it'll never be said of me that I sold hooch to a man who whistles on the Sabbath."

THIS is admittedly an old one, told in various forms, all of them good—I think. (Loud cries of: Is that so!) A London cab driver picked up a fare at Charing Cross. She

By MONTAGUE GLASS

Illustrations by

Rea Irvin



was a woman with a tiny infant in her arms and she asked to be driven to Euston station. When the driver pulled up and opened the door for her to alight he found that she had jumped out somewhere en route and had left the baby on the seat. He at once called a policeman. "Look 'ere," he said, "I picked up a fare at Charing Cross and when we got into a jam at the corner of Southampton

Row she must have jumped out and left this be'ind 'er."

The police constable looked critically at the infant, which had begun to cry, and then he pulled a small black leather book from the breast pocket of his tunic. He thumbed it over for a few minutes, gazing at intervals at the baby.

"Ah! 'Ere it is!" he said at last. "Section twenty-four, subsection ten."

"Wot abaht it?" the cabman asked.

"Why, this comes under the 'ead of '*Lost and Found*,'" the policeman announced triumphantly, indicating the screaming infant. "Take it around to Scotland Yard, and if nobody claims it in twenty-four hours it's *yours*."

AT THE Harvard Club the other day some of the members were discussing the careers of two alumni, one of whom had become a bishop and the other a judge. One of the members claimed that the bishop was the greater man, because a judge can say at the most "You be hanged," while a bishop can say "You be damned." "Yes, that's true," another member commented. "But when a judge says 'You be hanged,' by the Lord Harry, you *are* hanged!"

THE ELDER MACPHERSON was found by one of his congregation helplessly drunk in a ditch.

"Dear! Dear! Elder MacPherson," the member of the congregation asked, "whaur hae ye been to get into this shockin' condition?"

"I dinna recollect whether it was a weddin' or a funeral," the elder replied, "but, man, it was a g-r-r-rand success."

AND now we come inevitably to the story of the little boy answering the examination question, without which anecdote no anthology, however brief, can be complete.

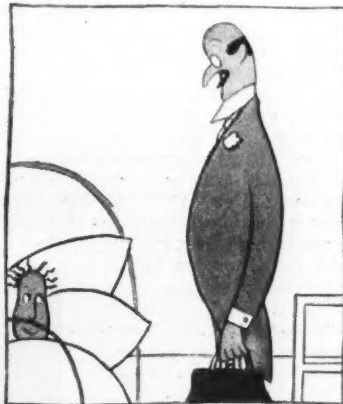
The question was: "Tell what you know about Oliver Cromwell."

And the little boy replied: "Oliver Cromwell was a great and good man. He beheaded King Charles the First and ruled over England for many years. When he died his last words were: 'Had I but served my God as I have served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies.'"

While we are on the subject, there is also a story of a theological student who is now a successful stockbroker because of an answer which he made to the question "What is faith?" in an examination leading to the degree of B. D.

"What is faith?" he was asked.

"Faith," he replied, "is the faculty by which we are enabled to believe that which is not true."



PERHAPS the most elastic term in the English language is the word "lady," and perhaps there is no perhaps about it. "Lady" is the most elastic term. Birth, breeding and behavior enter into it, of course, but nobody seems to be able to agree with anybody else about the standard of birth, breeding or behavior to which a woman must conform before she can be described in the full sense of the word as a lady.

For instance, there is a woman whose arm had been severely bitten and she was having it treated by a surgeon in a London hospital.

"I can't make out what sort of a creature bit you," he said as he examined the wound. "It's too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's."

"Well, you see, sir, it wasn't no 'orse nor dawg wot done it," the patient explained. "It was *another* lady."

THEREFORE, if one does not use the word "lady" as synonymous with "woman" one is obliged to lower the standard to accommodate the custom of the country or the period; which is a highfalutin' way of introducing the story about the salesman who went on the road with a line of garments for a New York manufacturer. He was instructed before he left that as style 4022 was a particularly attractive one, he should insist upon eight dollars apiece for it and that he was in no circumstances to cut this price. When he reached Pittsburgh, however, he received an offer of \$7.50 for fifty of style 4022. He immediately wired to his employers in New York submitting the offer.

They wired in return: "Take it."

When he reached Chicago, feeling that he was justified in pricing style 4022 at \$7.50, he offered the goods at that figure. The best counter offer he received was an order for thirty of them at \$7.00. He immediately wired his firm in New York asking their permission to sell at that price.

They wired in reply: "Take it."

In Milwaukee he ran up against a close buyer of a department store who refused to pay more than \$6.50 for style 4022. He wired this offer to his employers.

They wired in response: "Take it."

By the time he had reached Denver, Colorado, he was wiring for permission to accept definite offers of \$5.00 for style 4022, and invariably received the telegram: "Take it."

Three weeks later his firm in New York received the following telegram from Los Angeles, signed by the superintendent of

Beth Hebron Hospital. It read as follows:

THE FITTITE DRESS COMPANY NEW YORK N Y YOUR SALESMAN GEORGE IMMERGLICK DESPERATELY ILL HERE WITH APPENDICITIS STOP DEATH EXPECTED ANY MOMENT STOP PLEASE WIRE HIM BEFORE HE DIES WHAT IS YOUR LOWEST ROCK BOTTOM PRICE ON STYLE 4022



Forty-Five

(Continued from page 21)

it might be a good idea to take back home one or two and give Miss Effie the advantage of copying them for her fall trade."

"Oh Julie Bell, Julie Bell, I just couldn't have you any different, foulard and all!"

"You see now what I mean! Mama's just mama!"

"And Connie is her mother's daughter."

"The fact of the matter is, Edith, when Connie and I get to Paris we don't get our noses up out of our Baedekers long enough to much more than buy the folks back home a trinket or two before we sail."

"Oh la, la!"

"I know it, May. Regular old cut and dried Cook's tourists. That's the way Ed heads his letters to us. 'Dear Cookies.' But for the life of me I can't help it. I feel guilty of being in the same town with the Barbizon collection and Sorbonne lectures and those little old print shops along the quay and wasting my time on the Rue de la Paix."

"You're not all wrong Julie. Now hear this, May. We can stand a little scolding too."

"You should see my dining room, Edith. Really it is a Gothic gem and every piece copied by a Fort Worth cabinet maker from pictures I brought back five summers ago from the Musée de Cluny. Those of us who live in the small American towns and cities and who can afford to travel owe it to the community to carry home some of this culture to them, Edith."

"Of course," said May, poising a forkful of Mousse Niagara before her slightly too emphasized lips and her voice curving out into an elaborate fan of satire, "and of course there is the Fort Worth Culture Club."

"Of course, yes," said Cornelia, as suddenly as a pounce, and fastening her rather noonday eyes upon May's slitted ones, "and mama's president of it and we have Owen Meredith a'fternoons and last year our vice-president prepared just the sweetest paper on 'Shakespeare's Heroines.'"

"That's right, Connie, don't let my young daughter tease you."

"Oh, Connie can hold her own! May has probably lived in New York too long to realize what the intellectual isolation of our country can mean. We aren't on the old world side where an imaginary line divides countries, and ideas are interchangeable over frontiers. We're isolated."

"Yes, but we travel more than any nation in the world."

"Granted, but even so, what about the proportion of Americans who have never been abroad or even seen their own country, for that matter? We only hear of the

summer exodus for Europe and read the list of steamship sailings. The stay-at-homes aren't listed."

"That's true, Julie. Right in my own family I'm the only one who has ever been abroad."

"We all know the Culture Club joke, even down our way. But just let me tell you it is those little groups of women with busy business men husbands, who are carrying the first banners of the real

on the Left Bank, near the Rotonde and all those places we went the night Lowell took us slumming."

"M-m-m."

"Most of Rodin's things somehow remind me of home, Edith. Intellectually, or culturally, as the Germans would say, we are only half out of the marble. The features of an awakening beauty are there, lovely as life, but they haven't emerged. Our little culture clubs and art circles that afford you sophisticated so much amusement, are in a way the Rodins of American culture. Tearing an intellectual curiosity out of the cold marble of indifference—"

Suddenly May leaned forward, her careful little face, black browsed, mobile under the weight of Indian turban, almost like a flower opening.

"Edith, there is that Pennystetter girl from Philadelphia coming in with Tom Sutter. She's wearing that Greuze model of Lanier's with the cherry and silver girdle. See her sleeves! They're quite large. Eugenie told me before she sailed that she had it on very inside information that Lanier's sleeves would be larger."

"Edith, the name Penny-stetter reminds me! You'll never guess whom I ran into at the American Express the other morning. Bob Penny-rich!"

"No!"

"I knew he was over, but thought he was in London. Same old Bob. We heard him laughing clear upstairs in the mail department and I said to Connie, 'that laugh belongs to no one in the world but Bob Penny-rich.'"

"Why, Julie—Bob in Paris! I haven't seen him for—let me see—I haven't seen Bob Pennyrich for—m-m-m—going on twenty years."

"Bob liked you mighty well in the old days, Edith, when you used to sit in the grandstand and root for him and the Central High football team."

"I hear he has done so wonderfully well, Julie."

"Well? Why, honey, Bob just owns about half of Muncie, is director in three banks there, officer in two or three corporations, owns the largest block of stock in the Suwanee Rubber Company, drives the fastest cars, does the most charity, owns the finest private art gallery and laughs the loudest of any man in Muncie. I wouldn't be surprised to see Bob Pennyrich on the Indiana gubernatorial ticket one of these days."

"You've heard me speak of this Bob Pennyrich, May. He's the one who sent



LEON GORDON

Creator of striking posters, a Russian by birth, a Parisian by training, an American by instinct and adoption, working on a painting for Fannie Hurst's "Forty-Five."

intellectual awakening in our country."

"Hear, hear!"

"May!"

"Let her alone, Edith. My riot act will peter out in a minute."

"Garçon, donnez-moi une lumière," said May, tilting her cigarette up at the waiter, who lighted it with fervent servility.

"Certainly, miss," he said.

"Oh! I'm not ashamed to say, just to emphasize my point to you, that my very first club paper next winter is going to be on Rodin and the pieces in the Rodin Museum here."

"You know where that is, May. Over

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

The wish we wish is a great big dish
Of Campbell's and a spoon,
Then a mighty thump and a long, long jump
And we'll sail right over the moon.



One jump ahead!

It's health that keeps you there. When Campbell's Tomato Soup sends up its fragrant invitation and your appetite revives and spoonful after spoonful freshens and delights you,—then pleasure and health go hand in hand. Soup strengthens appetite and digestion—increases nourishment.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is Nature's own tonic—the pure, stimulating juices and the rich “meat” of luscious Jersey tomatoes, strained free of skin, seeds and fibre to a velvet-smooth puree. There is the flavor and nutriment of fine butter, also, and the most delicate of spicing. The recipe is exclusively ours. But the sheer enjoyment is yours!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

me that little tear-shaped diamond I always keep in safety deposit, for a wedding present."

"A very appropriate gift. The fact that Bob liked you pretty well and has never married has always sort of tied up in my mind, Edith."

"Julie, what utter nonsense!"

"Bob Pennyrich is almost about the realest man I know," spoke up Cornelia now, still in the tone of being challenged.

"Please note the 'almost.' Bobby Fowler, Bob's nephew, is Connie's candidate for realest."

"Mama, dear——"

"Connie, why not? Edith is one of my very oldest friends. You may as well know, dear, that's why Connie's father packed us over to Europe alone this summer when he found he couldn't take off the time to come too. Go off and treat your mother to her last son-in-lawless summer, Connie, was the way he put it."

Sisters under their skin suddenly tightened in a circle about that table.

"Connie engaged!" cried Edith.

Connie held out a left third finger with a small blue diamond gleaming up from it.

"October," she said, and blushed furiously, her little white giggle very young and very pretty.

"He's a nice clean boy, Edith, twenty-four——"

"Twenty-five, mama."

"Oh dear yes, excuse the error!" said her mother in the large tones of amused indulgence. "He had a birthday yesterday and the cables were kept humming."

"Well, bless their hearts!"

"His mother, Aila Pennyrich, was about five years ahead of us in High, Edith. Good clean Hoosier stock. Nothing wonderful. They'll have to start small. Bobby is in one of his uncle's banks and has a nice future, if he earns it. I can't see what more two young people with their health and enthusiasm and a pretty little bungalow from the blushing bride's parents and a good thriving town like Muncie to start in, could ask for, do you?"

"Why, no," said May with her lips apart. "Why, no. No." And down now came May's voice, and gone were the provocative eyebrows and two little hands pounced on Connie's own. "Listen, dear, I'm a whippersnapper at hemming cup towels—you must let me do you some; and I know the sweetest place for peach colored trousseau lingerie, and have you seen those adorable little platinum anklets at Cartier's? So amusing! All the engaged girls who are over this summer are wearing them under their stockings. I sent one home to my chum in New York. Cunning little satires, you know, on the ball and chain idea. The Frenchman's notion of the frailty of the American girl's marriage tie——"

There suddenly rang out above the crystal and silver clatter of Café de Paris an enormous laugh, the kind that meant somebody's head thrown back and somebody's diaphragm a very bellows; and on it, Edith, Connie and Julie Bell turned simultaneously.

"Edith, that laugh belongs to only one human being!"

"Bob Pennyrich!"

"Speak of the devil——"

"There he is, mama, over there in the doorway talking to some people!"

"Run and tell him, Connie, to come

right over here, but don't let on whom we are with. Law, I wouldn't miss this!"

It was a noisy, well met reunion, with May a little splinter of disapproval on the edge of it.

She hated the hubbub, she hated the grin of gathers above Connie's sagging skirt band, she hated the Indiana burr that had suddenly raised itself on her mother's voice, and how Bob Pennyrich could laugh!

The Ritter twins, Baltimore, a few tables removed, were giggling behind their Poiré moire vanity cases.

"You're fooling! Well I'm hanged! Heaven above, girl, what have you been doing? Running the clock backward? Pon my soul, I took you for a chicken."

"Bob!"

"Fact! I'm not sure yet that this wet little town with the goatee under its chin isn't playing a trick on me. I'm seeing things! Where's that little cheek mole, honey, that I used to dot all my i's with? Where's all those little sun's rays crinkles that used to squeeze back your eyes when you laughed? Push back that hat a little—bobbed hair—b-bobbed——" It was then that he threw back his head and laughed and the Ritter twins wielded their vanity cases. "Great Caesar's ghost, our little class beauty of 'ninety-nine in her high head dress, long train, turned flapper twenty years after!"

Quick, excited, exclamatory talk. Pennyrich's laughter dominating all the clatter and May more than ever the little splinter on the edge, with the circumflex high in her eyebrows again and smoking coldly at her cigarette, on its little device of a gold holder that fastened to her finger like a ring.

He wanted to order luncheon all over again. He paid the check. He talked constantly about the joys of a "wet" city and ordered himself a bottle of table water. He bought up the flower girl's stock of violets and jonquils and was constantly diving into his left breast pocket for snapshots of his new Alsatian wolfhound, a cablegram from Bobby Fowler and banknotes to pay the waiter.

"Lemonade—or lemon squash or whatever it is they call it over here in this land of no ice. Come, girls, have a lemonade."

"No, thank you," said May and smiled down at her grenadine.

"Well, Edith, I don't mind telling you this is the greatest treat I've had in Europe. Take off that there Hindoo tioga and let me get a real good look at you, honey." And suiting the action to the word he reached over, lifting the solemn fez off Edith's small, clipped head.

"Don't, Bob!" she cried and her hands flew up to the still quivering line of her plucked eyebrows, shining in their soothing grease.

"Well, I'm darned!" he said, a rather comical perplexity out on his American Indian cast of face, and his mouth a little humorous, a little vexed, a little sad.

"I don't see the point, Bob. Nobody seems to be sitting around with their eyes hanging out over you, and you look so fit it's breath-taking."

"But you look fit, Edy, in a way that sets us back a generation. Am I right, Julie? But by Jove, I can't help kind of missing that little brown mole up there on your cheek bone——"

"Oh, cheer up! Why ooze sentimentality over a mole? There must be plenty

of them flourishing on native cheek bones back in Muncie."

Of course this was from the cool lips of May and her eyes were like slits of cold fire at him when she said it.

He looked at her. At her little slim, cross-kneed angle of insouciance, the cigarette curling upward on its highly mannered holder, the provoking brows, and back went his head for a blast of the easy laughter.

"You sassy little milk and honey fed chicken, you! Tell your mama to take you home and wash some of that nature faking purple off those lips of yours."

"Now, Bob, don't you and May start in like that——"

"Look here, girls, where do you all live? I'll drive you home now and then what say to a ride in the Bois about six and dinner later at one of those Chumps Elysses places where they trim Americans as only Americans love to be trimmed? What say, Edy? Julie?"

"Oh, Bob, we'd love it!"

"But Edith, we're——"

"No buts from you, Miss Slimpsy. For once you have to put up with your mama's country friends, or I'll carry you kicking and screaming every inch of the way."

"May's right, Bob. I forgot. May means that she—we have a partial engagement for this evening with some friends from New——"

"May doesn't mean anything of the sort. She's probably got her heart set on one of those Paris nights especially staged for the sucker Americans who——"

"No, Edith, Mr.—Pennyrich is quite right. I didn't mean anything at all. Of course we will join him. This is one of the times when it is so much easier to give in than to be let in for what is sure to be an argument. One dreads the noise."

"Great!" cries the not-a-gentleman from Indiana, seizing his vulgar opportunity. Where are you stopping, girls? I'll pick you all up at five."

"Connie and I are at the Hotel de Staël, Bob."

"The where?"

"A little hotel on the Rue Cambon. A dear little courtyard and French food—so really French. Connie and I always stop there, but our rooms aren't so good this year. We had to take them right up under the sun-baked roof——"

"Julie, with all your money! A little dump like that!"

"I don't blame her, Edith. I'm at the Esplanade. Hundred francs a day for the kind of room and bath that wouldn't cost me a penny above six bucks a day in New York; the lobby about as foreign looking as an Elks convention; American only spoken, and about the only thing French that I can see about the place is a palm out every which way I turn."

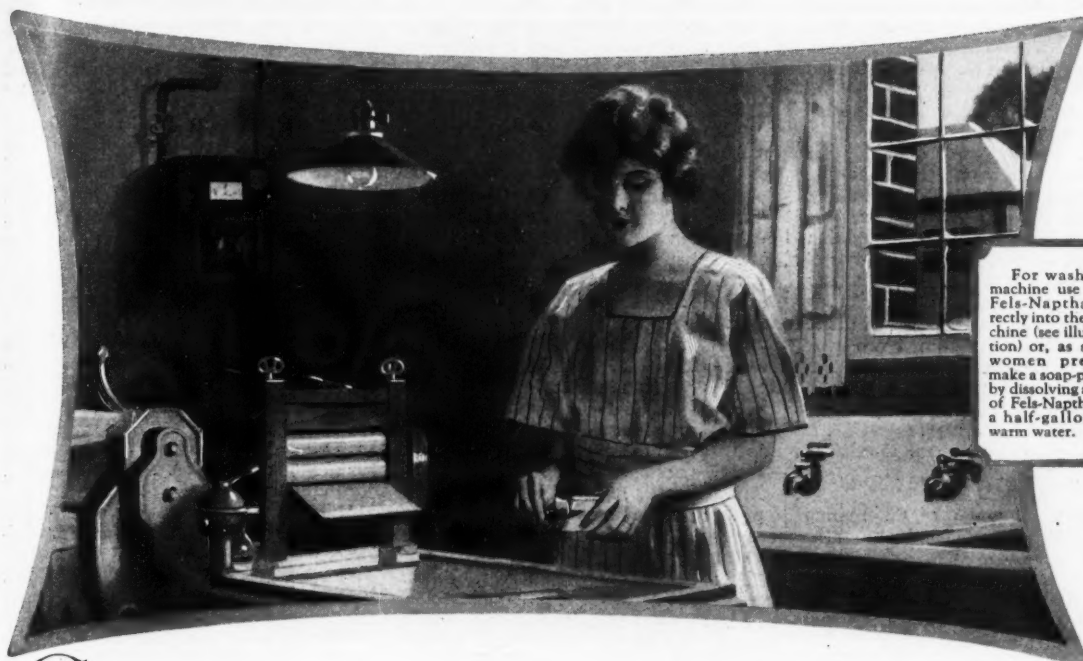
"We're at the Griffon, just across from the Tuileries Gardens, and just as comfy as can be. Why don't you move over to our hotel, Julie? We'll all be here some weeks. You too, won't you, Bob?"

"The girl is inspired! Connie, stop pouting or I'll cable a certain nephew of mine that his fiancée is given to fits of irascible temper——"

"Connie means——"

"Not a word out of you, Julie Bell, or I'll include a little report on the mother-in-law."

"But reservations at our hotel are not easy to——"



Give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha

Real Naptha—that marvelous dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners—cannot be obtained in prepared-flake form. The only way, therefore, to give your washing-machine the benefit of naptha is to make your own Fels-Naptha flakes (or soap-paste) as-needed, on washday. Do this for cleaner clothes.

Wet the clothes; and either shave the Fels-Naptha directly into the washing-machine, or make a soap paste (using your usual amount of soap); let them soak a few minutes. The real naptha will go through every thread, loosen the dirt for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanish—leaving the clothes clean, sweet, sanitary.

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TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Real naptha! You can tell
by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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Philadelphia

"And don't worry about our not getting all the rooms at your hotel we want, Miss Slimpsy. Just make a noise like an American dollar any place in Europe this summer and you can buy anything from the Kaiser's spurs to a spurious Rembrandt."

"Oh, how utterly—utter!"

"I know. Pretty awful, isn't it? But now grit your little teeth some more and prepare to bear up under the invasion of the Indianese. We're going to stage a rousing Old Home Week at the Griffon that will put some of those good old sense of humor crinkles back in your mama's face."

"It is very possible," said May, lifting back her lips in the cool, neat way she had, "that Edith will have need of those sense of humor crinkles in view of the impending invasion you mention."

"Zouee!" he cried, making a mock feint as if from a blow.

Her head was back now, and the slits in her eyes said "War!"

And it was. But war of the roaring cannonade of Pennyrich's laughter and the little barbed spearings of May Whatley's tongue. She had a way of watching him while he talked, almost as if behind the arched bow of her teeth the arrow of her tongue was tautening ready to fly.

Her mother would observe all this with anxiety, ready always with the intercepting or deflecting word, because often and more often as the gay Paris weeks fled on, May drew blood, and Pennyrich's laughter would die down into quick pools of silence and the American-Indian look to his cheek bones seem to mount.

"May, for the few weeks that we are to be here in the hotel together, you might make yourself a little more agreeable to my friends, particularly since they are here at the Griffon at my suggestion. You are, dear, to Julie and Connie these days but—Bob—"

"Oh, Edith, don't you worry about Bob! He's too pleased in his man-from-home rôle to be on to himself."

"There are limits to fun."

"Who said fun? He's one of these noisy, assertive Americans who thinks that the only way to impress a woman is to throw violent cave man contortions and treat her as if she still rode side saddle and held her little finger out from the teacup."

"I wouldn't exactly say that Bob is trying to impress you, May."

"His is the grand old spirit of 'ninety-six. He likes women who still call a leg a limb and say 'when baby came.' Don't want to seem to wound your native enthusiasm, dear, but the pride of dear old Muncie High is impossible."

Edith's reply came from her in a little spurt too fast for her to control.

"But I notice that you haven't missed one of our impossible friend's parties all this time. If I felt as you say you do, I'd go off with Lowell and the old crowd, dear, or stay at home and read a book."

Miss Whatley, who was at breakfast, nibbled at the heel of her morning roll.

"Not at all; I enjoy it. Besides, I'm what he needs."

"You, what he needs!" Something that was slow and humorous came out in Edith's voice and the mask of her face gave a little twitch as if a mute were trying to speak. "Why, May Whatley, one Bob Pennyrich in this world is worth ten of you."

"Possibly."

"And of me, for that matter."

"No, Edith, not you." May was fierce at that, pressing down her mother's hands to the tray and kissing them in a little hot string clear up to the wrists. "He's not worth ten of you! Nobody is."

"Oh May—May—"

"Yum—yum—yum—bad hands, stop twitching in that silly nervous way"—and kissed them all over again on the little moist places left by her first ones.

The little unusual tremolo in her daughter's voice and the string of soft kisses sent surprising and easy tears spurted to Edith's eyes. She closed fingers that had almost a baby's twine to them about May's soft wrist.

"Oh, May, that's just it. Nerves. I—us—oh—I'm silly! But May, sometimes when I get to thinking of us—our kind of—lives—and what a silly, inconsequential mother I must be to—well, I mean how much I am to blame for—for things and I—oh, silly nerves, I know!"

Miss Whatley regarded her parent with the dispassionate eyes of supreme youth. They were like bright shallow pans with gilt bottoms.

"You are developing nerves, Edith. I've noticed it lately. Bad. Mustn't."

"I can't seem to help it, May. Sometimes I—the queerest sensation. I want to laugh, May, and no sooner do I want to laugh than I want to cry and then I just sort of want to do both at the same time."

"Sheer utter nonsense."

"Sort of hysteria, I guess."

"And no wonder. It's the Uplift family across the hall. I could forgive even Connie her shirtwaists and her mother her pince-nez on the gold hook, if only they weren't so damn noble."

"May!"

"When they begin to drag you to morning lectures in the mummy room at the Louvre and buy Anderson prints of Le Brun and daughter to take back home to the Fort Worth librarian, I don't want to laugh and cry, dear, at the same time; I want to grunkle like a gorilla, or whatever it is that gorillas do."

Edith Whatley pressed her fingers into her eyelids until the darkness spun star-points.

"Oh May, May, May, where am I letting you lead us! Connie isn't exactly a blaze of personality, I'll grant you, and Julie's bromidic in spots, but just the same I sometimes think she has kept young in a different way than I have. A finer way."

"Fat," said May, the word spinning from her lips like a disk.

"She's not fat in spirit! I've cut the wrinkles out of my face but Julie Bell's kept them out of her heart."

"Whatever that means."

"No, May, under our skins Julie and I are the same age—forty-five—and it's being forty-five underneath this bobbed hair of mine and my plucked eyebrows that makes me want to laugh when I want to cry and cry when I want to laugh."

"Laugh, darling, laugh, if it makes you feel any better."

"That's why I love to have Julie these days, May. I need her. Don't scoff! It's these little nervousnesses that come with forty-five that make me fairly ache to take down my hair, climb into a kimono and talk it all out with someone my own—"

"Dearest, thank heaven you can't take down your hair—it's bobbed, and up per-

manently in an adorable everlasting wave, and your only kimono is a pair of mauve pajamas that would make Connie and her mother look like two gunnysacks of first class spuds put away in the cellar for winter use."

"I—"

"If you're feeling nervous, we'll both stop in later for a facial. There's a little line next to your nose, dear, that I want out and quick too, because if Bob spies it he'll want it to wear in his watch. That must be he now on the telephone. Even central always rings noisiest when it's Bob at the other end."

"I'll answer it, May."

"Oh no, never mind! I'll soothe his savage breast with my dulcet tones. Hello . . . Well, it all depends upon which lady from Indiana you mean. The young and pretty one or the young and pretty one . . . Well, that will be about enough Hoosier horridness out of you. Won't I do?"

"I'll take the receiver, dear."

"Shh-h . . . What? . . . She's not feeling any too fit this morning."

"Please, May, don't let on to Bob! Here, give me the receiver, I want to thank him for my flowers—"

"Oh, we loved the 'posies and secretive buds! Of course the marigolds were for me, *n'est-ce pas?* . . . Why? Why, because they're for remembrance or something of the sort, aren't they? . . . Oh rosemary, of course, if you must quibble over terms!"

"May, let me—"

"Shh-h . . . Where? . . . Today? Why on earth does one take a boat up the Seine with mussy little French families and their *enfants terribles* all about when one has the smartest car in Paris at his beck and call?"

"Oh May, it's a perfect day for our picnic up the Seine!"

"Wait, Bob, I can't understand a word. Edith—please—it's maddening to have you talk in on me like this. Hello—"

"But Connie and Julie Bell are counting on it. You keep your engagement with the Stetlows at the Ritz for luncheon, dear, and we'll get the hotel to fix us up a picnic basket—"

"The sweet girl graduate is all agog so I suppose I must. I cannot trust my young parent out alone on these wild Indianese debauches. I suppose there'll be hard boiled eggs and *jambon froid*, warm wine out of fluted paper cups and crumbly cake with the icing stuck to the tissue paper, and I'm sure Connie will bring along Ruskin's 'Six'—or is it Seven—'Lamps of Architecture' to read aloud on the boat . . . All right, then, eleven o'clock if I must. Good by."

"But May," said Edith, rising and regarding her daughter with very dark and very bright eyes that glowed across the bowl of marigolds between them, "if you don't want to go—"

"But I do want to go, Edith," said May. Her voice was dead level now and the moment of silence that floated in between them was crowded with heartbeat.

There were the fussy French families and pale inhibited little French boys who played with dolls, and scores of frank Parisian amours taking place in secluded nooks, and a fusty, out-of-breath boat that stopped at far too many landings, and sure



The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room receive an impression of you that you will never know

All around you people are judging you silently

YOU cannot escape it—that frank, unspoken comment that is born in the mind of every person you meet.

The friends who greet you in your own drawing-room—the strangers who pass you in the street—each one of them is storing up impressions of you that you will never know.

Don't let little evidences of neglect—carelessness about your appearance—create an unfavorable impression.

If you have an unattractive complexion, begin now to overcome this defect. Any girl can have a smooth, clear complexion. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right treatment you can make this new skin what you will.

Read the two treatments given on this page. One of them tells how you can correct an oily skin and give it the smooth, velvety texture it should have. The other tells you what to do for a pale, sallow skin—how to rouse it to color and life. These are only two of the famous Woodbury skin

treatments given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment suited to your skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1612 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1612 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.



Use this treatment for a skin that is too oily

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A pale, sallow skin should be given this special treatment

Just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over top of the basin and cover your head with a heavy bath towel so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

From the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A thought on Yuletide giving

And a few hints on how to fill Father's stocking

Another Christmas is rapidly rolling around.

Another year when you have to sit down and think—and think hard—what to give Uncle Arthur, Father, Cousin Edward, Grandfather and the rest.

Every man—well, nearly every man—likes nothing better than a good pipe. And the chances are that he will find at least one hanging on the Christmas tree and be tremendously pleased.

Right there is your opportunity to give him something to go with the pipe.



Not an ash tray. (He probably has dozens of them.) So to Edgeworth smokers, to the friends of Edgeworth smokers, and to all others who may be interested, we respectfully offer this Christmas suggestion: a 16-ounce glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

You'll have to hunt far and wide to find the smoker who won't be tickled to pieces to find a glass jar of Edgeworth beside his Christmas pipe. If he doesn't get a Christmas pipe, he'll enjoy the tobacco just as much in his old pipe.

If your regular dealer hasn't enough glass jars to supply the Christmas trade, let us play Santa Claus for you.

Send us \$1.65 for each jar, a list of the friends you want to remember, and your personal greetings cards. We'll do the rest.

We'll pack the glass jars in appropriate Christmas boxes, enclose your cards and send them off in plenty of time to reach your friends before Christmas.

Meanwhile, if you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you free samples both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

Just send us your name and address on a postal and we will forward the samples promptly. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will appreciate your courtesy.

For the Christmas packages or the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

enough, Connie had brought her travel edition, but of the "Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini," and the icing stuck to Edith's fingers and had to be washed off by the process of Bob's dipping his handkerchief into a fluted paper cup of warm white wine.

They sat on deck and watched the French countryside, florid with June, slide past, Pennyrich at great ease in knickerbockers, one knee flung high over the other and his restless fingers playing an incessant tune upon it.

"That's a perfect Claude Lorraine sky, mama," said Connie.

"Oh, I would not say that!" said May, who could not quite remember ever having seen a Claude Lorraine.

"Well, girls, what do you think I bought myself today that about set me back the price of a couple diamond tiara-ra-ras, a motor boat and a grand piano or two thrown in?"

"Whew, Bob, setting some Muncie pin money in motion?"

"No, Julie, I'm pretty much like you when it comes to rolling the American dollar along the Rue de la Paix, but I blew myself to something that doesn't exactly come under the heading of home industry. Yes, saw something I liked, couldn't get the thing off my mind. Wanted it. Got an expert fellow to do the parley vooing, got the price down from the eighty percent advance quoted to Americans and now I'm the proud possessor of—guess!"

"Oh Bob, not a hydroplane or something dangerous?"

"Zero for Edith."

"A chateau!"

"Zero for the milk-fed chicken. Come on, Julie and Connie—next!"

"A—a—oh, what could have cost more than all those things put together! I have it! A Gobelin."

"No."

"A—a—"

"A Meissonier, girls."

"There, I was going to guess an automobile in the beginning. What is it, Bob, one of those wonderful French racers?"

There was a moment of pause, with Edith darting out a quick gesture as if to push back May's words, and Connie, it must be owned, rippling up into a giggle. But Julie Bell leaned forward, her mouth ardent.

"Bob, how wonderful to be able to gratify a gorgeous whim like that!"

"I got it from the same fellow who sold me my small Jan Steen two years ago. I don't know the technical points that make me like it, but it's considered a very fine little canvas, and by Jove, it's full of the prance of horses and hurt eyes kind of dying gloriously and red smoke and—well, it got me."

"I hope you'll let us hang it in our club rooms during Federated Art Circle week, the way you did your Zorn etchings, Bob."

"Certainly I will, but before I let you hang it I want to drive my new Meissonier down Elm Street and see what the folks back home think of my French racer—"

A kind of suppressed laugh went up in a little explosion, and May, whose face still stung red and whose lips were none too steady, lifted them then, bravely.

"I must brush up on my Baedeker."

"Baedeker won't help you, sister. What you need is a spanking. A good old Indiana back-of-the-hairbrush brand, and by

Jove, Edith, I'd like to be the one to administer it to your young daughter."

"Bob, don't you and May begin, now!"

"Never have been able to make much of an impression upon the mother, but I'd like to try my hand at making a literal one on the daughter."

"Subtle wit, I suppose."

"A spanking, sister, that's all you need to set you straight. Some of that kalsomine washed off that pretty face of yours, your point of view aired, and I'll show you a close runner-up to the Edith Mastason who sang 'Alice, Where Art Thou,' on the graduating platform of the Muncie High and who once gave me a brown sepi of the Colosseum by Moonlight for a birthday present. I have it yet, God love it!"

But instead of her usual curved scimitar of a retort, small jade-white areas had sprung out and were quivering about May's nostrils, and she jumped up so precipitately that her frail deck chair toppled over and her handbag and cigarette case fell.

"You're horrid," she said, her lips pulled this way and that in her desperate effort to steady them, "perfectly, savagely horrid," and then, before the avalanche of her tears, turned and ran.

"Why, May dear—come back—come back—Bob was only teasing!"

"Good heavens," he said, "I've hurt the child!" and began to rise up in what seemed interminable sections of his length.

"I'll go to her," said Edith, who had paled. "Bob, you were cruel."

"No. Let me. I must have come down like an elephant," he said, and stalked after her with the wind lifting his strong black hair and in his enormous and really troubled stride lifting one foot then the other, right over two children at play on the deck.

He found her in a crumple off in a deserted corner of the bow deck, her arms crossed on top of a coil of canvas fire hose and her face down in them.

"Why, now, May!" he said, in the voice with which he told children Jack the Giant Killer. "Is this the girl I thought was such a good sparring partner? Oh—oh—shame!"

"Go away!" she said furiously into her arms. "Go away!"

He stood looking down at her crush of small figure, her smart outing hat with its patent leather rose awry, and her back all curved up with crying.

"May—"

"Go away!"

"I'm sorry if I've hurt you."

"You sorry!" she cried, flashing her tear lashed face up at him. "You sorry if you've hurt me! Why, you thrive on it!"

"I do not."

"You do. You revel in it. There's never a remark you direct to me or at me that hasn't been carefully barbed beforehand. Sorry! I know how sorry you are." And down went her head into her arms again.

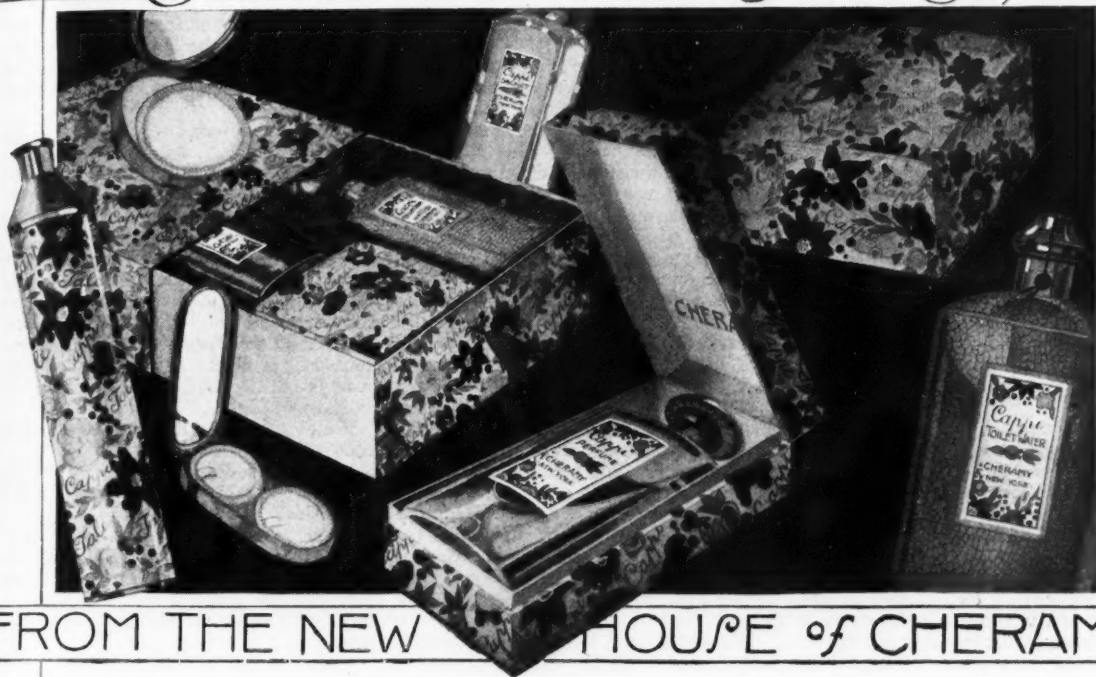
He cleared a little of the fire hose and sat down beside her, forming a cove around her huddled body.

"You don't mean that, May."

"I do. I do. I do. I can't stand it any more. Your ridicule. Your sarcasm. Your blistering, horrid way of trying to belittle me."

"Doesn't it occur to you, May, that if I seem to belittle you it might be that un-

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consciously I am trying to barricade myself against being belittled by you?"

"Oh, no! You flung down the gauntlet to me the first instant you clapped eyes on me. You've too much disdain for anything I might say to let it belittle you."

"You're wrong. No, May—listen, stop crying and we will talk this thing out."

"I'm so hurt. So wounded by what your attitude toward me has been from the very start. So hurt that I've rammed my pillow into my mouth, if you want to know it, so Edith wouldn't hear me crying in the night. That's how you've hurt me. And today it wasn't any worse than—than usual, but I guess I—I just snapped."

"It's just as well you did, May," he said, reaching out for her arm with the gesture of a doctor feeling for a pulse. "It's the first glimpse I've ever had of you with your eyebrows down."

"There you go again. For a man of the world such as you profess to be—"

"I've never professed any such thing. You've just sized me up right, honey, that's all."

"Indeed I have. Your ideas about life are carpet slipped and your ideas about women mid-Victorian."

"Both much maligned institutions."

"You think a girl who reads Freud or Havelock Ellis is a brazen hussy—"

"You're wrong again. I object to the girl who doesn't read Freud or Havelock Ellis but juggles their cant phrases up into a cocktail of dangerous misconceptions."

"You belong to the school that dotes on the 'good old days' when we slept with closed windows and closed minds. Why I—I actually believe your grudge against me is because I've kept my mother young and good looking and free from her native school of Owen Meredith and hips. And I—as for my eyebrows—well, they're my affair, aren't they?"

"Bless your heart, indeed they are. Pluck them all out, honey, if you like them better that way. What does an old Hoosier like me know about such things? I think you look darn cute if you ask me. I could write a sonnet to them. How's that? Modern enough, isn't it? Sonnet to a Lady's Plucked Eyebrows."

"No, that isn't modern—it's merely you—being smart."

"May, you're wrong. I hold no brief against you flappers. I'd like to have a half-dozen of you with your bobbed hair and your rolled stockings and your naughty little jazzy shoulders, each one of you waving a different colored feather fan above my coach, the way the Egyptians did. Those fellows back there had the right idea."

She laughed through her tears and the wet of her lashes with the glow of her eyes behind them was like shower-in-sun, and he took both her hands in his and now his voice was the Jack the Giant Killer voice again, just about the time the children are getting drowsy.

"Why, May, you girls have about fifty-one percent the right idea. Throwing off restraints that haven't any more meaning left to them than Chinese feet. That's not my tirade. The swing of the pendulum is too far, that's all. Like the fellow who was abstemious before prohibition and now drinks like a fish."

"Rather vague analogy."

"I know, but you get what I mean. I'm for the new values every time, but it is the

false ones that have crept in with them."

"That's the hue and cry over every young generation," said May in the recitative voice of one who has said it all before. "The Brontë sisters were considered shocking because they traveled about a bit and taught school, the 'Gibson Girl' because she wore rainy day skirts, and now—"

"The flapper generation because she jizzes, boozes, regards the crowning glory of womanhood her bobbed hair and is directly responsible for the male genus, lounge-lizard."

"Yes, and then settles down and makes just as good a wife and mother as any of them in the maligned generations before her."

"Exactly. That's just why you youngsters sometimes get on my nerves. What's it all about? Setting aside old ideals for new ideas. No reality. No sincerity. Syncopated thinking. Piffle."

"Good old moss-grown spirit of 'ninety-six."

"Drinking down cocktails when they make you sick to your tummy. Sorry, honey, if I have to talk facts. Sneering down the old merely because it isn't new. Wiping the Meissoniers off the slate because someone came along later and squirted on the pigment straight from the tube. God knows I don't take you all seriously . . ."

"We must be brave and bear up under it—"

"I'd just as soon buy the whole generation of you an all-day sucker, tell you to go home and wash your eyebrows, they look sore, and go to bed."

"Ah, my cave man! There is nothing left for me to do but fall in love with you at the end of the fifth instalment of the serial."

"I know the good old wife and mother stuff is there. Nine out of every ten of the little American clothes horses I see cavorting around Paris this summer are going to bear and rear the American citizen of tomorrow, but meanwhile you youngsters are taking yourselves too seriously. Honestly now, you mustn't. Ellen Key and Jane Addams and Madame Curie are the real modern women of today."

"We can't all be Ellen Keys and Jane Addamses, you know."

"No, but you can hitch your sixty horse power runabouts to the kind of modernity for women that they represent instead of this new generation piffle that you are all impudent with."

"I won't be talked to like this!"

"Yes, you will. It's good for you. It isn't so very important that you happened to confuse my Meissonier with a motorcar—come to think about it that would make a corking good trade name, The Meissonier Six—but it's the point of view behind the error. I refuse to accept Dadaism, futurism, free verse and the Russian ballet as the only movements in the history of the world that matter. I think Cézanne is a mighty artist, but so was Meissonier. Debussy hasn't yet overshadowed Bach for me nor James Joyce one Mr. William Makepiece Thackeray. Wow, but that last will give the 'esoteric few' the ascetic shudders!"

"You flatter yourself."

"Ah, but joking aside, we are all making a mountain out of a mole hill, about you youngsters and your goings on. As you

say, you are young and will settle down some day just as if you'd never purpled your lips and trained your silhouette to cave inward like an oyster shell. But what have you done to Edith, May? What you can get away with charmingly can—even be rather horrible on an older woman. What have you done with the old Edith whose hair grew up off her neck in the shyest, sweetest way and whose eyes used to squeeze right in behind laugh crinkles?"

"And don't forget the mole on the cheek."

"You're getting Edith's laugh crinkles, May. No—don't fight them back. Sometimes when I look at you I get a fleeting glimpse of the old Edith—the sweetest girl in Muncie. What have you done with her? She's gone. I can't find her behind that polite-faced mask. She keeps trying to look out at me, but no use; and then, just when I am about giving up, along you come with some unconscious twist or turn. A replica of the old Edith I am looking for and cannot find."

Scalding, angrily hot tears were out in May's eyes.

"Don't drag Edith into this! Ridicule me all you want, but not her. I can't stand that."

"We are not mincing words today, May. I hold you to account. Edith is not really the—the caricature on youth which you have made out of her. She's as real behind her mask as Muncie or Julie or—you!"

"What Edith is, she is—for me. Because I've molded her sweet nature against—stodginess. She went through ten years of unmitigated married hell with my father and I've rejuvenated her from forty-five to twenty-five and I'm proud of it."

"You've perpetrated—"

"A woman doesn't have to look fair, fat and forty to proclaim the maternity you prate about in overweight and hips like—well, never mind like whom. Behind what you are pleased to term her mask there never was a dearer—a—a—dearer—"

"Why May," he said, and by now the children in his Jack the Giant Killer voice were sound asleep, "I love you when you're like this!" And touched her cheek and they both sprang apart from the contact. Surprised. Startled. Young.

"I—why—" she said.

"Why—I—" he said.

"Let's go back," she cried, and stood up rumpled and red.

"There—there's the rippingest little crinkle, May, like Edith used to have, curled up under your eye. No—don't touch it."

"Let's go," she repeated, and jerked her hand away from the sting of his.

They turned up deck. There were sudden little running steps all through their walk and the wind in their faces.

It was wonderful to lie very straight and very still upon the bed after the long day on the water, and May, in orchid colored pajamas that made a sort of boy doll of her, was stretched on top of the violet colored taffeta coverlet, her arms stiff along her sides, her lips prim, and eyelids that because of the little flashings through her body were not quite steady.

It was only an interim. At seven Pennyrich's car would gather them up again, all five, for outdoor dinner in the



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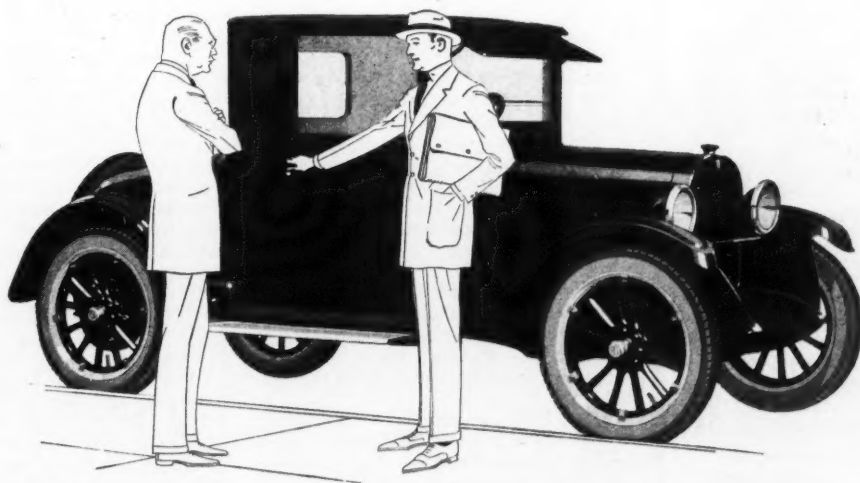
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Bois and, because May wanted it, dancing later at Les Acacias. Her evening frock, an apricot tulle from Bouvet Seurs, was poised on a chair like a ballerina taking her bow.

Edith, who could not sleep, sat beside the window. She was still in her white outing frock and there was a red welt across her brow where the hat had pressed. She kept rubbing it. Opposite, the Tuileries Gardens swam in the haze of late sun and up and down there darted, like gadflies on water, the honking, toy-like, hair-raising cabs of Paris.

The welt hurt and because she could not sleep she tiptoed finally across the hall to the Anderson suite.

Julie Bell had a headache. Her hair was down—nice glossy chestnut hair still striated into pretty fluffs from coiling and with even more gray near the roots than one suspected—and there were frank patches of dark shadow out here and there in her face.

She wore a dark challie wrapper with a shirred waistline and an outlining of narrow red satin ribbon. A practical wrapper for slithering through Pullman cars in the morning. It folded into a little plaid bag for the valise.

"Why, Julie Bell, I haven't seen one of those 'Solid Comforts' since I left Muncie. Are the girls still swapping them at Christmas?"

"Connie made me mine. Wouldn't be without one. Come right in, honey. Shove over those things and curl up here on the foot of the bed. I'm done up. Splitting headache. Bob will have to count me out of the second instalment of his party."

"Oh Julie, I am sorry!"

"Getting old, Edy. You look twenty-five and I feel it most of the time, but the fact remains that these two hundred and six bones of ours, or however many it is, have been cavorting for forty-five years and these nerves of ours—"

"Oh, Julie, you too—nerves?"

"Me too? Why Edy, you can't know—"

"Don't I! The unreasonable depressions. That dreadful, hot, stifled feeling of wanting to laugh and cry—that horrid, irresistible inclination sometimes to laugh—"

"How well I know it! Connie has invented a little treatment all her own for it, and it works; a little massage—the back of my neck—up under my hair, and my face in her lap—and an old nonsense song about 'old corn pone' that she sings to me. That's when a daughter more than anyone else in the world can understand, can help you over the bad half hours, isn't it? But I can't get over you, Edy. Young you!"

"Young me. Under our skins, Julie, we're both forty-five."

"I guess that's about the size of it."

"Do you mind my being here, dear?"

"I love it. Reminds me of old days."

"It was heavenly, wasn't it, on the river today?"

"Isn't Bob a wonder, Edy? Ed always says of him that he treats life as if it were a tandem of spirited horses. He drives with a laugh and his hand is light, but he is master of the reins every second."

"Bob has everything," said Edith, her back up against the footboard, her eyes seeming to ignore the wall and see into some beyond that was her very own.

"No, not everything," said Julie Bell in a curving tone that stabbed into Edith so pleasantly that she reddened, started and then slapped a pillow very hard to make the start seem part of that gesture.

"If you will be literal—of course no one has—everything."

"Bob hasn't you?"

"Why—Julie—"

"Oh come now, Edy! Everyone knows how much he liked you and what a blow it was to him when you married Gordon Whatley."

"That was twenty years ago and I've been a widow ten, so if Bob liked me so much—"

"Now, now, that all sounds logical enough but men aren't logical in such matters. Bob's been making his way all these years and your paths simply didn't happen to cross. That's the man of it—and life—outside of romances. But now—"

"Why Julie Bell!" said Edith, afraid that her voice must be much too high, but she could not seem to get it down. "I simply won't have you talking like this."

"Why?"

"Why—because."

"Well, well, what an excellent reason! Why you old darling, I wish you wouldn't be all inhibited when you're talking to me. Good heavens, Edy, if we can't settle down to a good old heart-to-heart, who can?"

"There are some things, Julie—not even us—oh, I know what you mean, dear! But if Bob is so dominant—he is dominant—a man who is a captain in industry—in life—should be captain in lo—dominate that part too—I mean. I—see the way he handled May today. The way he brought her back—happy—dominated."

"The way he handles May in general is rich, Edith. He knows that down under all her nonsense is just another adorable Edith Mastason. All that flapper nonsense just tickles him except when he gets right annoyed and gives her a verbal spanking. He knows his May."

"It's true, Julie. Down under all the things that her father's money and my weakness have done for May, she's as Muncie as you or I ever were, Julie. She loves to putter about the kitchen, adores youngsters and will spoil to death the man she marries."

"She looks like you used to, Edy, more and more every day. Something about the eyes. The little cunning crinkling-in expression like you used to have before you had your face fiddled with. Bob and I were saying the other evening, sometimes it is uncanny to see you sitting there with your face so calm and untouched and all your little funninesses cropping out in May, as if your expression had merely been transferred to her."

"It must seem—uncanny. But you see, I'm behind myself and can't notice it."

"Edy, while we're on the subject will you be angry if I say something?"

"You old darling, I couldn't be at anything you might say."

"Edy, let your hair grow long again. Oh, I know it's my generation and Muncie speaking but—let it grow! It is sweet and young and boyish on May, and as the saying is, she is young enough to get away with it. So are you, dear, for that matter, except—not quite."

"I'm as silly in it, then, as I feel, Julie?"

"Oh no, not that, except—it takes

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It was because of the increasing volume of motor car ownership that this department was started a year ago. Since that time we have helped thousands of Cosmopolitan readers with their motor problems. More than eighty-thousand of the motoring booklets listed here are now in use. Check the booklets you want on the coupon, and send four cents in stamps for each. They will be mailed to you postpaid.

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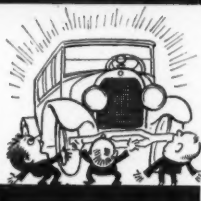
Phonographs
12,000,000



Telephones
11,712,228



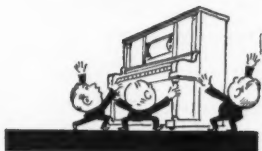
Automobiles
11,000,000



Homes
9,083,711



Pianos
8,000,000



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- No. 2—Selection and Care of Tires and Tubes.
- No. 3—The Car's Electrical Equipment.
- No. 4—Engine Carbonization.
- No. 5—Motoring as a cure for Nervous Disorders.
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- No. 7—Brakes and Brake Relining.
- No. 8—Chassis Lubrication.
- No. 10—What We Have Learned from Automobile Racing.
- No. 11—Pistons and Piston Rings.
- No. 12—Spark Plugs.
- No. 13—Good Driving.
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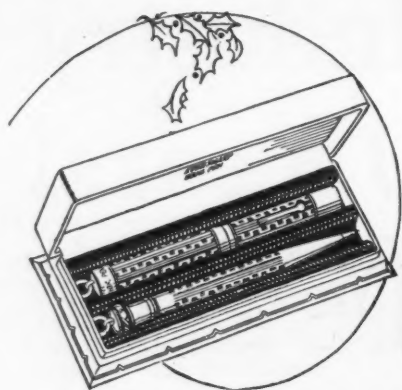
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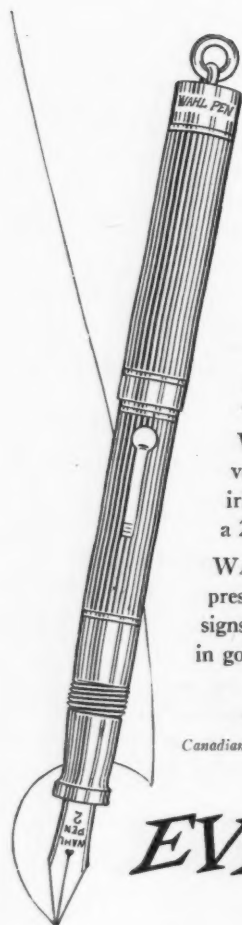
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something away from you! I miss it, Bob—misses it. It's one of the reasons he can't seem to find you. What is adorable on May, and she is too cunning, isn't quite right with you because—well, it's the contour of these forty-five year old bones of ours showing through. They need the softer frame. May is all curvy and round. Bones can't be lifted like wrinkles. Not that I'm holding myself up as an example. Heaven forbid!"

"I know, Julie Bell, you're dead right," said Edith, swinging herself to the side of the bed. "So right that—that it hurts to talk about it."

"Edith, I have offended you!"

"You haven't. You've helped. I hate to talk about anything that hurts—always have. But Julie—you wait and watch. Sometimes a talk like this—coming at just the psychological moment can—can—Bob—Julie, do you think—"

"I don't think, I know," said Julie, and they kissed and held one another cheek to cheek, and that way Edith could somehow talk easier.

"You see, with me, Julie—all those dreadful ten years with Whatley broke my spirit, I guess. And then May began to grow up and I let her fashionable school and social ideas picked up from the new generation and her sweet kind of dominating youth, get on top of me. We Americans do revere our young so. And then, without caring very much one way or another—it just happened this way."

"As Ed always says when we drag him off to a dinner party after a hard day in court, 'Thank God for the flappers, they are so easy to sleep to.'"

"Julie, I've tired you. Your eyelids are all blue."

"I've loved having you."

"You're sure you can't go along this evening, dear? Bob's in his glory giving us what he calls a real party. And Connie?"

"There's no use. She's napping in the other room, but she won't budge. That's the pity of it. Says she wants to stay at home and write to Bobbie, but I know the truth of it is that she is on ache and pain duty with me. Why don't you pack May off with Lowell and some of her group. Edith, and you go off by yourself on a real old-fashioned talk-fest with Bob?"

"Oh Julie—shame on you!" cried Edith, but she kissed her and ran back across the hall with the rather silly consciousness that she was giggling.

May, already in the apricot frock, was just turning from the telephone and her lips, *au naturel*, were bunched as if they had been kissed.

"It's Bob," she said and giggled too, but at nineteen it was a fresher of delight. "What?"

"Just some nonsense he telephoned down to me. Tease," she said, smiling back at herself in the taffeta and lace draped mirror and fastening a jade-green ostrich rosette at just Bouvet Securs' chosen spot on her girdle.

"You're dressed early, dear."

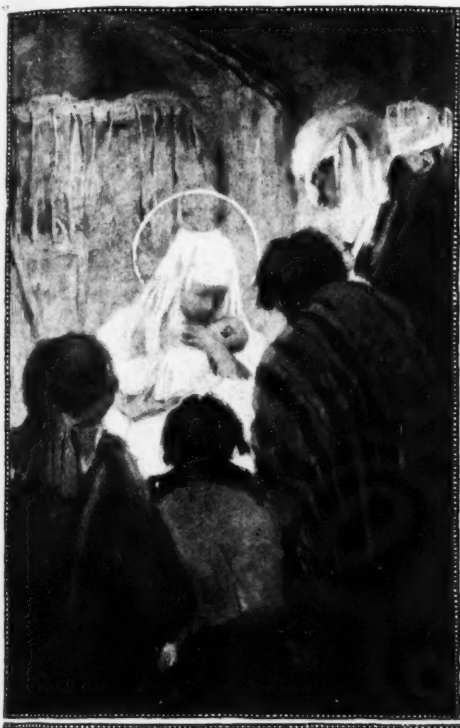
"Oh no, the car is at the door; Bob is ready any time! We—thought we would sit down in the car and wait."

"There's a little dark shadow under your eye, dear. Powder it out."

"No. No. Please."

"Why—May—"

"Why—nothing—"



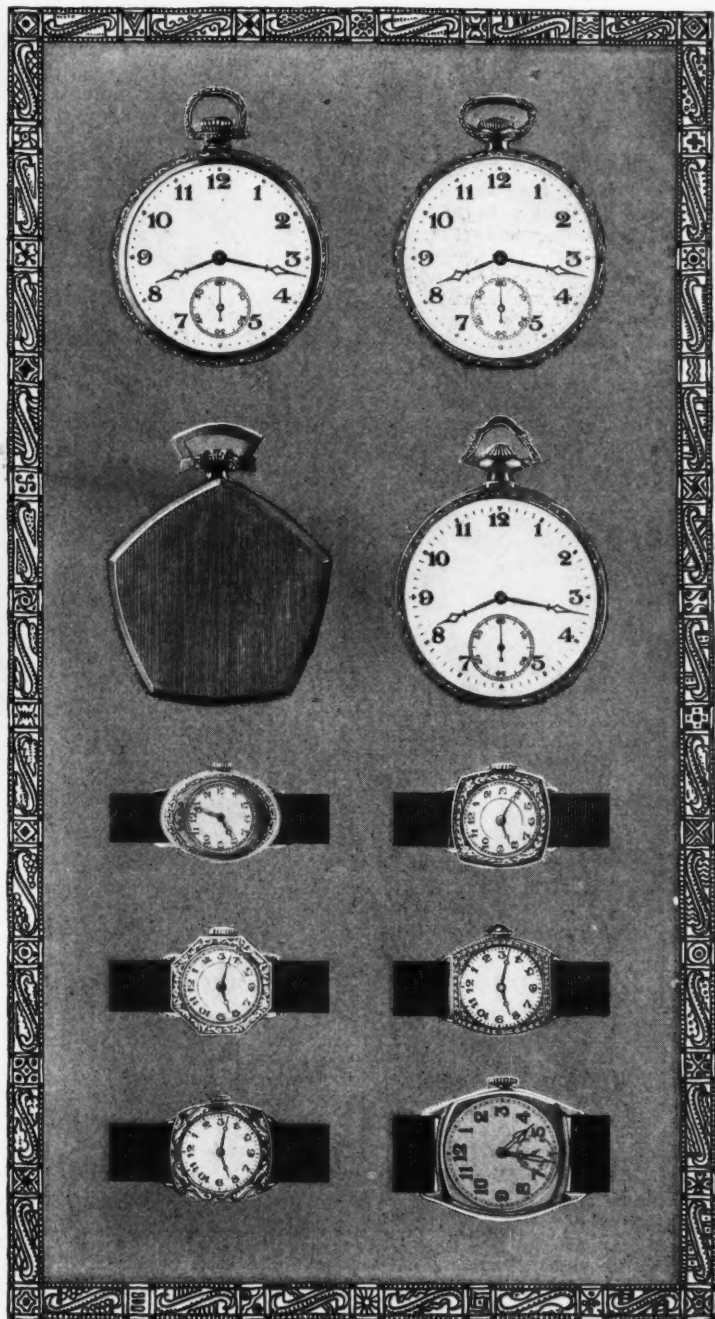
S the spirit of Christmas thrills us anew with thoughts of giving, it is then that we wish to remember some dear one with a gift of fitting sentiment.

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Wadsworth Cases

Make Watches Beautiful

"Julie and Connie aren't going. Julie's a little done up."

"Not going?"

"No, dear, and I thought if Lowell—"

"Why, Edith dear, if you're too tired! It's been a long glaring day, and dear—you've a headache! I can see it. You mustn't think of going either."

It was the welt from the hat that Edith stood rubbing, the rims to her eyes widening a bit as bewilderment set in.

"Why no—dear—I'm not—"

"You are. You're worn out and I'm a pig. I've had my forty winks and you haven't, and I don't mind a bit putting up with your Big Bear Bob alone for one evening."

"But May—"

"No bats—Edith, please! You're a darling little wreck—you need sleep and you shall have it," and she was gone, on a kiss that smelled of chypre, a waft of tulle and a flash of white summer fur.

Quite automatically, after a moment of standing there stunned, Edith walked after, but only across the hall to Julie Bell's door. It was closed and she knocked softly, without any definite notion of what she wanted, but rather with the idea of avoiding the chypre-scented silence that May had so precipitously left behind her.

There was no answer and finally she opened the door, quietly, to save the squeak. Julie was still on the bed, but

her face was buried in Connie's lap, and Connie, manipulating clever and boneless fingers up under her mother's hair and along the back of her neck, was chanting some nonsense about "good corn pone and an ole ham bone."

It was not easy to close the door noiselessly again, and the horrid quiet was waiting for her when she regained her room, and she went over as if with destination and began to screw the top on a jar of cold cream that May had left uncovered.

That dreadful impulse had her by the throat. She wanted to laugh. This time she let it come. Dry. Brittle. Like glass, breaking.

Watch for the next of Fannie Hurst's brilliant studies of life in a forthcoming COSMOPOLITAN

Ponjola

(Continued from page 88)

towards camp when he suddenly stood still, looking thoughtfully towards the one or two slight cuttings he had made to the north, beyond the shaft.

"I'm half inclined to think I'm getting too near my boundary line there," he said, "perhaps even a bit beyond it. We'd better be on the safe side anyhow by shoving up a discovery notice. I think I've got one in my hut. Then tomorrow we'll peg out another block so as to double back and protect this one."

On searching, however, he found another license but no discovery notices. These last are rather important documents, as wherever a prospector sticks one up between the hours of sunrise and sunset he has the right of prospecting for thirty days within a radius of 3000 feet.

"No matter," said he. "I'll take Qualimbo into the town and send some notices back. I shall probably go on into Wankelo and if I do I'll get a couple more licenses at the mines office and we'll peg further extensions north and east."

In half an hour's time he was off again, on his horse this time, with Qualimbo following behind.

Desmond, too happy and excited to settle down, began to mooch about the camp, back along the lines of excavation and boundaries. Druro had left an uneasy impression in her mind that all was not yet properly safeguarded, and it occurred to her that it would be an awful thing if some stranger came along and pegged the ground north of the shaft, thus hemming them in and perhaps annexing the extension of the reef! A sudden resolution seized her to make sure against such a contingency by pegging the northern block at once.

"Better be safe than sorry," she thought, and going up to the shaft she called the boys off their job and told them to start collecting boulders for a set of new beacons.

Her prospecting and pegging expeditions now stood her in good stead, and she knew exactly what to do. Taking her starting point from Druro's northwest corner beacon, she started to step out another six feet for the end line and fifteen hundred feet for the side line. But it was a bigger job than she anticipated. The lines went down the kopje over ground rough with boulders and obscured by bush, and the original point was soon lost sight of. The boys too were sufficiently green,

and she wondered how Druro had managed at all. Evidently he had been working without a prismatic, for she could not find one and had to get her direction more by good luck than anything else. It was a weary job in thunderous heat. However, after a couple of hours she felt pretty certain that the block pegged was roughly correct, and by that time Qualimbo had returned with the notices—half a dozen of them—and she thought that while she was about it she might as well put a discovery peg in the two other extensions still to be marked off. The beacons could be erected at leisure, but she lost no time in filling in the discovery forms and sticking them up on the pegs for all the world to read—that gold had "this day been discovered at foot of notice, and Francis Everard Druro has for thirty days hereafter sole rights of prospecting," etc.

After which she found an old tree stump and sat down with a cigarette. The pleasurable sensation that comes of something accomplished, something done, filled her being. More than that, she felt intensely happy at being back again on the veldt she loved and in Druro's society, which she found sweeter than the breath of life. Ponjola had departed from him and luck had returned. The gods smiled! These were her happy reflections as she sat watching the mass of green-bronze and carmine clouds that had gathered about the setting sun; but her reverie was rudely dispelled.

From behind a clump of bush, walking light-foot with a preoccupied expression on his face and a compass in his hand, came Constant Lypiatt. The shock of surprise brought her to her feet and into his line of vision. He did not seem startled but his expression changed to a suave affability.

"How do you do, my dear Desmond?" he inquired, smiling. But there was nothing affable about Desmond's return greeting. She could not make out what the deuce he was doing there and she made no bones about asking him pointblank.

"Oh—just pursuing a little prospecting venture of my own," he replied.

"But this is Lundi Druro's ground."

"That has to be proved," he snapped.

She was staggered at the menace in his tone and all that the words implied. But instantly alarm gave place to relief. It

was clear that in some mysterious fashion he had become informed of Druro's find but he was a couple of hours too late! The narrowness of their escape shook her to the depths—but they *had* escaped!

"If you will give yourself the trouble of going up to the kopje you will find the proof all right," she said scornfully. All expression vanished from his face. He showed no trace of annoyance.

"Thanks, I will. I went all over the ground this morning, outside Druro's northern sideline, and it had certainly not been pegged then. If you have pegged and put up a D. P. since, that alters the case. But I shall require to verify that."

Desmond reddened with anger.

"I shouldn't advise you to let Druro find you ferreting about his camp," she flung after him as he went up the slope. The sight of him infuriated her, yet there was delight in her fury.

It enchanted her to sit on there awhile savoring the rage and disappointment of the enemy, and she did not move from her rock until ample time had passed for him to have left the camp. Then leisurely she strolled back and inspected the D. P. once more to see that it had not been tampered with. Afterwards, it being six o'clock, she sounded the gong for the boys to knock off work.

In her hut, kit and baggage lay piled on the floor and she proceeded to get it unpacked and put the place into some kind of order before dinner. It was a large hut with a beautiful red cement floor, smooth and shining as marble. She had never seen such a splendid floor in a hut before and wondered for what purpose the missionaries had laid it down. If she had known she might not have congratulated herself so heartily upon it.

The bed had already been made up—a narrow camp stretcher—and after putting her personal things about, unfolding her canvas chairs and making all ship-shape, she called a couple of boys to come and carry her portable bath full of books and canvases over to the mess. By that time Pofaan had set upon the table a savory stew, green mealies and sweet potatoes.

Afterwards she lounged at the hut door and smoked. In the dying light the Selukine hills were very lovely.

Since she and Guthrie and Druro were likely to be settled here for many months

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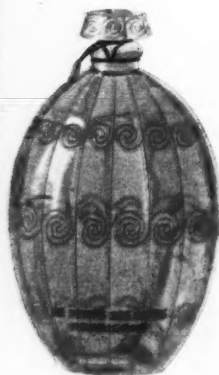
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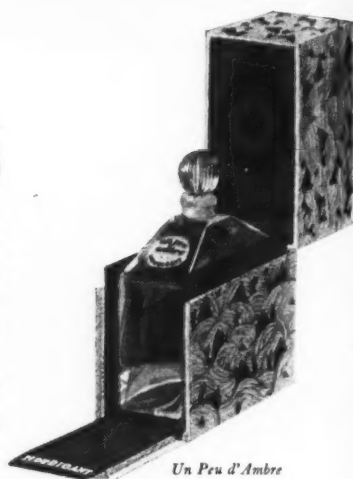
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Un Peu d'Ambre



Quelques Fleurs

it seemed worth while to turn this their living room into a cheery place, so she presently put books upon the rough shelves and choosing the brightest of her studies of natives and sunsets pinned them to the rough *dagga* walls; filled some native pots of black polished clay with more myrtle sprays; flung one or two bright rugs about; and covered the packing case table with a dark green blanket.

It all took time, but she was thankful to be occupied, for this was the first night she had ever spent alone on the veldt without the company of another white person, and though she felt certain that the natives were reliable—for Druro had the reputation of being able to attach to himself an entourage of good boys—the disclosure of her sex to Mrs. Hope had curiously undermined her former careless security. Natives know a good deal more than they tell, and she often wondered whether the keen eyes of someone or other of them had probed her secret. In case of this she was never without a loaded revolver near her at night.

It was less the thought of the boys that disturbed her than remembrance of Lypiatt.

She was a woman after all, and though the danger of the man's encroachment on Druro's ground had passed and failed, yet it worried her. What would he do now? He was not a man to sit still under failure. He would never cease to make moves against Druro "until his mouth was stopped with dust"; nor would Druro be free of his mortal enemy until either one of them was dead—or out of Africa!

When she had finished arranging the mess hut she sat long in her deck chair, reading and thinking, and with a peculiar disinclination to getting up and going out into the darkness to reach her own hut. At one time she almost determined to sleep where she was sitting, but she overcame that inclination.

So, resolutely at last, she put out the lights and made her way carefully through the darkness. There were even darker shadows lurking under the trees and a soft drizzle of rain had set in. Once she caught a fleeting glimpse of the moon—a dim wraith slipping through dense masses of cloud. Not a star to be seen! The utter stillness of the place lay on her heart like a stone. The boys' fire was out long since, and they, rolled up in their blankets, were doubtless fast asleep. She gained her hut as one gains an island in an overwhelming sea and feeling in her pocket for the matches went in and closed the door.

Instantly she knew that she was not alone.

CHAPTER XV

"DON'T scream," said a quiet voice. *Don't scream!* The blood froze round her heart. Those ominous words revealed the fact that her secret was known not only to Mrs. Hope but to the man sitting there in the darkness of the hut. As the match flashed and died she caught a lightning impression of a watching face and a pair of folded white hands.

After a terrible instant, during which she gathered together and girded to her soul all the courage that generations of soldiers had bequeathed her, she struck another light. It was Constant Lypiatt sitting there quietly like a waiting fate.

She too was quiet. It was no moment for noise or outcry. There was something here to face that concerned not her immediate personal safety but the rest of her life. Quite steadily she lighted the candle and set it down and spoke.

"Kindly explain this intrusion."

He replied in a low voice, calmly but rapidly: "First of all I must remind you that when you were delirious with fever I carried you to my car and afterwards to Mrs. Hope's hospital at Selukine. That gave me certain information about you which I have no desire to use unless you force me to do so."

She lighted a cigarette but remained standing. So! He had known all these months while he was away down country!

"Go on," she said without expression.

"In return for my silence there is something you must do for me."

"Yes?"

"I intend to have that block of claims you pegged this afternoon. I require you to take down your notices. No one will replace them. That's all."

"I suppose you know that neither the property nor the licenses are mine? That I was merely acting for Druro?"

"You must act for me now."

"You realize that it is a criminal thing you are asking me to do?"

"Damn the law! It's a matter between you and me to be settled here in this hut tonight." His voice snapped relentlessly. "No one but you and I know what is on those notice boards. Druro is away. The explanation you offer him on his return is that I got in first with my notices—it's only a fluke that I didn't anyway."

Curiosity overcame the fury Desmond was repressing. "How did you find out that he had struck gold?"

"Never mind how," he retorted dryly.

"I have my methods. In any case, as I've already told you, I was here this morning and went over the ground carefully. Druro unfortunately for himself was away and there were no boys to be seen. I had the place to myself, and time and leisure to size up the situation. The only pity was that I had no notices with me. It didn't take me long to discover that our gifted engineer had surveyed his northern line so brilliantly and pegged it so wonderfully that even his shaft and part of the reef are *outside* his block. Both are in the ground you pegged."

For a moment she was dumb. Not at his menace but at the disclosure and what it might have meant to Druro. When she did speak it was in his defense.

"He pegged it without help—and he is a sick man."

"What does it matter anyhow?" interrupted Lypiatt brusquely.

"Yes, what *does* it matter? There was no mistake about my pegging."

His suave smile appeared for the first time. "That's what has to be altered." She smiled too—a smile composed of scorn, detestation and derision.

"Do you really imagine that I am going to steal Druro's mine to please you?"

"To please me, no. To save yourself—yes, I think you will do as you are told."

"Save myself from what? I have yet to learn that to try to lose one's identity under a disguise is a crime."

"Not a crime, perhaps, but a scandal that will ring from one end of the country to the other."

That was true, of course, and she knew it. It would be the end of her adventure; a death knell to the free life she had learned to love. But she gave no sign of her despair. "Pooh! You flatter me. Africa has too many thrilling interests to bother about a foolish woman masquerading as a man."

"I do not flatter you at all," said Lypiatt gently and deprecatingly. "Africa will ring, and Europe too—not for the first time—with the name of Lady Tyrecastle."

That silenced her, blanching her cheek under its tan. No answer to that, nor flicking of cigarette ash. She stood motionless as stone. His water-gray eyes watched her with malicious amusement.

"I often used to wonder what it was about your face and personality that haunted my memory. I must say you did it well. I don't suppose I should ever have guessed the riddle but for the little service I was able to render you in your illness. That supplied the key, and a week later the mystery was unlocked."

Still no word from the Countess Tyrecastle who once was Lady Flavia Desmond.

"There have been some remarkable scandals in Rhodesia," continued Lypiatt, pleasantly reflective, "but I think this will knock most of them sideways—Lady Tyrecastle dishing out mealie-meal to the niggers on the Oof-Bird . . . the distinguished Countess drinking with the loafers and stiffies in the Bang-up bar . . . the celebrated beauty living alone with Druro the celebrated drunkard!"

Something in that tirade roused her at last to break silence, not in angry retort but in a curiously still inquiry.

"You are rich enough—why do you want to rob Lundi Druro of his mine?"

"For his good, of course," sneered the other with a savage smile. "Don't you know how I love him?"

"I know why you hate him," she lashed out at last.

"You're damned clever, then." There was an ugly light in his eyes.

"Oh, not so clever." She spoke slowly and distinctly. "Anyone could know who took the trouble to read the answer in your wife's eyes."

It was a thing no man would have said, and no woman perhaps—except one goaded as she was.

"By God! You shall pay for that!" He sprang at her and in an instant she was struggling in arms that were like wire rope. No word passed. But she saw the intent in his eyes and knew that it was evil. With one hand on her throat in a cruel hold, the other dealing with her hands, he forced her slowly to the wall. She could not shout for help or do anything but try to tear off the brutal grasp that was strangling her. Sick and exhausted with the struggle she thought her last moment had come when the door opened quietly and Druro stepped into the hut.

Even if it would have availed him, Lypiatt had no time to dissemble. He was caught absolutely in the act of trying to murder Desmond, or so it must have seemed to Druro, who instantly with an exclamation of rage and astonishment flung himself upon his enemy.

The two men closed. In a moment the table was over, the glass holding the spray of myrtle smashed with a splash and silvery jingle on the floor, the candle went spinning and the hut was plunged in darkness. No sound after that but heavy breathing



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and the slither of feet upon the wet cement.

Desmond, dazed with the suddenness of events, sick with the pain at her throat, leaned half fainting against the wall. She tried to remember where the matches were but her mind refused to withdraw its attention from those frightful sounds of breathing and blows. The end came suddenly—a rushing noise as of something heavy hurtling through the air and simultaneously a confused thud and a sharp crack like stone hitting stone. Then silence. After an agony of waiting she whispered fearfully:

"Druro!"

No answer. She spoke his name aloud then. Still no response. Almost her voice welled up into a scream but some remaining vestige of wisdom kept her from that. At last her fumbling fingers found the matches—in the pocket where she had replaced them! Trembling in every limb, she struck a light.

The two men lay in a tangled heap on the floor, and both were unconscious. Lypiatt's face she could not see at first, for Druro had fallen over and beyond him. It looked as if the smaller man, having used his wrestler's skill to throw his opponent Cornish fashion, had in so doing slipped on the wet floor and fallen under Druro's body. It was probably the impact of his skull on the granolithic that had made the horrible cracking sound. He lay on his back with blood oozing from his lips.

Druro had been thrown on his forehead, but from the way he was lying the fall had probably been broken with his hands. She got him over on his back and forced some water between his lips, but he showed no sign of reviving. Distraught, she splashed water in his face. His lids flickered and his eyes opened for a moment in a dazed stare, then closed again. He had the look of a sick and weary child fallen to sleep. She thought he would probably come to himself directly, and turning to Lypiatt did him the same services, though her fingers loathed to touch him. He was breathing stertorously but she could get no result from the application of water and dosing with brandy from her flask. His face was of a sickly ashen color.

She was sick and gasping and obliged to take some brandy herself before she could summon enough strength to drag him apart from Druro and get him on to a blanket at the far side of the hut, for she didn't want him to be the first sight Druro's eyes would fall on. Though he had hands and muscles of steel he was extraordinarily light in weight. She bathed his head again, forced more brandy between his lips and waited.

When neither of the men showed any signs of recovery she grew profoundly uneasy, and within the next hour there was not anything known to her in the way of resuscitation that she did not try.

Druro's hands were burning hot, and so was his head. When she thought to take his temperature by putting a thermometer under his arm she found that it was 105.2. That was delirium point! There was no doubt that he was suffering from fever as well as the result of his fall. Yet in the end he was the first to show signs of recovery. He opened his eyes and muttered something that she took to be a request for water. Gently she raised his

head and administered it. When he had drunk a little he lay back again, staring at her strangely. At last he said thickly: "Tell Williams I'll arrange about the transport."

"What?" she asked, puzzled.

"The load can be made up with meal," he muttered. His mind was wandering. He thought he was still in Selukine ordering the stores. She sat listening to him in despair whilst he went over lists of things necessary for the mine, holding disjointed conversations with storekeepers. He was far too big and heavy a man for her to lift. The only thing to be done was to wait till morning and get the boys to help. But all trace of the fracas must be cleared up first. It was now three o'clock in the morning and the dawn would soon be breaking.

She set to work collecting shattered glass, mopping up the mess on the floor and setting things back in place. At length no blatant signs of the fight remained except for the two men lying there. Just as she finished she was transfixed by the sight of Druro trying to struggle up. She rushed to help him, and with an effort he was on his feet, but swaying about and with the same dazed, sleeping look that she remembered when he first broke in to her rescue.

He appeared to have a desire to get out of the hut and mechanically she assisted him, putting his arm round her shoulder and half supporting him. It occurred to her that if in this fashion she could guide him to his own hut it would be a solution—the best one—of her difficulty, and by degrees she got him to the door and out into the dim glamour of early morning. Druro immediately began to shake violently. It was the ague of malaria. His steps wavered and at every yard she thought he would fall. Panting and staggering under his weight, almost carrying him, she managed to get him into the hut before he collapsed. He fell like a log on his bed.

After she had rested a bit herself she got him comfortably settled, pulled his boots off and covered him up with blankets. His teeth were still chattering like castanets, but otherwise he appeared unconscious. It seemed safe enough to leave him and return to Lypiatt.

Her limbs ached with fatigue by this time and the pain of her throat was almost insupportable, but she knew she must not give in. Her one hope now was to get Lypiatt recovered enough to get rid of him in the morning.

Making her way back to the hut, she returned to his side. He lay on the blanket against the wall, apparently without having stirred an inch since she put him there. But as she knelt down by him she saw there was one change—his eyes were open, looking at her in a fixed and terrible stare. She tried once more to force brandy between his lips but the jaws were chilled and stiff. That sardonic mouth would never sneer at anyone again.

Panic is probably responsible for more mistakes that end in disaster than any other emotion of the human mind.

If Desmond had sat down calmly and examined the situation, she would in all likelihood have taken the risks in her hand and gone straight to some responsible person in Selukine and told the story of



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the tragedy. It would, of course, have brought upon herself and Druro considerable inconvenience—not to say publicity. But a frank explanation of the whole affair might at least have eliminated any question of foul play.

Unfortunately, panic seized her soul. The salient fact that stood out in all her dark distress was that Lypiatt was dead—killed in the fight with Druro. Therefore any action she took in revealing the story might betray the latter to some sordid doom—prison, even the gallows.

There was no one with whom she could take counsel. Druro had grown worse instead of better and she was obliged to stay at his bedside while a messenger went into Selukine for the doctor. Even while she kept vigil she had to be on the alert, with the door wide open, her eye perpetually fixed on her own hut for fear one of the boys should find occasion to go there and make the dreadful discovery of Lypiatt's dead body. True, she had covered it decently with a blanket and pushed the camp bed over between it and the door so that anyone entering would not see it without searching. Still, it was there . . . staring with those glazed fixed eyes. She shuddered with horror, then took a greater grip of herself. Too much was at stake to give way to nerves now!

Druro she dosed as best she could with weak milk and quinine, and he sometimes fell into short spells of heavy sleep. During one of these she slept a little herself, worn out by the events of the night, waking with a start to find Qualimbo standing before her obsequiously, offering in his forked stick the letters he had fetched from the postoffice.

"Lo dokitor" at Selukine, he stated, was away, but having met another Baas who was a friend of Baas Druro, he had brought him along. The new Baas had a cart and would take Baas Druro to "os-pishdel."

Through the open door Desmond saw the newcomer approaching—a hard citizen who brought in the odor of a Highland vat. His eye though red was intelligent, but he appeared to have a supreme contempt for the art of conversation and contemplated the patient with all the veldt man's indifference to fever—though it blots out most of them in time.

"Seems sick," he remarked at last.

"He's pretty bad," said Desmond, "and I shall be thankful if you'll get him into Mrs. Hope's hospital."

"Stick him in the buckboard." The prospector motioned to the boys who were lounging at the door. Druro was laid flat in the bottom of the old wooden cart.

"Coming?" queried the hairy armed one.

Desmond shook her head.

"No. I must look after the place. Tell Mrs. Hope I'll be in as soon as I can."

Very gently, picking his way so as not to jolt the passenger, the big prospector drove off. Desmond was left alone with that which lay hidden in her hut, and to solve the problem of it as best she might. But first she went to the shaft to see what was happening there. It might have been fancy, but she thought the boys seemed moody and ceased talking at her approach. Lenarbo, the boss boy, had been blasting, and the others were hoisting up the stuff.

Of course it might have been that the boys were upset by the illness of Druro. She thought it as well, however, to speak

to Lenarbo in a peremptory manner, ordering him to get a move on as Baas Guthrie would shortly be there to take charge during the absence of Baas Druro. Among the letters brought by Qualimbo there was, in fact, a delayed wire from Emma saying he had got released from his contract and would be down almost at once. He was well known to all mining boys and these looked satisfied at once.

Then, when she went back to the mess and sat down pretending to be busy with letters and papers, she became aware of Pofaan's attention. He was apparently occupied with the task of peeling green mealies for lunch in the adjoining kitchen, but she knew perfectly well that no sound or movement made by her was lost on him. She had begun to feel extremely ill. A silk muffler loosely swathed hid her swollen throat and the line of dark bruises Lypiatt's fingers had left on it, but swallowing was an agony and every turn of her head a supplice. She realized now how near death she had been in that fierce grasp.

"If only someone would drop in!" she thought miserably; some passerby, kindly and sane, of whom she could take counsel.

Someone did drop in. Someone altogether unexpected and disconcerting and not at all a person in whom to confide trouble. A black policeman, walking with the proud air always assumed by natives when dressed in any kind of uniform, strolled into camp and approached the mess hut. At sight of him Desmond suffered a sensation of intense coldness beginning at her feet and traveling rapidly to her heart. Though it was obvious he could have no connection with the subject occupying her mind, she shivered at the irony of fate that brought a representative of law and order to her door at that moment. Yet when he drew up and saluted with the dramatic gesture natural to men of the Zulu race, she looked at him with a face almost as impassive as his own. He was a magnificent specimen of his tribe, with a fine face and bearing. In his left hand he carried a couple of sticks and a knobkerrie; in the other some leather paraphernalia.

"Funani-na? (what do you want?)" Desmond asked in her slow native jargon. A sharp fellow, he gathered at once that he must make himself intelligible in "kitchen Kaffir."

"I am looking for Baas Lypiatt," he said politely. "Is he here?"

"No," she answered, staring him firmly and fully in the eyes, and that closed the subject. He saluted again and was turning to go when she inquired casually:

"Why are you looking for him?"

"His horse came home without him and he cannot be found at present."

She then noticed that what he carried in his right hand was the remains of a bridle and broken reins. But she asked no further question and he wheeled and walked straight down the path which led away from the door in a direct sloping line to the main road below. Only, he did not leave the camp. When nearing the bottom of the kopje he diverged to the right where the boys squatted outside their huts eating their mid-day meal. A native policeman remains a native in spite of his blue tunic and arrogance; and a native will always go where food and fire beckon. Those clustered about the pot greeted him, shifting slightly that he

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might squat beside them, but he remained standing, proud and graceful, carelessly twirling his kerrie in his fingers.

They talked.

Desmond without being seen could watch them through the side crack of the hut window, and there was nothing to cause alarm, though she noted every gesture and strained for every inflection of their voices. In fact there were no gestures—only one or two casual remarks which she could not have understood even if they could have been heard at that distance. Then the visitor strolled away. The watcher at the window sat down with a sigh of agonized relief.

But relief soon fled, for the situation was no better than before. Indeed, it was worse. She had lied and put the police off for a time, but the fact must be faced that they were on the search for Lypiatt and had struck the trail! She must get rid of the body—and it must be done that night. She kept saying that to herself, but she did nothing, only sat still there in the mess hut, turning over the papers reading and rereading the lists Druro had made of the things he required.

All through the long afternoon she sat there, smoking a little, dozing once or twice from sheer dead fatigue, waking in a cold sweat to remember her horrible task still undone. Once or twice she walked up to the shaft to see what the boys were doing. They were busy twirling away at the windlass and the quartz was piling up. She gave a few instructions about stacking the reef carefully apart from the waste and walked away again, picking up, quite naturally, a spade that was lying idle. (She might need a spade!) On her way back she explored the precincts of the camp, casting glances in all directions, measuring every possible spot that might serve as a hiding place for something that must never be found.

There was an old well, or the beginnings of one, that had been dug to a depth of twenty feet, then discontinued. That might do. Another spot she looked at long and earnestly was a narrow but deep ravine running between a cleft of rocks on the far side of the kopje. Its entrance was almost smothered with lovely maiden-hair fern and palms. That might do. She preferred it to the well. To throw a body down a well was a revolting act. Laying it out of sight among green things did not seem quite so awful.

She returned to camp and sat in the mess hut again, trying to nerve herself up. Only one thing calmed her, brought back strength to her fainting spirit, and she said it quite frankly to herself at last:

"It is to save Druro—the man I love."

There was balm and healing in that clear confession. It was like shriving herself before death. To save *him* and defend him from ill! Her spirit brooded over him lying far from her, sick and suffering. She felt like a mother who must protect a sick child from hurt at the risk of life and limb—or her immortal soul. "It is for Lundi—whom I love," she whispered to herself and her heart's fearful beating grew quiet.

At sunset before sounding the knock-off gong she went up for the last time to the shaft. The boys were finishing up for the night, and Lenarbo handed her a piece of quartz about the size of a large fist, literally glittering with "visible." A beau-

tiful thing! It had come up in the last bucket. She took it, remarking that she would show it to Baas Druro in the hospital.

At that moment there came unusual sounds as of horses arriving and the boys all looked keenly in the direction of camp—being on the dump round the shaft they had a better view than Desmond.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

"Police *figeli*," answered Lenarbo laconically. (The police have come!)

She turned composedly and walked back. There was evidently something fresh to face, she knew not what, but it helped her to murmur her talismanic phrase:

"I love him. I must save him."

Something in the character of an invasion had taken place in camp. The first thing she saw was Qualimbo holding two saddled horses and gazing impassively towards her hut, where like a bronze statue on guard stood the police boy she had spoken with that morning! The door of the hut was open and from within came two white men, a trooper and a sergeant of the Selukine police whom she had often seen at Mrs. Hope's and knew quite well. She went straight over to them and the sergeant addressed her:

"This is your hut, I understand, Mr. Desmond?"

"Yes," She looked past him into the hut and saw that the bed had been pulled away from the wall, and Doctor Ryan was kneeling on the floor. Staring at the scene in dazed astonishment stood Emma Guthrie.

"We have found the dead body of Mr. Lypiatt here," continued the sergeant gravely.

"Yes," she repeated, "quite right!"

The doctor got up from the floor and came from the hut. "A fractured skull," he remarked briefly. "Can't say any more until I've made a further examination. Better get the body into town soon as possible."

"I'm afraid I must arrest you, Mr. Desmond," said the sergeant, "and I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you."

"All right, sergeant," answered Desmond pleasantly. They were all staring at her composure. Guthrie, wearing his stunned air, had come out.

"Lypiatt dead here! I can't make it out," he said helplessly. "How did it happen, Desmond?"

"It was not done on purpose, of course," replied Desmond calmly, "but as the result of a struggle. He slipped and hit his head a horrible crack on the floor."

The sergeant went into the hut again and struck the floor with his heel. It rang like a bell.

"Iron cement! The Jesuits must have put it down when they had the mission here. I wonder why?"

"I know why," said the doctor. "I remember it very well. This hut used to be their mortuary."

Desmond shuddered but instantly regained composure, and while the natives, superintended by the trooper, were carrying the body to Doctor Ryan's cart she gave Guthrie a few brief details about the boys and the work at the shaft. No need to tell him of Druro's illness, for he had already been to the hospital. Druro was still unconscious, and very bad.

"I met this crowd coming out here and

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the doctor gave me a lift," he explained. "I'm glad you got here," said Desmond. "I didn't like to leave the place alone with Druro away."

"He knows nothing about this, naturally?" The sergeant stood by, listening. "Of course not. It was a private quarrel between Lypiatt and me."

A few minutes later she was riding towards Selukine between the trooper and the sergeant. They chatted quietly about everyday matters, and no one mentioned the gruesome burden following behind. The policemen once or twice exchanged glances of surprise. It seemed to them that the prisoner did not quite realize the gravity of the situation.

If they could have looked into the mind of that prisoner they would have been even more surprised. Peace that was almost a quiet happiness reigned there; torment was at an end; the riddle was solved, so simply, so naturally that she wondered why she had not thought of it before. When they reached Selukine she said: "Take me straight to the magistrate, will you? I have something to say to him."

They rode up to the official residence and the sergeant went in and explained to the magistrate, who was smoking his after dinner cigar. In a few moments Desmond stood alone with John Kyrle in

his private sitting room. A pleasant, fair man with kind brown eyes, he looked gravely troubled.

"This is rather irregular, Mr. Desmond. What is it you want to say?"

"You know that Mr. Lypiatt has been killed by accident in a struggle with me?"

"Don't you think you had better not say anything at all until the inquiry is opened?" interrupted Kyrle.

"I must. There is something I must say before I am sent to prison, or wherever I'm to go." For a moment she paused; then continued in a low, firm voice, "I've been wearing a man's kit for nearly two years, but I'm really a woman."

"Good God!" said John Kyrle.

"Yes." Desmond nodded gravely. "So you might just see that I'm not pitched into a cell with anyone else, will you?"

"Well, well!" muttered Kyrle. "Why, of course. But probably there's no need for you to go to the prison at all. You can apply for bail, you know—"

"I'd rather not be out on bail. You can understand it will be awkward for me—"

Yes, Kyrle understood, but still stared. "But who are you, then?" It was not curiosity—just wonderment.

Her lips moved in a slight, bitter smile. "I don't think that matters," she said. "It is not of much importance to anyone but myself."

Just who was Desmond? A dramatic disclosure in her trial for murder tells. Don't miss the January instalment.

Bingo and the Little Woman

(Continued from page 99)

"Thanks," said young Bingo. "That's a lot of help."

Next morning he rang me up on the phone just after I'd got the bacon and eggs into my system—the one moment of the day, in short, when a chappie wishes to muse on life absolutely undisturbed.

"Bertie! Things are hotting up."

"What's happened now?"

"My uncle has given the little woman's proofs the once over and admits her claim. I've just been having five snappy minutes with him on the telephone. He could hardly speak, he was so shirty. Still, he made it clear all right that my allowance has gone phut again."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't waste time being sorry for me. He's coming to call on you today to demand a personal explanation."

"Great Scott!"

"And the little woman is coming to call on you to demand a personal explanation."

"Good Lord!"

"I shall watch your future career with some considerable interest," said Bingo. I bellowed for Jeeves. "Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"I'm in the soup."

"Indeed, sir?"

I sketched out the scenario for him.

"What would you advise?"

"I think if I were you, sir, I would accept Mr. Pitt-Waley's invitation immediately. If you remember, sir, he invited you to shoot with him in Norfolk this week."

"So he did! By Jove, Jeeves, you're always right. Meet me at the station with

my things the first train after luncheon."

"Would you require my company on this visit, sir?"

"Do you want to come?"

"If I might suggest it, sir, I think it would be better if I remained here. I might possibly hit upon some method of pacifying the various parties, sir."

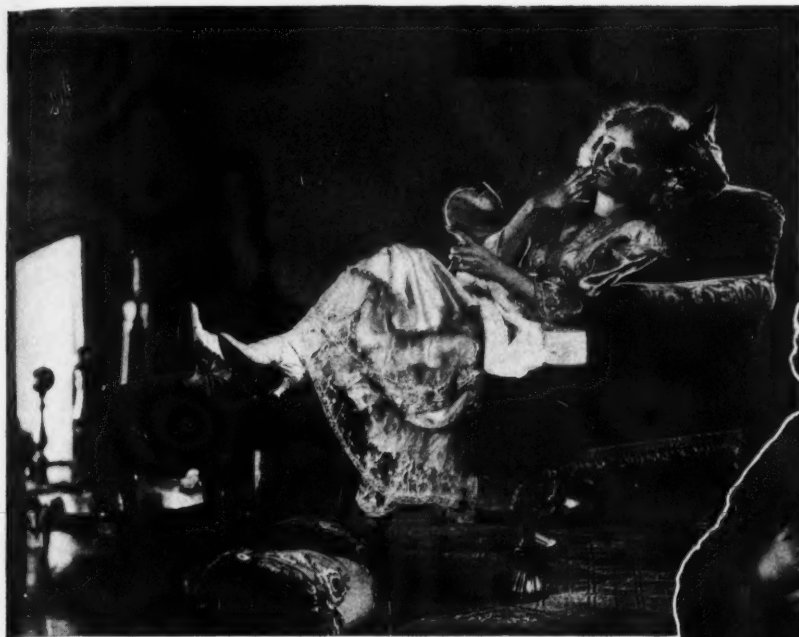
"Right-o! But if you do, you're a marvel."

I didn't enjoy myself much in Norfolk. It rained most of the time, and when it wasn't raining I was so dashed jumpy I couldn't hit a thing. By the end of the week I couldn't stand it any longer. Too bally absurd, I mean, being marooned miles away in the country just because young Bingo's uncle and wife wanted to have a few words with me. I made up my mind that I would pop back and do the strong, manly thing by lying low in my flat and telling Jeeves to inform everybody who called that I wasn't at home.

I sent Jeeves a telegram saying I was coming and drove straight to Bingo's place when I reached town. I wanted to find out the general posish of affairs. But apparently the man was out. I rang a couple of times but nothing happened, and I was just going to leg it when I heard the sound of footsteps inside and the door opened. It wasn't one of the cheeriest moments of my career when I found myself peering into the globular face of Lord Bittlesham.

"Oh, er, hullo!" I said. And there was a bit of a pause.

I don't quite know what I had been expecting the old boy to do if by bad luck



"Madame takes her daily clay bath, in her easy chair, and—

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By MARTHA RYERSON

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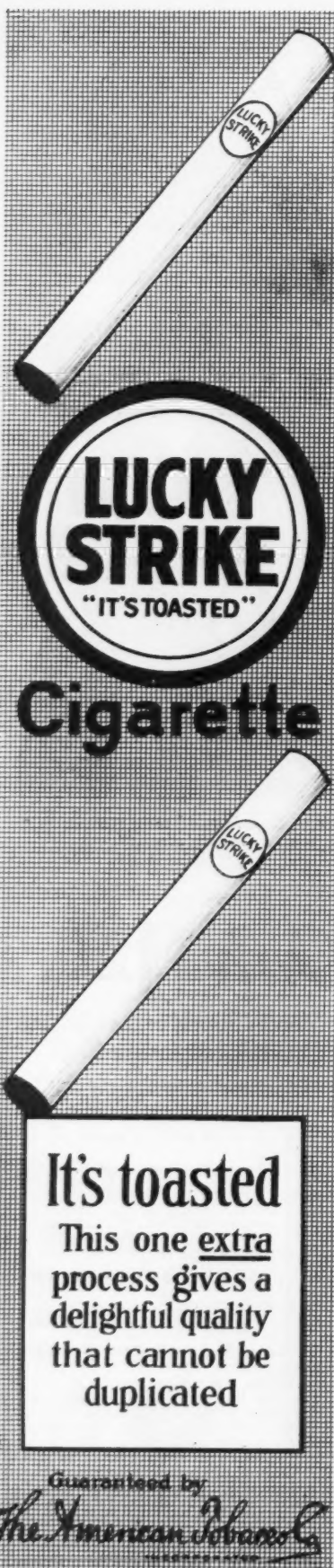
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we should ever meet again, but I had a sort of general idea that he would turn fairly purple and start almost immediately to let me have it in the gizzard. It struck me as somewhat rummy, therefore, when he simply smiled weakly. A sort of frozen smile it was. His eyes kind of bulged and he swallowed once or twice.

"Er . . ." he said.

I waited for him to continue but apparently that was all there was.

"Bingo in?" I said, after a rather embarrassing pause.

He shook his head and smiled again. And then, suddenly, just as the flow of conversation had begun to slacken once more, I'm dashed if he didn't make a sort of lumbering leap back into the flat and bang the door.

I couldn't understand it. But as it seemed that the interview, such as it was, was over, I thought I might as well be shifting. I had just started down the stairs when I met young Bingo, charging up three steps at a time.

"Hullo, Bertie!" he said "Where did you spring from? I thought you were out of town."

"I've just got back. I looked in on you to see how the land lay."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, all that business, you know."

"Oh, that!" said young Bingo airily. "That was all settled days ago. The dove of peace is flapping its wings all over the place. Everything's as right as it can be. Jeeves fixed it all up. He's a marvel, that man, Bertie, I've always said so. Put the whole thing straight in half a minute with one of those brilliant ideas of his."

"This is topping!"

"I knew you'd be pleased."

"Congratulate you."

"Thanks."

"What did Jeeves do? I couldn't think of any solution of the bally thing myself."

"Oh, he took the matter in hand and smoothed it all out in a second! My uncle and the little woman are tremendous pals now. They gas away by the hour together about literature and all that. He's always dropping in for a chat."

This reminded me.

"He's in there now," I said. "I say, Bingo, how is your uncle these days?"

"Much as usual. How do you mean?"

"I mean he hasn't been feeling the strain of things a bit, has he? He seemed rather strange in his manner just now."

Young Bingo laughed a carefree laugh.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said. "I forgot to tell you about that. Meant to write but kept putting it off. He thinks you're a looney."

"He—what!"

"Yes. That was Jeeves's idea, you know. It's solved the whole problem splendidly. He suggested that I should tell my uncle that I had acted in perfectly good faith in introducing you to him as Rosie M. Banks; that I had repeatedly had it from your own lips that you were, and that I didn't see any reason why you shouldn't be. The idea being that you were subject to hallucinations and generally potty. And then we got hold of Sir Roderick Glossop—you remember, the old boy whose kid you pushed into the lake that day down at Ditteredge Hall—and he rallied round with

his story of how he had come to luncheon with you once and found your bedroom full up with cats and fish, and how you had pinched his hat while you were driving past his car in a taxi, and all that, you know. It just rounded the whole thing off nicely. I always say, and I always shall say, that you've only got to stand on Jeeves and fate can't touch you."

I can stand a good deal but there are limits.

"Well, of all the dashed bits of nerve I ever . . ."

Bingo looked at me, astonished.

"You aren't *annoyed*?" he said.

"Annoyed! At having half London going about under the impression that I'm off my chump? Dash it all . . ."

"Bertie," said Bingo, "you amaze and wound me. If I had dreamed that you would object to doing a trifling good turn to a fellow who's been a pal of yours for fifteen years. Have you forgotten that we were at school together?"

I pushed on to the old flat, seething like the dickens. One thing I was jolly certain of, and that was that this was where Jeeves and I parted company. A topping valet, of course, none-better in London, but I wasn't going to allow that to weaken me. I buzzed into the flat like an east wind . . . and there was the box of cigarettes on the small table and the illustrated weekly papers on the big table and my slippers on the floor and every dashed thing so bally *right*, if you know what I mean, that I started to calm down in the first two seconds. It was like one of those moments in a play where the chappie, about to steep himself in crime, suddenly hears the soft, appealing strains of the old melody he learned at his mother's knee. Softened, I mean to say. That's the word I want. I was softened.

And then through the doorway there shimmered good old Jeeves in the wake of a tray full of the necessary ingredients, and there was something about the mere look of the man . . .

However, I steeled the old heart and had a stab at it.

"I have just met Mr. Little, Jeeves," I said.

"Indeed, sir?"

"He—er—he told me you had been helping him."

"I did my best, sir. And I am happy to say that matters now appear to be proceeding smoothly. Whisky, sir?"

"Thanks. Er—Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Another time . . ."

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing . . . Not all the soda, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

He started to drift out.

"Oh, Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"I wish . . . that is . . . I think . . . I mean . . . Oh, nothing!"

"Very good, sir. The cigarettes are at your elbow, sir. Dinner will be ready at a quarter to eight precisely, unless you desire to dine out?"

"No. I'll dine in."

"Yes, sir."

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing!" I said.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.



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Josie Takes the Beaten Path

(Continued from page 94)

coming out of all this!" he heard Josie say, still breathing hard, to the older woman.

Peace, quiet, winter sunshine held the house. Presently Mrs. Donovan came downstairs for a peek at the "young lad." Then the doctor came in, and Josie introduced her nephew ceremoniously as "Matthew."

"Well, and you're going to spoil him, now," said the doctor, smiling over his coffee cup.

"Oh, indeed I'm not!" Josie was radiant in the bright new little kitchen. "But—but isn't he magnificent, doctor?" she asked, opening an inch of the blanket cocoon in the old wash basket. "And he has the darlings enameled basket, only it's not altogether dry—" she was beginning when Frank, fretted by these amenities, broke in:

"My wife's all right, doc?"

"Fine!" the doctor answered, comfortably indifferent. To Josie he said, "How long are you to be here, Miss Callahan?"

"I'd—I'd like awfully to see her!" Frank suggested. The doctor gave him a glance, shook his head.

"She's had a cup of tea, my boy, and she's sound asleep. Let her sleep. She had an upset night."

"I guess we all did that!" Frank said ruefully, trying somehow to establish himself in the conversation.

"Why, you don't know what bad nights are yet," Doctor Concannon assured him humorously. And Josie added:

"Frank, you'll keep up the furnace, won't you? Doctor says it's bitter cold outside." A few minutes later Frank heard her murmuring sympathetically to the doctor, "It must be awful to be called up any hour—all night long!"

When Mrs. Cullen came noiselessly down Josie jumped up to see that she had coffee, cream, the hottest roll. The doctor left just as the girl was making herself bewitching in a fresh pink apron, to fry eggs.

"Where we would have been without this darling girl I don't know!" Mrs. Cullen said, one arm about Josie. "Your sister wants to see you the minute she wakes up, dear," she added. "Her heart was broken for you all night. Mr. Curley," she added to Frank, "you must see that this child gets some sleep today. And we need another hot water bottle."

Frank immediately departed and the women were left to talk and talk in joyous peace and relief from strain. And over and over again they said that it had gone wonderfully, and wasn't it glorious to have it so well over!

At ten o'clock, between smiles and tears, Josie tiptoed in to Annie's bedside and laid the blanket cocoon next to Annie's graceful, relaxed bare arm. Instantly the mother's eyes opened, and upon her face a radiant smile grew and deepened; the sisters looked down at the sleeping baby's face together.

"Josie—what a miracle!" Annie whispered. "Mine!"

She was asleep again when Frank came back, but at noon he crept in, in his turn, for a word and a smile.

"You'll never know what real happiness is, Frank," she told him seriously. And

immediately afterward she whispered: "Don't shut the air off him, dear!"

"Do you mind the smell of tobacco, Mrs. Curley?" the nurse asked solicitously. Annie, without opening her eyes, smiled and shook her head, but Frank presently slipped away. Sleep and quiet were all that she needed, and he could not help her there.

Annie slept, and little Matthew slept, and Mrs. Cullen dozed on a couch. Josie curled up on her own bed and slept for four hours. Mrs. Donovan went home.

Frank stoked the furnace and glanced at the paper and yawned. He was hungry for the first time in his married life, and also for the first time he was bored. There was no two o'clock dinner today, of fried chicken and lemon pie. There was no Annie with whom to discuss afternoon plans. Two o'clock, three—four—five o'clock. Josie did not come downstairs until after five, and even then she was not apologetic but appeared to be still wrapped in dim, smiling dreams of Annie and the baby. Frank, in some surprise, felt himself drawing upon an unsuspected fund of patience and good nature.

After that, everything was changed. Annie arose the ninth day, strong, cheerful, energetic. The routine of the house began to get back to normal. But Frank knew that it would never be the same; even Josie sensed that the old order was gone forever. Annie was Annie Callahan again, quick witted, resourceful, independent. She had exactly one object in life: Matthew. The upsetting of Matthew's meals was a serious calamity, the curtailing of his naps was never to be permitted. She studied books and charts.

To Frank she gave an abstracted kindness; she did not seem to notice that he missed desserts and Sunday expeditions and a thousand other luxuries. He read her no more specifications; ten minutes' talk on any subject other than the baby put her quietly to sleep in her chair. She would stumble to bed at half-past eight with no apology for her desertion; Josie came to have a sisterly sympathy for poor old Frank.

But then Josie's heart was brimful of love and sympathy for all the world just now. It was too miraculous—this golden, shining thing that she suspected—but the mere possibility of it made Josie walk on air.

He was so handsome, so prosperous, so admired—Doctor John Concannon. He was nearly twelve years her senior. He must be like this, kind and interested and flattering, with all the girls he knew, she told her soaring heart.

But—but he had come to see Annie and the baby twice a day for every single day of the first two weeks. And now he stopped nearly every afternoon, late, just for a little talk in the kitchen with Josie. He always asked for Annie and Matthew; but he didn't come for that! Josie let no audible, no visible hint escape her. But what dreams she dreamed!

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Street as his wife! To be "Mrs. Concanon" to all this neighborhood.

The happy blood would rush to Josie's face and she would glance about the kitchen, afraid of her own thoughts. But immediately they crept back again, and she was dreaming on.

Ma—how ma would love and admire such a son-in-law! And how proud Josie would be, running into the old house for a visit, with John—

"John!" The mere name suffocated her with felicity. "What could he possibly want me for?" she would ask herself humbly.

"Annie," she said, out of a silence, on the day before she was going home.

Annie looked up smiling from the double gown she was making for Matt.

"Jo, you're getting too pretty—What is it?"

"Annie—I was thinking—isn't it wonderful to have—to have—the man you love in love with you?"

"I love Frank more now than I did when

I married him," Annie contributed, after thought. "And to have a child—ah, that's the marvelous thing!" she added.

"Oh, that——" Josie said, her eyes like stars, her voice a mere whisper.

Annie, struck by her tone, looked at her with sudden keenness. A box had arrived at the house a few moments before, but Annie, out of whose hands the reins of government had somewhat slipped, had taken no special interest in its contents. Now she turned to see Josie with a great sheaf of pink roses in her hands, her cheeks the color of the flowers.

Instantly it was all clear to Annie; her eyes smiled but her mouth was very tender and her tone all motherly as she said:

"Josie!" And then questioningly, amazedly, reproachfully, "Why, Jo . . ."

Josie turned an April face. Then the roses tumbled in every direction, and the girl was on her knees on the floor, with her face hidden against Annie's apron, and Annie's arms about her.

In the last of the Ma Callahan stories—next month—Kathleen Norris makes another contribution to the understanding of life.

The Desert Healer

(Continued from page 39)

least shred of self-respect, do it again.

And what, after all, was it he was trying to evade? The problematical results of an extraordinary hatred suddenly conceived for a total stranger, and the haunting recollection of a woman's face with which he had become obsessed—he, who hated women. Good Lord, what a fool!

He welcomed the Governor's decision to leave during the following interval.

In the foyer, where His Excellency lingered for a few moments chatting with his habitual courtesy to the director of the opera house, General Sanois, whose policy was to strike while the iron was hot, seized on the opportunity to draw Carew aside and ask pointblank for the information that had been promised during dinner. They were still talking when they went out to the waiting carriages. The Governor paused with his foot on the step of his victoria and beamed affectionately at the two tall men.

"You are going on to the Club—for a little game of bridge, perhaps?" he inquired.

"The Club—yes. Bridge—no," replied the General bluntly. "Carew and I have some business to discuss."

The Governor cast his eyes heavenwards. "Business at this time of night—*grand Dieu!*" he ejaculated. "Go and talk your business, my friends. For me, I shall go home to bed—at a reasonable hour for once in my life. It has been a charming evening, a charming evening. My thanks to you both." And smiling and bowing he fluttered into the victoria.

As Carew's carriage moved into place General Sanois, who had accepted his offer of a lift, shot a glance of faint surprise at the two mounted Arabs who were drawn up close behind it.

"You ride *en prince* tonight, my friend," he said, frankly curious. And Carew who had himself only at that moment noticed the men, shrugged with mingled amusement and annoyance.

"It would seem so," he replied curtly,

"but you must blame Hosein, not me, for this piece of theatrical nonsense."

The General settled his angular frame into a corner of the carriage and hitched his sword between his knees. "He probably has his reasons," he said, with a shrewd smile that left Carew wondering how much he knew and how far his own steps were dogged by the secret police whose activities extended over a wider district than was generally known. The General was his very good friend, but he stuck at nothing to obtain information he wanted.

That he was intrigued by Carew's visit to the Casbar today was obvious but he was restrained from openly voicing his curiosity by a compact that had been agreed between them years ago. Though he knew and had good cause to know that Carew was whole heartedly attached to the land of his adoption, he knew also that the Englishman was governed by scruples that debarred him from certain lines of action. Tonight Carew felt convinced that the General was on the track of something other than the information he had been promised and, for his part, he was equally determined to disclose nothing but the matter in hand.

Ordering coffee, when they had found a quiet corner at the military club, the general produced the map that seemed to live permanently in the inside pocket of his tunic. For an hour or more they talked uninterrupted, and at last General Sanois pushed back his chair with a little grunt of satisfaction.

"It is understood, then, that you will act for us," he said, refolding the map carefully into its creases, "if it becomes necessary."

"If it becomes necessary—yes," said Carew, reaching for his cloak, "but I would prefer that you arranged this affair without my assistance. I have a scheme of my own on hand, and I am anxious to get back to my work."

"You can do your work and ours at the same time."

But Carew shook his head. "Not conscientiously," he said as he rose to go, "and besides, you want me to go south. I want to go west."

The General glanced up with sudden interest. "The City of Stones?" he suggested, with the suspicion of a chuckle.

"Yes, the City of Stones," the other admitted slowly, "but how did you know?"

The General laughed. "I didn't know. I guessed. It is a sufficiently impossible undertaking that would naturally appeal to you."

"I don't think it impossible."

"No, you wouldn't," returned Sanois dryly, "but it is impossible for all that. Many people have attempted to penetrate into that very intriguing and mysterious city—it has been told me that the charming inhabitants use their bones to form a unique and picturesque embellishment to their battlements."

Carew swung his heavy cloak over his shoulders. "They are welcome to my bones," he laughed, "the probable alternative being jackals."

"And your men—and the little Saba?"

Carew eyed him with a faint smile. Sanois's solicitude was touching but not convincing.

"How much for my men and Saba—and how much for your own schemes, General?" he retorted.

The general grinned frankly as he hoisted himself on to his feet. "Touché!" he said with a little bow, "but my schemes are less mad than yours, my friend." He shook hands with even more than his usual cordiality.

To Carew the cool night air was a welcome relief. The fresh wind blowing against his face as he rode homewards seemed to clear his brain and enabled him to think more calmly of the disturbing incidents of the evening. But calm reflection did not elucidate the extraordinary and violent hatred that had come to him.

Utterly weary of himself and the turmoil of his thoughts, he walked up to the house from the gateway, wondering how he was going to get through the remaining hours of the night. Sleep in his present state of mind seemed out of the question. It was not rest he wanted but hard physical exercise that in bodily fatigue he might forget the mental upheaval that had assailed him during these last three weeks of comparative inactivity. He paused at the foot of the veranda steps, looking up at the starlit sky. What a night for a ride! If he started now he could be at Blidah by the dawn. For a few minutes he played with the idea and then reluctantly put it from him. Despite his whole inclination something seemed to be dragging him back, something that made it impossible for him to leave Algiers.

With a heavy sigh he went slowly into the house.

CHAPTER VI

DURING the days that followed, it became more and more borne in upon Carew that his cherished dream of visiting the mysterious City of Stones was doomed if not to failure certainly to indefinite postponement. General Sanois, who had thrown himself heart and soul into the new scheme for which Carew's information

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had paved the way, was plying him hard, pressing for his acceptance of the mission offered him. Carew's success in the past had made the general very sanguine of the outcome of the present proposed embassy and very intolerant of the Englishman's lack of enthusiasm in a venture that presented far fewer difficulties than others which had been negotiated and which, moreover, promised to further the prestige of the military governor of the Sahara.

By turns he argued and expostulated, throwing forward every possible inducement to secure his voluntary agent's co-operation and losing no opportunity of urging his insistent demands. Mounted orderlies arrived at the villa at all hours of the day, and it seemed to Carew that the telephone never ceased ringing. In despair at last of obtaining the peace and quiet for which he longed, he had taken Hosein and slipped away for a couple of days to the camp near Blidah. But even there the solitude he sought had been denied him. Within a mile of his own camp he found the tents of a desert sheik who was making a leisurely way to Algiers for the annual gathering of chiefs.

The Arab was an old acquaintance whose hospitality Carew had enjoyed on several occasions and an interchange of visits was both necessary and advantageous. But it was not to listen to the querulous outpourings of a chief with a perpetual grievance that he had fled from General Sanois's impertinence, and foiled in his purpose he had set out alone this morning an hour or so before the dawn to return to Algiers, leaving Hosein to follow later.

But in spite of the tedious interruptions which the old sheik's demands on his time had made, the two days had proved beneficial to him. Away from Algiers he had in a measure conquered the agitation of mind that had possessed him since the night he had rescued Lady Geradine from Abdul el Dhib.

It was of the frustrated horse thief and his unfulfilled threat that he was thinking as he drew Suliman to a standstill on the crest of a hill, a few miles outside the town, to watch the glory of the sunrise that was to him a never failing pleasure.

Abdul had so far made no attempt to put his murderous intention into practice and, still skeptical himself as to the real truth of the warnings he had received, Carew would never have given them a second thought but for the behavior of his attendants. Hosein was still anxious—and Saba was still unhappy, a pathetic little figure of misery who clung to his protector, refusing to be comforted. And daily the revolver that Carew wore naturally thrust in the waistcloth of his Arab dress sagged uncomfortably in the pocket of his serge jacket until he laughed at himself for carrying it.

Clad in the native robes he preferred, for the last two days he had forgotten it, but as he glanced now around the little hillock on which he stood he pushed it farther into the silken folds of his embroidered shawl with a slight smile of amusement. The locality made him reminiscent. It was here, after leaving Lady Geradine on the outskirts of Algiers, that he had chanced across Abdul and forced him to reveal the whereabouts of the stolen horse. But the smile passed quickly and his face clouded as his thoughts swung from the

recovered stallion to the girl who had ridden him.

Since the night of the opera he had not seen her but the memory of her was present with him always. The intolerant anger she had once roused in him was gone and he was at a loss actually to define the feeling he now had towards her. It was not interest; he told himself almost angrily he had no interest in her, no wish to think of her, and he fought against the perpetual remembrance that never left him. Unable to combat what seemed to him a veritable obsession, he resented the deep impression she had made, resented the humiliating breakdown of the will he had trained to obey him. More than ever was he determined to get out of Algiers at the first possible opportunity. The call of the desert, the lure of the legendary City of Stones was urging him powerfully as he sat with slackened reins looking dreamily at the golden sunrise, cursing the half promise he had made to General Sanois.

But he had promised, or as good as promised, and facing his decision squarely for the first time he knew that the City of Stones must wait. With a little sigh of regret he searched for a cigarette in the folds of his waistcloth as he watched the glowing disc of the sun rise higher and higher in the crimson-flecked sky until the full light came with a sudden rush and the distant city stood out before him clear and distinct in every detail. He scowled at it with sudden irritation and tightening his grip on the bridle turned Suliman in the direction of the little village of Birmandreis. There was no need to hurry. Time enough this afternoon to see Sanois and give him his long delayed answer. Until then he could forget it.

Birmandreis was awake and stirring as he cantered through its miniature square and headed in the direction of El Biar. A short distance beyond the village he left the main road and turned down a narrow pathway in search of a tiny Arab café that was known to him. The picturesque little building, almost hidden by a wide spreading fig tree, was at this early hour of the morning silent and apparently deserted, but the clatter of hoofs and Carew's shout produced a sleepy and yawning proprietor who awoke into sudden and obsequious activity at the sight of his visitor.

Slipping Suliman's bridle through a ring in the wall Carew sat on a bench in the shadow of the fig tree while he waited for the Arab coffee for which the place was famous. It was brought at length by the half-caste *aubergist* who hovered about his early guest with eager loquaciousness. He had heard that his excellency had returned from the desert, he had hoped before this to have seen him at the Café Méduse. He trusted that the protracted journey had been propitious. Monsieur was pleased to return to civilization? Monsieur was *not* pleased! *Hélas!* and yet Algiers was gay this season. Trade was good. For himself he had nothing to complain of; the café prospered and the visitors, the English visitors in particular, paid well—to Allah the praise!

Undeterred by Carew's monosyllabic replies he rambled on half in French, half in Arabic, discussing the district and the crops and the taxes. But under his seemingly careless manner there was a suggestion of uneasiness that was very

apparent. He moved restlessly as he talked, from time to time glancing almost furtively about him, and once or twice it seemed as if he were on the point of imparting some confidence that nearly reached utterance but which died away in mumbled ambiguity before it was spoken.

But when Carew had paid his modest score and was once more in the saddle the man appeared to come to a sudden decision. Pressing close up to the restless horse he stooped down under the pretense of tightening a loosened girth, his fingers fumbling nervously at the scarlet straps. "There is venom in the jackal's bite, O Sidi," he muttered in the vernacular, pure Arab in his agitation, and drew back hastily as if already repenting the words he had nerved himself to say.

Carew, glancing down at his twitching face, knew that to question him would be useless, so he made no sign of understanding but with a careless nod and a perfunctory "Go with God" reined his horse back into the little lane and held him, sidling and catching at his bit, to a walk until a bend in the road hid them from the prying eyes that were doubtless watching from behind the dense foliage of the fig tree. Then he gave Suliman his head, wondering how near to attempted assassination he had been during the last half-hour. That Abdul el Dhib, biding his time with oriental pertinacity, was somewhere in the vicinity, seemed beyond all question. But why he risked his rascally neck so near to Algiers or what were his relations with the half-caste owner of the café Carew was at a loss to conjecture. Sufficient that once again he had been warned and that the warning had been given reluctantly and under stress of great personal fear. It spoke volumes that the fellow had found courage to say what he had said.

With a muttered word of impatience Carew bent forward and ran his fingers soothingly over Suliman's glossy neck. Abdul was becoming a nuisance, and he found himself almost wishing that the difference between them could have been settled definitely that morning. Half tempted to retrace his steps and force the affair to conclusion, he pulled up suddenly, turning in the saddle to scan the road behind him. But what was the good! Abdul had had his chance and for reasons of his own had neglected it. There was nothing to be gained and probably a good deal to be risked by putting temptation in his way a second time. After all, the quarrel was Abdul's, not his. Let Abdul then make the first move—if, indeed, he intended to move at all. To Carew it seemed almost that his enemy had talked too much to be really dangerous. Dismissing the outlaw from his mind he rode on, leaving the road for a rough mule track by which he could skirt El Biar and reach Bouzaréa, whence he meant to return to Mustapha.

Already the fresh morning wind had dropped and the day began to give promise of great heat unusual for the time of year; but to Carew, accustomed to the fierce sun of the desert, the warmth was welcome and, more at peace within himself than he had been for weeks, he turned his whole attention to the district through which he was riding, a district known to him from boyhood but which he had not lately visited. The intervening years seemed

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THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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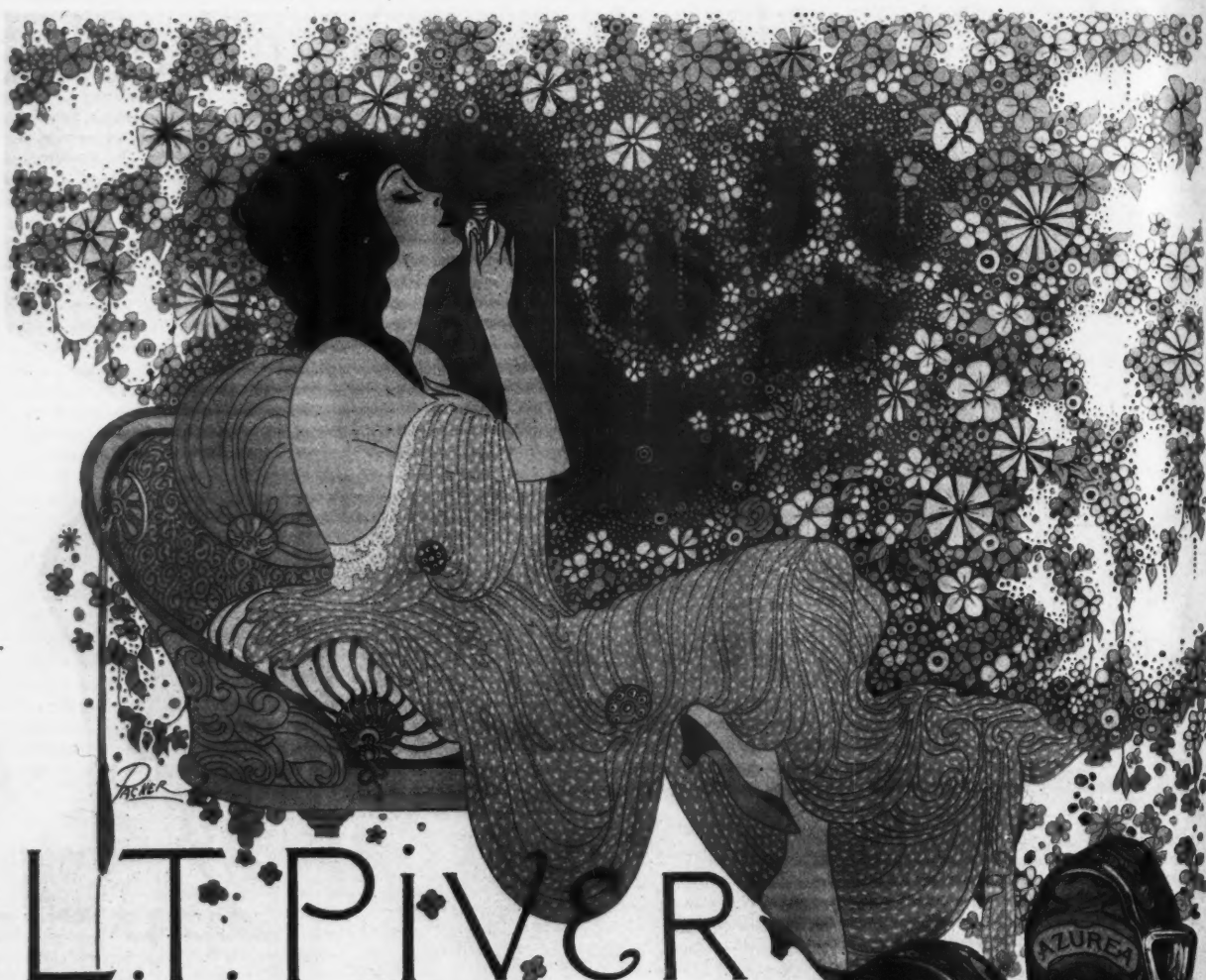
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to drop away as he noted and recognized each succeeding landmark.

Influenced by his surroundings, he let himself dwell on early memories; memories of the handsome, brilliantly clever father who had given up a public career of great promise to devote himself to the delicate wife who was his idol; and memories of the beautiful, fragile mother whose influence, had she lived, might have made so great a difference in his own life. With all the strength of his boyish heart he had adored her and the memory of her had made him very tender with the wife who had repaid his devotion with coldness and deceit. But with the tragic ending of his own short married life he had closed his heart to the softening influences of memory, and in the drawing room of the villa, a room he never entered, the portrait of his mother was veiled by heavy curtains that for the last twelve years had never been drawn. Twelve years! Twelve years of self-banishment and loneliness.

At first it had been little short of Hell; but now he could think of it calmly—except for the one aching memory that never left him. Despite himself his thoughts turned to the child he had lost, and a passion of longing filled him.

If only the boy had been left to him! A look of intense pain swept across his face and his firm lips quivered as he tried to visualize the boy as he might have been now, a lad of fourteen, on the threshold of manhood. His son! God, how he wanted him still! And from the child of his body who was lost to him his thoughts veered with sudden compassion to the child of his adoption, the little Arab waif he had saved from death to assuage his own loneliness, who was in his blindness and helplessness so utterly dependent on him. Poor little dreamer of dreams, besieging Allah hourly with prayers for the safety of the beloved protector who was all his world, he too was longing for the desert, for the freer, wilder life to which he had been born.

Carew's mind leaped forward to the coming interview with General Sanois. His promise given today, he would move Heaven and earth to expedite matters and get away from Algiers as soon as possible. A speedy departure should be a *sine qua non* of his acceptance.

With a little laugh he bent forward to ease his weight off Suliman as the horse started to climb a steep ascent that led to the woods behind Bouzaréa. The mule track was little used, rough and boulder-strewn and in places almost overgrown with cactus among which the stallion picked his steps with careful precision born of experience. Carew let him take his own way and sat with slackened rein as the big bay, straining and heaving, breasted the last hundred yards of sharp incline, his powerful muscles rippling against his rider's knees. With a final effort, he reached the summit and stood breathing deeply and whinnying in response to the caressing hand laid on his sweat-drenched neck. Then he moved slowly forward with pricked ears and nervous gait along the track that had dwindled to a narrow, hardly perceptible path. Desert bred, to Suliman the dense silent wood was a place of lurking unknown terror to which he had never become accustomed and, snorting and starting, he evidenced

now his disapproval of a route that was highly distasteful to him.

But wrapped in his own thoughts and used to his horse's moods, Carew did not heed the animal's uneasiness. Like the district through which he had just passed, the wood was alive with memories, a favorite haunt of childhood where he had roamed for hours at a time with Hosein as companion and playmate. Then the wood had been a region of mystery and enchantment, peopled with the malevolent *djinns* and horrible *afreets* that loomed so large in the Arab's creed and of whom he discoursed with all the fluency and imagination of his race—tales to which the English boy, already deeply imbued with the spirit of the country, listed half credulous, half unbelieving, but always interested, wriggling for sheer joy even when his hair crisped on his head and he peered involuntarily into the depths of the thick undergrowth for the monstrous shapes and fiery eyes.

Carew looked about him with an eagerness that brought a smile to his lips. Near here there had been a tiny clearing, always connected in his mind with a tale of especial weirdness that had been Hosein's masterpiece—a tale of necromancers and demons, of beauty in distress and the extravagant adventures of a sultan's son whose heroic exploits had transcended all human possibility. How he had reveled in it, listening wide-eyed and absorbed to Hosein's sing-song intonations. Here, so went the story, the sorrowful princess, escaping from the enchanter who held her captive, had met the wandering knight whom fate had sent to rescue her; here, more beautiful than all the hours of paradise, sitting patiently upon the ground and veiled in her night-black hair, she had waited for her lover.

The old tale was running through his head as a sharp curve in the path brought him to the entrance of the little clearing. Smaller it seemed than when his boyish eyes had looked upon it, and robbed somehow of the mystery. To the man's eyes just an ordinary glade in an ordinary wood.

But it was not the well remembered spot that held his attention. His gaze was riveted on a figure sitting, like the princess of the story, motionless upon the ground at the foot of a gnarled cork oak. Not swathed in shimmering eastern silks nor veiled in a cloud of dusky hair but clad in the close fitting boyish riding suit in which he had first seen her, she leaned back comfortably against the tree, her bare head resting on the crinkly bark, her arms wrapped round her updrawn knees, whistling softly to a small green lizard palpitating on the moss beside her. The tiny creature with swelling throat and languorous, swaying head was listening fascinated to the clear sweet trills charming it into immobility.

Suliman's neat feet made no sound on the soft earth and the girl was obviously unaware of the increase to her audience. To back his horse silently and slip away before she noticed his presence was Carew's first impulse, but despite his every inclination something stayed him in undecided hesitation. And the opportunity neglected, he was given no second chance. Resenting the tight grip on his mouth and the sudden convulsive pressure of his rider's knees, Suliman, with a display of temper that was unusual, bounded high

on his hind legs, snorting his indignation. Submitting to the inevitable with the best grace he could muster, Carew dragged him down and swung to the ground, raising his hand to his forehead in the graceful salute that was in accordance with his Arab dress.

"Good morning, Lady Geradine."

The lizard had fled but Marny had neither moved nor altered her position. She responded to his greeting with a faint smile, her eyes sweeping him frankly from head to foot as he stood, a picturesque, commanding figure, leaning against his horse, whose muzzle was thrust contritely into his hand.

"Good morning—desert man."

There was the least possible pause before the last two words and Carew's tanned face flushed dully.

"My name's Carew," he said gruffly. She nodded, looking at him with wide gray eyes and hunching her knees up closer to her chin.

"I know," she said. "Mrs. Chalmers told me before she left Algiers. You are Sir Gervas Carew—and you hate women. Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" he asked, failing to grasp the context of her question.

"Why did you trouble to interfere that night near Blidah?" she said quietly, but the quick blood sprang to her face as she spoke.

He was silent for a few moments; then, with a slow shrug: "Because you were English," he answered tersely.

She shook her head with a little smile of amusement. "But I'm not. Sure it's Irish I am—glory be to God." The brogue was unmistakable and despite himself Carew's grave face relaxed.

"It's the same thing," he said indifferently.

She negated his assertion with a scornful wave of the hand. "Not to us," she said laughingly. Then she grew grave again, looking at him with undisguised interest. "Do you mean it, really?" she said with deliberation. "Do you mean that if I had been an Arab or a Frenchwoman you would have done—nothing?" He nodded in silent assent. "And because I was English, or you thought I was English, you set your prejudice on one side and did what you did—just to satisfy your *esprit de race*?"

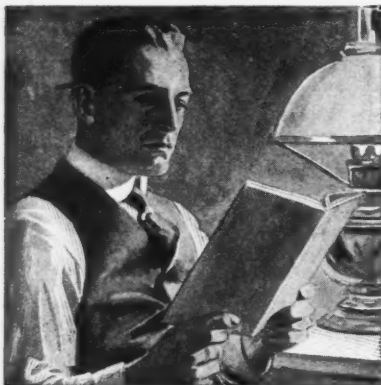
"Yes."

She looked away with an odd little laugh. "You are very refreshing."

Carew scowled at the hint of mockery in her voice.

"How so?" he asked stiffly. But she laughed again and shook her head, refusing to enlighten him. Then with a sudden change of manner she turned to him again, eyeing him almost wistfully.

"You refused to shake hands with me—twice, Sir Gervas," she said slowly, flushing slightly, "and I cut you dead at the opera. Shall we call quits—just for this morning—your prejudice against my rudeness? Can't you forget, just for once, that you are talking to one of the sex you despise—I can't help being a woman, I would much rather have been a man—and tell me the things you know so well, the things that nobody I meet in Algiers seems to care about—the Arabs, the desert and all this wonderful country? Not the desert the tourists go to but the real desert, far away in the south there," she



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added eagerly, kneeling suddenly to point with unexpected precision towards the region of which she spoke.

Mechanically his eyes followed her outstretched hand. He was trying to understand his own strange hesitation. It would have been easy to excuse himself, alleging any plausible excuse that offered, and go as he had come leaving her to the solitude he had interrupted. But he did not want to go. The astounding truth came to him suddenly. What sort of a fool was he that, professing to hate all women, he should surrender to the charm of this one woman? And wherein lay the charm he reluctantly admitted? Her beauty? He smiled bitterly—he had learned the worthlessness of outward loveliness. Was it then the diversity of mood she displayed? He glanced at her covertly as she sat leaning against the cork tree, apparently indifferent to his silence, her eyes fixed not on him but on the tips of her neat riding boots, whistling as she had whistled to the lizard. A boyish, graceful figure, pulsing with life and health, bearing this morning no kind of resemblance to the white-faced fainting girl he had carried in his arms or the proud, weary looking woman he had seen at the opera. Which was the real woman? And what was her present motive? Was it really a disinterested and genuine desire to learn something of the real life of the country that had led her to endeavor to detain him at her side—or was she merely amusing herself at his expense, flattered at having claimed the attention of a man known as a determined misogynist?

His face darkened and the meditated refusal sprang to his lips. But the words died away unspoken. Flight was tantamount to a confession of weakness against which his pride rebelled. If she was playing with him—so much the worse for her. If, on the other hand, she was sincere in the request she had made—With a shrug he turned and led his horse to the farther side of the little clearing, tethering him with no show of haste to the branch of a tree.

As he went Marny Geradine's eyes followed him with a look of yearning sadness, and a deep sigh that was almost a sob escaped her. What had she done! What right had she to intrude herself upon him? Why add to her own unhappiness by prolonging an interview that would only bring her further sorrow? The joy of seeing him, of speaking with him, could lead to nothing but greater misery and regret. But the temptation had been stronger than she could withstand. She loved him so. And what harm could there be when his own indifference was so great! Why did he hate women? Mrs. Chalmers's information had not gone beyond the bare fact and, herself reserved almost to fastidiousness, she had not sought to probe the reason of his hatred. What, after all, did it matter? The secrets of his past, if there were any secrets, were not her affair. Enough for her that he was a man who had devoted his life to relieving the suffering of the desert people amongst whom he lived. From the doctor's warm hearted wife she had learned the significance of the title by which he had called himself that night of terrible memory. So would she have him—the ideal she would treasure in her heart, a man magnificent in his strength,

magnificent in his singleness of purpose.

He came back to her slowly, his face inscrutable as the people whose dress he wore, and sat down leisurely, Arab fashion, on the ground near her. Taking her literally at her word and prompted by her eager questions, he found that speech was easier than he had anticipated. It was a subject on which he was well qualified to speak, a subject that lay very close to his heart, and gradually his attitude of barely concealed hostility wore away and he talked as, weeks ago, he had talked in his tent to Micky Meredith. But not of himself and his own work. Of these he said nothing, speaking only of the desert and its nomad inhabitants, of the charm and cruelty of the vast sandy wastes, of the petty wars and feuds that raged perpetually amongst the savage and belligerent tribes. His low, even voice ran smoothly on, drawing no fanciful picture but relating faithfully the things that were, the things he had himself seen, the life he had shared. While he dwelt on the glamour and fascination of the desert wilds he spared her nothing of the squalor and misery, the ghastly, needless suffering that was bound up inextricably with the scenes he depicted.

Eagerly she listened to him, happy with just the fact of his nearness, enthralled by the story he told so graphically and which held her spellbound. Her eyes fixed on the sunburnt face that was turned persistently away from her, she was no longer in the little clearing or even near to the Algiers that had proved so great a disappointment to her. She was far away in the burning south, riding beside him over the undulating sweeps of the restless sand, camping under the argent stars and living the life of which she had dreamed—a life that with all its savagery and primitive violence was yet cleaner than the one to which she was condemned. To be with him there, far from the artificial existence that sickened her, to live out her life beside him aiding him in the work of which he would not speak and serving him with all the strength of the love that was consuming her! She clenched her hands with the pain of her own imagining. A dream that could never be realized. There was no room for a woman's love in the life he led. Alone, and always alone, he would follow the course he had set himself, a solitary dweller in the wilderness pitting his individual strength against the pain and suffering he sought to minimize. And, bound, what would be her loneliness when he rode for the last time out of her life leaving her to a misery that would be greater even than she had known before?

A gasping sob escaped her and horrified at her lack of control she hid her burning face in her hands. But to Carew her agitation seemed only the natural consequence of the grim tale of ruthless Arab ferocity he had just concluded.

"It is cruel, of course," he said with a slow shrug, "but it is the way of life the whole world over—the strong preying on the weak, the eternal battle for existence, and a callousness that is born of necessity. And Arabs are only children, as all men at heart are children, fighting for what they want and often, from mere perversity, for what they do not want."

She nodded assent, not trusting her voice to answer him and furtively brushing away the tears of which she was ashamed.

And he too fell silent, wondering at the interest she had evinced, wondering at the ease with which he had spoken to her.

At last, through the silence that neither seemed able to break, came the trampling of horses' hoofs. He looked up with a start and leaped to his feet, his hand reaching instinctively for the revolver in his waistcloth. For himself he did not care, but if Abdul had tracked him here what of the girl beside him? Alone he would have been content to give his enemy the benefit of the doubt—but because of her he could take no chances. He moved quickly, screening her where she sat, and slid the heavy weapon from its resting place.

But the next moment he jerked it back with a smothered ejaculation of relief. It was not Abdul el Dhib who rounded the bend in the narrow path but a neat, typically English little man straddling with a jockey's gait between the two horses he led. Only when he turned to find Marny close at his elbow did Carew realize that his face was wet with perspiration. With a gesture of impatience he brushed his hand across his forehead but he did not vouchsafe any explanation. She must have seen the revolver in his hand—explanations could wait. And, standing quietly beside him, she did not seem in any hurry to ask but remained silent until the arrival of the groom. The little man brought the horses to a stand with no sign of surprise at the sight of the tall Arab-clad figure.

"Nine o'clock, m'lady," he announced stolidly, and backed her horse into position.

Marny laughed as she placed her foot in the stirrup Carew held.

"Tanner is my timekeeper," she explained, swinging easily into the saddle. "He always has a watch, and I lose mine as fast as I buy them," she added, gathering up the reins and settling herself comfortably.

Carew patted the neck of her horse for a moment without answering; then he looked up slowly and at sight of his face the laughter died out of her eyes.

"Keep your man in sight when you come to the woods again, Lady Geradine," he said gravely. She looked at him questioningly.

"Do you mean it—seriously? I thought that so close to Algiers—"

"You were close to Algiers before, and I would not warn you if I did not mean it seriously," he interrupted, with a touch of irritation in his voice, and stepped back with a salaam that she felt to be almost a dismissal. And it was without waiting to watch her ride away that he strode across the clearing to his own horse. He had no intention of accompanying her back to Algiers; he had outraged his principles sufficiently for one morning, he assured himself with a smile that was not mirthful.

Nor did he feel inclined to return immediately to the villa.

During these last few weeks he had grown almost to hate it. He would go on to Bouzaréa, telephone to Sanois and spend the rest of the day at the little suburb with a French doctor of his acquaintance. Perhaps in Morel's laboratory he would be able to forget the unrest that this morning's meeting had revived so poignantly.

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See America's Worst

(Continued from page 74)

don't look like no conquerin' hero, neither. I naturally file an inquiry as to how he made out with the gal.

"Not so good," he admits. "She's as stuck up as an aviator—looks down on everybody, what I mean. I strut my stuff heavy, but she don't seem to get no more kick out of me than a chorus girl gets out of a ride in the subway. Somebody must of put in a rap for me, hey?"

"Either that or she ain't used to talkin' to high class babies like you," I says, with the straightest of faces. "Don't be so stiff and formal with her."

"You got it all wrong," says Murphy. "I walked right out and asked her what name is she goin' under and is she married and what's her street address—you know, I want to put her at her ease. Well, she's one of them people which would ask Babe Ruth for a reference and I get nowhere! She just looks me up and down with them navy blue eyes of hers like I'm somethin' the cat dragged in and then she goes on readin' her book. Can you imagine her passin' me up like that?"

"I can't imagine no girl passin' you up," I says. "Why don't you tell her just who you are and be done with it?"

"I'm savin' that for my ace in the hole," says Murphy. "Can you picture her face when I say: 'Listen here, Cutey, I'm no less than One-Punch Murphy, the world's famous prizefighter and comin' heavy-weight champion—there, don't thank me! Why, she'll be a set-up for me after that!' He breaks off and looks out the window at Colorado shootin' past for a few minutes and then he sighs and turns to me again. 'Say!' he says, 'don't you often wish you had a nice, soft, big money job like Prince of Wales, for the example? What a tough break that baby got, hey? Nothin' to do but stall around Buckin'ham's Palace and grin at the cameras all day long! It seems to me he's a pretty young feller to be gave a job as important as Prince of Wales!'"

"Still, the kid must be clever," I says. "He's held the job for a long while."

"The chances is he's in right with the King," remarks Murphy. "I wonder what a guy has to do as Prince of Wales?"

"Just one thing," I says. "All you got to do is make arrangements to be born in the royal family and the rest is a cinch!"

"Well," says Murphy, "it's a bit too late for me to get born in the royal family now, but I can at least become king of the heavyweights, which I'll do by knockin' Jack Dempsey for a Japanese ash can!"

"Listen," I says, "forget about Dempsey. The guy you want to devote all your attentions to right now is Mister Bad News Burns!"

"Oh, that tramp!" sneers Murphy. "Why should I be bothered about Bad News Burns? I'll hit him once and he'll be out so long that when he comes to his hair will of growed to his ankles and none of his clothes will fit him!"

"You certainly think you're good, don't you?" I says admiringly.

"I'll say so!" chirps this jobbie. "Why, one of my favorite feats of strength and skill is to stick my finger in my ear and hold myself out at arm's length. Boy, I'm the original cat's collar!"

He walks off whistlin', "I'm Dapper Dan, the Ladies' Man!" He then breezes into the club car and loses everybody's friendship by grabbin' up all the magazines, tuckin' 'em under his arms and bringin' 'em back to the sweet mamma in the next car. When he knocks on the door of her drawin' room she pretends she thinks he's the newsboy and gives him half a buck for two of 'em. However, Murphy's luck breaks that night. We pass this charmer's bower on the ways to the diner and they's a fathead standin' before the door, givin' her the up and down. She looks around and sees him and her face gets as red as the Siamese flag. That's enough for One-Punch Murphy. As the Esquimos says, he seen his duty and he done it!

"Is this jazzbo annoyin' you, lady?" he remarks, grabbin' the guy by the arm.

Venus gets a bit redder and raises a set of eyes which could of lit up a park.

"If—if you would have him go away . . ." she begins, sweetly—and when she looked up again she had got service, for a fact! The he-vamp was gone. One-Punch Murphy had carelessly thrown him the length of the car.

"I was just goin' in to put on the feed bag," says Murphy. "I hate to eat alone and my friend here is—eh—is seasick."

I look at him in amazement. "Where d'ye get that seasick stuff?" I says. "I—"

"If you don't take the air and gimme a chance here, I won't fight this Burns guy!" hisses Murphy in my ear. He uses a kick in the shins for an exclamation mark.

The next time Mr. One-Punch Murphy is available for conversational purposes as far as I am concerned is eleven o'clock that night. In between, I see him and his girl friend twice. Once in the diner at a table for two and once when they went through my car on the ways to the observation. Neither time does my battler give me as much as a pleasant nod.

But he's got plenty to say to me the next mornin'. In the first place, the knockout's name is Mystica Kane and she's a writer and the girl One-Punch Murphy is crazy about. I get all that in one breath. Later, I find out that Murphy has give her his autobiography from the time he went to work in Ptomaine Joe's deadfall to the time he expects to see Jack Dempsey prostrate at his feet. Mystica was evidently not so lavish with the story of her life. Beyond the fact that she's goin' to Phenix, Murphy's without clues.

From then on, things moved with the break your neck speed. After breakfast, which Murphy and Mystica has together, the ex-kitchen scientist comes back to borrey my fountain pen. When I ask what he wants it for, as this is the first news I had that he was a writer, he breaks into a broad grin and produces a big cardboard from behind his back. It's nothin' less than a pencil drawin' of him which Mystica has tore off and she wants Murphy to scribble his name on it and give it back to her as a souvenir. Not only that, Murphy swears she has promised to see him assassinate Bad News Burns in Phenix, if it's the last thing she does!

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could resist the man which knocked out Jack Dempsey!" he smiles.

"When did you ever knock out Dempsey?" I ask, with excusable curiosity.

"Well, I ain't done it yet, but even you know I'm goin' to," says Murphy. "Don't be so technical. C'mon back—I'll give you a knockdown.

So I went back and got introduced and they's no question but what this big stiff appears to be sittin' pretty. It seems Mystica can't do enough to be nice to him, a thing I can't understand as she looks far from crazy. After the introductions is had, I bust up a long and unentertainin' silence by remarkin' that railroad rides gets tiresome after the first half mile.

"Yep," says Murphy, very serious, "as the French says—ch—Alpha, beta, gamma, delta!"

Mystica coughs and turns away.

"Why, do you speak French, Mister Murphy?" she says, and why her face is so red I don't know.

"Sure!" says this free-swingin' liar. "I learned the language when I was over there on—ch—on government business."

"Oh, secret service?" asks Mystica.

"No m'am," I butt in. "He means his claim for exemption was laughed at by the draft board."

I get a murderous look from Mons. Murphy!

"I'm so glad you speak French," says Mystica to Murphy, but I don't like the twinkle in her eye. "*Le Français est une langue très répandue.*"

"Absolutely!" says Murphy. "*Wee wee tres been toot sweet vooley voo oo la la vin ordinaire,* is the way I look at it!"

Mystica's cough gets worse and then they's a slight interruption. We're pullin' out of a station when a guy comes runnin' for the movin' train. The rattler gathers speed, but then so does the runner and as he nears the observation platform Murphy, which has been watchin' him, reaches down and gives the late comer a hand, while I grab his suitcase. Had we only knew what was goin' to happen within four hours we would of hit this baby over the head with one of the stools instead!

Well, he climbs aboard and thanks us, all out of breath, and when he sees Mystica, why, he gets all out of breath all over again. He's every bit as big as One-Punch Murphy and the way he leaped aboard the flyer shows he's a guy which don't have to have the inside of a gym described to him. A couple more glances at Mystica gets the stranger ambitious and he plunges head first into conversation with her. He proves to be one of them natural wise crackers, and his remarks soon has Mystica a mass of giggles and Murphy a mass of scowls. In fact, my cave man gets so nervous that he gets me that way too, so I nudge him and arise, sayin' we'll be back in a minute. Neither Mystica or the newcomer even looks up as we leave.

"Listen, dumbbell," I says to the ragin' Murphy, "recess is all over and you forget about this heartbreaker on the rear platform, get me? We dock at Phenix tonight and you want to put your mind on Bad News Burns. They tell me he's so tough he trains with a buzz saw for a sparrin' partner and—"

"Stop that noise!" Murphy cuts me off. "I ain't worried about Burns or Dempsey; what steams me up is this sap which we pulled on the train tryin' to take my girl

away from me! I'm goin' back and bear down heavy on him. Why, I may wed that pulse-quickenner, for all I know. A man like me is liable to be another Napoleon, with the right kind of a girl at the wheel!"

By the time I quit laughin' he's halfway back to the observation and I'm scurryin' after him when who steps into us but the baby we helped board the train. Immediately Murphy gets ugly.

"Say!" he grunts, "what line are you in, fellah?"

The stranger coldly looks Murphy up and down.

"I'm a balm salesman from Gilead," he says, with a sarcastical sneer.

"Well, you're a nice lookin' fellah—so far,—and I'd hate to see you get your pan all marked up just because you're buttin' in with a girl which don't crave no part of you!"

"No foolin'!" says the stranger. "Well, she just drew a picture of me out there and had me write my name on it to remember me by—laugh that off!"

"She drew a picture of you?" repeats Murphy. "Why, she drew one of me, too!"

The stranger whinnies. "You poor sap," he grins, "you ain't even a good liar!" Then the panic was on.

One-Punch Murphy's right fist shot out—and socked against the wall, because the newcomer slipped aside, stabbin' a stiff left to Murphy's mouth en route. "Come on, like it!" snarls the stranger and cuffs Murphy on the ear with a torrid right swing. Then the fun waxed fast and furious, with me powerless to call a halt because both them guys was over six foot and two hundred pounds and I am neither, nor liable to be. In a frenzied attempt to wind matters up, Murphy give the stranger everything he had, but the enemy was nobody's fool and he sent back punch for punch. The porters and conductors is runnin' up and what females got a flash at this Gettysburg lets forth shrill shrieks of alarm. Excitement was conspicuous by its presence.

But nobody's half as excited as me, and that's a fact! I thought One-Punch Murphy would smack this other guy once and it would be all over; instead of that this big goof Murphy is gettin' a proper pastin'—a two-handed cuffin' which will ruin him for his fight with Bad News Burns, and we got a thousand buck appearance forfeit up!

With great presence of mind I rip a fire ax off the wall and rush in to stop it just as Murphy knocks his tormentor down with a right hook to the jaw. That punch would of killed a elephant! I'm just startin' a sigh of relief when this unhuman guy staggers to his feet, stumbles over to the swayin' Murphy and lets drive with his left. His fist caught Murphy square on the button and Murphy fell on his face, as cold as a pawnbroker's smile. They was no question as to whether he was out or not, but they was some question as to whether he was dead or not!

Still hysterical, I grab the winner's arm—a wow of a idea has just flashed through my skull.

"Listen!" I says. "I don't know who you are or where you come from, but you're one sweet puncher, you are for a fact! D'ye know what you just done? You have just flattened One-Punch Murphy, which was supposed to fight Bad News Burns in Phenix tomorrow night.

"It Was Worth \$2,000! —and I Tossed it in the Drawer"

"It was in the fall of 1918 that I first began to realize what I was up against in business. I could see that I wasn't getting anywhere, plugging along at a routine desk, and I had a feeling that I ought to put myself in line for something better.

"About this time I ran across a LaSalle advertisement—it interested me—I figured I'd better answer it.

"I cut out the coupon, but instead of mailing it I tossed it in the drawer. I don't know exactly why, but it was two years before I sent it in and got the facts.

"To make a long story short, I finally enrolled, sent in my papers, finished the training. And already it has boosted my income twenty dollars a week.

"When I think that I might just as well have had that 'raise' two years ago, it makes me sick! Mailing that coupon when I first saw it, instead of tossing it in the drawer, would have saved me \$2,000 in cash."

* * *

Fortunate thing for that man that he finally woke up! Some men pay an even costlier price for their delay. Recently a LaSalle member, a man of 49, confessed that he had first considered specialized training eleven years previously. He figured up what his delay had cost him—assuming that he would have held his own with the average LaSalle-trained man—and his loss was \$19,000.

Such experiences are not mere fiction—they're the bitterest reality. Thousands of splendid fellows, starting out in life with every promise of success, grow gray while waiting for their ship to come to harbor. At the critical moment they listen to their weaker selves—and go down to defeat.

On the other hand, thousands of men in whom the seeds of success are deeply planted need but to be shown the path to promotion and they are quick to take it. The reward of their initiative is reflected in such statements as the following:

"LaSalle training has taken me from the \$65-a-month class to a present earning power of over \$7,000 per annum."

"Just received another raise of \$600. This makes a total gain of 400% since I started training. Can either you or I ask more?"

"Passed bar examination with second highest honors in a class of seventy-one."

"Three years ago I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing \$22 a week. Today I am comptroller of a good-size corporation, with a salary to start of \$4,500."

"I was Mill Superintendent, with no practical experience in a business way when I started home-study training. Within one year I was promoted to General Superintendent. Within a period of three years LaSalle training has increased my income from \$250 a month to \$6,000 a year."

"I have your course in Business Management to thank for the position I now hold. When I took up your work I was barely making a living. Today I sit in the manager's chair of one of the largest financial institutions in the United States and Canada. My earnings this year will be in the neighborhood of \$10,000, and I have the greatest opportunity that any man could wish for in the way of promotion to bigger things."

"In the last six months I have had an increase of nearly 50% as a result of LaSalle training under the Problem Method—but it is the foundation which I am building for something better that gives me the greatest satisfaction."

When one takes into account the foregoing evidence, together with the fact that during only three months' time as many as 1,089 LaSalle members reported definite salary increases as a result of their training averaging 56 per cent per year, one begins to appreciate the tremendous money value of initiative—and decision.

* * *

You have read from time to time how LaSalle training is conducted—how the member learns by solving actual business problems, right in his own home, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. You have read how training under the LaSalle Problem Method quickly brings promotion.

The time has now arrived for your decision. You can wait one year—two years—eleven years, if you like, and take your loss—a loss, remember, affecting not you alone, but those whose happiness and welfare are most dear to you. Or you can sign and mail the coupon now—and make today your starting point toward bigger things. That little slip of paper just below this text will bring you complete information about the training you are interested in, together with details of our convenient payment plan; also your free copy of that inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One." Mailing the coupon does not obligate you. Incidentally, the man who wins promotion is the man who acts.

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Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

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LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

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☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.

☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employees and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.

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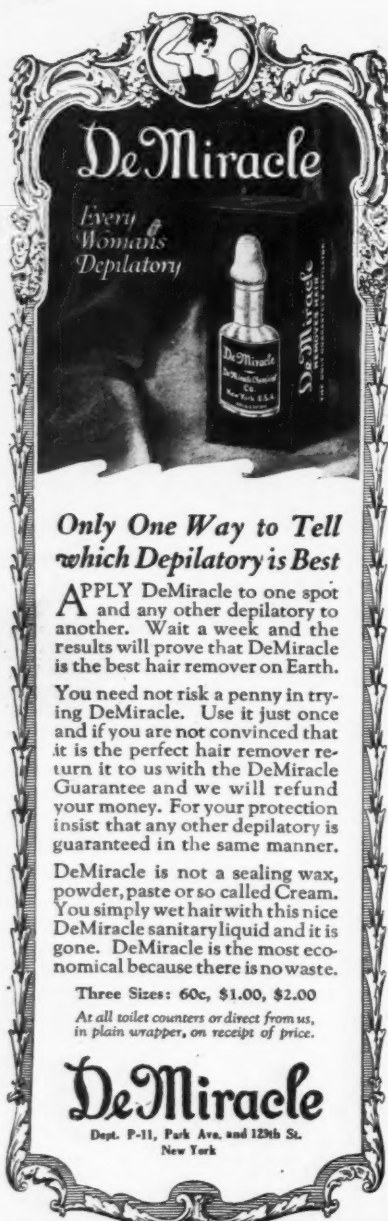
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Do what I tell you now and you got a chance to fight Dempsey and gamble for a million bucks!"

"What d'ye want me to do?" sneers the gaspin' and gory stranger.

"Go on in One-Punch Murphy's place in Phenix tomorrow night and fight Bad News Burns!" I says breathlessly.

The stranger yanks his arm out of my fingers and draws back his hand. Then he lets the hand come forward and it catches me in the pan, slammin' me up against the opposite wall.

"You pin-headed dumbbell," he snarls, "I'm Bad News Burns!"

And listen—he was!

The next afternoon me and Murphy is on a train again—bound for New York. I have temporarily give up the idea of murderin' him in cold blood for takin' that punch at Burns on the train. Imagine ten thousand bucks and ten thousand fans waitin' for these two sapolios to fight in the ring at Phenix and they half kill each other on the train for a purse of nothin' at all! The Phenix newspaper merely says that neither Burns or Murphy showed up for the scrap and both is barred from boxin' in Arizona for a year on that account. But a little further along the line we get a Denver paper and I open it to the sport page. In less than a second I let out a

yell which gets everybody in the car lookin' at us in alarm. Here's what I seen:

BURNS AND MURPHY BATTLE ON TRAIN WHILE THOUSANDS WAIT AT RINGSIDE "Bad News" Knocks out "One-Punch" in Sensational Fight on Way to Ring

—Evening Smash Gets Exclusive

Story by Mystica Kane,
Staff Writer, Who Was
Eye-Witness

Underneath is a picture of Murphy and a picture of Burns—the ones the cute Mystica drew on the train. The "exclusive story" simply kidded Murphy and Burns to death.

"I'm fed up with women!" says Murphy bitterly when he had read what Mystica thought of him. "I'm fed up with fightin' and I'm fed up with you! I'm goin back to Ptomaine Joe's and do my stuff in his kitchen. I get a hundred and a quarter a month there, and if I do say it myself, I fry a brutal steak!"

"What about Dempsey?" I says. "I thought you was determined to lure him into a ring, Murphy?"

"Let him look me up if he craves to fight!" he says. "And listen, stupid, my name ain't Murphy—it's Horowitz!"

Laugh that off!

H. C. Witwer again dips his pen into pure humor for January COSMOPOLITAN.

The Love Hater

(Continued from page 52)

"Pronto, dear, your affection is unrequited. I advise you to withdraw it before your heart is broken."

But Pronto did not heed her advice. Instead he calmly appropriated the seat she had just vacated and dusted it thoroughly with an appreciative tail.

"We men were made to ride in front," he, Pronto, remarked in Esperanto, "and women should appreciate being allowed to follow one pace to the rear."

"I don't admit anything of the sort," argued Carolina in return and was surprised when Peter laughed. "Then you understood what he said, too?" she questioned. "And doubtless thought the same yourself," she added reproachfully.

They had planned to have luncheon at Yucca but Yucca wasn't so well equipped as Peter's own grub sack so they drove through and picnicked in the shade of the car, sitting on the running board.

"What are we going to do when we get to Los Angeles?" Carolina asked over and through a bacon sandwich.

"I don't know."

"There's the movies," she offered.

"So there are."

"How do you keep your wet blanket so wet out here in the parched desert, mister? Well, I for one am going to go in for the wild life of the studios."

Peter turned a distressed face toward her. "I wouldn't," he advised.

"Why not? You mean that you think I wouldn't be safe?"

"No-o." Peter hesitated about putting his thoughts into words.

But Carolina didn't. And she knew what his thoughts were almost as well as

he did. "You think I couldn't get a job, that none of the directors would want me. My dear Peter, how often must I tell you that sheer baby-face beauty isn't everything—isn't anything much at all, in fact? My advice to a mentally blind man like yourself is to steer clear of the million dollar looker. They won't give you anything but a look. Now a moderately attractive girl like—"

"Yourself?"

"Thanks. A moderately attractive girl like the party you mentioned—with, I fear, a polite impulse only—has to hustle like the deuce to overcome the handicap and she is consequently about seven hundred times as interestingly alive as the study in still life who knows that nature has provided her with a baited trap that operates automatically and without any directing intelligence whatever."

Peter did not argue but he was skeptically silent.

"What do you bet I won't be working at one of the studios a week after we arrive?" Carolina questioned, stung in her feminine pride by his implied criticism.

He carefully considered the way her interrogative proposition was worded. "Are you," he countered, "by any chance already a star in the pictures—someone like Gloria Swanson or Bebe Daniels or—"

"No, I am not. I've never looked at a camera with a crank on it in my life. Do you want to take me up on my proposition?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"Afraid I'd fail?"

"No—because I don't want you to try."

"Why not?"

"Because you are—well, rather nice—"

Losing 103 lbs. to Music!

Wallace Makes New Record
Reducing Mrs. Derby in
Less than 4 Months



The Sworn Statement of Three Quincy Citizens

We, the undersigned, have known Mrs. Harry Derby for years. Her amazing reduction by Wallace records came under our almost daily observation. We hereby testify to the entire truth of statements that follow.

*B. H. Liebmann
J. D. Bunch
J. F. Newman*

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

QUINCY, ILLS.—In a happy little community of homes which fringe Vine street, I discovered Quincy's happiest



woman. All because she accepted an invitation to try a novel way of getting rid of a mountainous burden of flesh. Only last January, she was fat beyond hope. By May, her weight was normal!

To readers who are overweight—a few pounds, or many—I shall offer Mrs. Derby's amazing experience, just as it was related to me:

"When the postman brought the phonograph record with a free reducing lesson, I never dreamed Mr. Wallace could make me weigh what I should. The best I had hoped for was a little relief—for I could scarcely get around, I was so heavy.

"The first few days of the course showed nothing, except I guess I felt better. After a time I began to lose. One day at market I stepped on the scales, and saw I had lost twenty pounds. Needless to say, I kept on with the records. Each week showed a little more reduction, until before long the neighbors all noticed the difference. I kept on losing right along, and I finally was down to the size my last picture shows."

Now, one might think 103 lbs. reduction in only four months required the most strenuous efforts. But Mrs. Derby did nothing extraordinary; she followed the regular instruction that Wallace gives anybody. It was no harder to reduce her than those but ten, twelve,

or twenty pounds overweight—it merely required more time.

To get thin to music is really a "lark" compared to any other method of reducing. In fact, Mr. Harry Derby told me his household was frankly skeptical of real results when his wife started the Wallace course, just because it all looked and sounded too good to be true. There is nothing to "take," you don't have to starve; just a few movements with a thrill to each—that seem all too short because they are set to music. I guess it's the sheer fun of doing it that starts so many men and women on the melody method of reducing. But it's the sudden, certain results—the fat that's played away to the tune of a pound a day—that keeps them enthusiastically at it, and telling others about it.

Mr. Newman, Quincy photographer (notice his signature to statement above), took two photos of Mrs. Harry Derby which are reproduced here. This is an indisputable evidence of Mrs. Derby's improvement—just as the camera saw it. I only wish you could see the lady herself! Not a sign of flabbiness, nor a wrinkle to show where the excess flesh had been. I am almost willing to believe her assertion: "I can now do anything a 15-year-old girl can do!"



reduction through use of these remarkable records is fairly common. But Mrs. Derby's



BEFORE



AFTER

ASTONISHING CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONLY FOUR MONTHS' USE OF THE FAMOUS WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS

achievement—103 pounds in a few days less than four months—sets a new record.

Are you overweight? And if you are, why remain so? A normal figure is possible to anyone who has a phonograph, and will give Wallace's music method of reducing a chance. The above should be sufficient proof of this, but Wallace still offers free proof in your own case.

Your simple request on the handy form below brings the full first lesson free of any charge whatever. A regular-sized, and double-face phonograph record, and photographic chart with complete instructions. Pay nothing; promise nothing, except to try it. Results will cause you to send for the rest of his course in a hurry!

Don't ponder another day as to whether Wallace can reduce you. Tear out this coupon, and let him prove he can.

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630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

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CREDIT TERMS down, balance within eight months in equal payments, weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly, at your convenience.

"I've been trying to convince you of that all along."

"As girls go," Peter added to his own speech when she had quite finished.

"But I must do something."

"Why not go home?"

"My only living relative died just before I left."

Peter sighed. It wasn't fair to dump herself on him this way. Not but what she was bright company and all that sort of thing but he had to have some time to be alone with his own troubles. Already it was getting harder to locate the seat of the pain whenever he thought of Suzanna. It ought to be, used to be, in his heart, but now sometimes it hurt very little, and then more in the stomach. Even Poe could not have written that poem about Lenore if another woman had been standing by holding the rhyming dictionary and offering suggestions.

"We'll have to move on, I guess," he suggested, rising tactfully. "We'll take our problems with us."

Carolina got into the front seat again.

He very carefully pretended not to notice that. It was nicer to have her there in the place where he had become accustomed to look for her. And, doubtless, the bumps were much bumpier riding in the back.

Peter tried, though, to be kind to her for the remainder of the day. Poor kid—he wondered if she really thought that all she had to do was to report in Los Angeles in order to become a cinema star.

Carolina, even with most of her bandages off—she had molted them day by day along the trail—was nothing for a Ziegfeld, or even a Shubert, to get excited about. There were a lot of freckles on her and her nose turned up. Her eyes were like a boy's—none of that melting dreaminess that a man could drown his soul in.

Peter couldn't see any future for Carolina in Los Angeles—or anywhere. He kept thinking of her situation—relatives all gone, nothing left but Pronto. She might have some money but he doubted that—traveling expenses probably, and that was all. Pronto was not a rich woman's dog. You could duplicate him anywhere for fifty cents in hand paid to either party to the transaction.

Peter had a sanguinary fight with his conscience, which seemed to think that what became of Carolina was some concern of his. He wanted to banish her helplessness from his prospect. Let someone who loved her look after her, or if no one did—then someone who could learn to love her. There must be someone who could discern charm in her. Peter liked her well enough as an acquaintance; maybe some susceptible male could go further and want her for his mate.

But not himself. No, no! Heaven forbid. He who had done loving for always had no room in his heart for any emotion other than detached pity.

At Needles that night—or rather, well on toward morning—two automobummers, temporarily out of transportation, decided to annex Peter's car. They approached Peter's camp—two miles or so out of town, as usual—without arousing Pronto until they were almost in the car.

Peter awakened, too, as the dog growled. The next thing he heard was the starting of the motor. In a flash Pronto was after the car. In two more flashes he had jumped from the ground to the back seat and was

If you have any kind of motoring troubles turn to page 113. There are twenty-five helps for these problems listed there. You may need one or two or all of them.



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you may not be able to keep your diet varied and well balanced. You may not be able to avail yourself of all the elements which Nature places in fruits and vegetables to keep the human body healthy.

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But Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding Nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

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THE A.E. LITTLE SHOE

—has a message for you.

See page 132

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vociferously pointing out to the driver that he had no business to touch that wheel.

There was a flashing red explosion, a thud, and Pronto lay in the alkali dust where he had been thrown from the car.

Neither Peter nor Pronto himself realized quite what had happened. Peter, on the run, came up to where his fallen comrade lay and the latter tried to rise. But there was something wrong back of the forelegs. The tail could wag a little but the hind legs wouldn't function.

"Pronto, boy, what's the matter?" Peter demanded, putting his hand on the dog's back.

It was all wet—blood.

The car was forgotten. Peter tore up his shirt and clumsily tied up the gunshot wound.

What to do next? The kindest thing, perhaps, would be to end the dog's suffering by a revolver shot or a tap on the skull with a rock. Peter even went so far as to get his gun and take aim but Pronto looked up at him so trustingly that he couldn't pull the trigger.

Still, something had to be done. The sun had already popped over the horizon. In an hour it would be almost unendurably hot. There was no shade and the water supply was in the purloined car. Pronto was already panting anxiously. The loss of blood always incites an automatic thirst.

Pronto weighed eighty-five pounds. Peter picked him up gently and headed down the back trail for Needles. It was a weary walk. The dust swirled around his feet in little, discouraged clouds and then settled back into its pulverized monotony.

The town was tantalizingly in sight, near, unless you estimated the distance in tired steps. It swayed slightly as the heat waves began to make a refracting lens of the atmosphere.

Peter had to stop every hundred yards or so and recover his breath. The desert plus a burden to carry takes the tuck out of a man faster than a boxing bout.

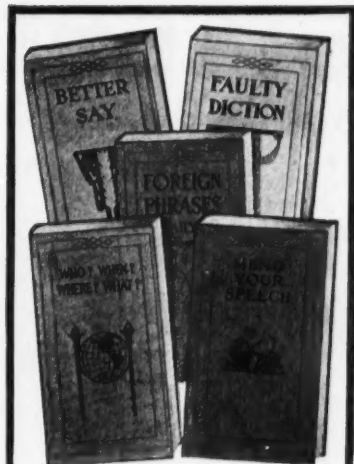
Pronto did not complain. He was more apologetically grateful than anything else—that, and uncomprehending. Nothing had ever been the matter with him before that Peter couldn't fix immediately and, he couldn't understand that there was really no foundation for his firm belief that Peter was the principal member of the Trinity.

Peter dared not rest much, not if he expected to arrive in Needles with a live dog. The bandages were already soaked through and dripping red tribute upon the alkali.

He was pretty well spent before he reached the outskirts of the town, the Mexican fringe that radiated from the more concentrated center. The natives turned out uncomprehendingly to see this strange *hombre* who carried a near-dead pup weighing almost a hundred pounds through the sun-baked streets of the hottest town in the United States. Did the *hombre* think he could not find another flea-bitten *perro* just as good under every shady tree in town? Why not make a present of what was left of this one to the buzzards?

Carolina met them in the street. She was going out to look for them as they had planned a sun-up start for that morning and she had begun to wonder what had become of her escort.

Peter was mighty glad to see her; glad, too, that she was not a girl like Suzanna who would not have been of any use in



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such an emergency. Pronto was glad, too, but feebly so—his strength was fast ebbing.

"Ask at the drugstore if there is a veterinary in town," Peter ordered. "I'll wait here in this garage until you come back with help. If there is no vet bring a regular doctor."

Carolina was off without any further question. Peter put his pal and patient on a pile of waste in back of the motor fire engine which was housed along with many other vehicles in the Needles New Garage.

Steve, the proprietor, and chief of the fire department, a good scout but helpless to aid unless a wrench and a pair of pliers were needed, stood by and brought water to pour down Pronto's throat and to wet his hot, furry head.

There wasn't any veterinary—Needles is not a stock-raising country—so Carolina brought back the house physician from the hotel. He came with an alacrity he would not even have attempted to simulate had it not been for the fact that Carolina had used two of the most powerful feminine arguments on him—smiles and tears—supplemented by a twenty dollar bill.

After an examination the doctor advised a lethal hypodermic injection. "He might be saved but it will take time and will cost a good deal of money. The other thing would be quick and inexpensive."

The doctor seemed to look to Peter to make the decision. The seat of judgment is reserved for men and always will be.

Peter did not consult Carolina in the matter at all, not even by a glance.

"I've got two hundred and thirty-odd dollars left. If that gets used up I'll earn some more. Take off your coat. Carolina, go back to the hotel. This is going to be a man's job."

"And a woman's," she returned, not moving.

Now there are people who will say that Peter and Carolina did very wrong to waste so much time and money on a mere dog, that an equal expenditure would have been of inestimable benefit to some child of the slums, that the life of one unsanitary, contagion-bearing animal weighed so little in the balance of the good of the race that their sentimental expenditure was wanton and maudlin extravagance.

The only trouble with that practical argument is that it ignores the fact that kindness and love, no matter where bestowed, add to the total of the progress of humanity toward the ultimate goal set by the Jew who said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Pronto's life during the next few weeks was well lived, whether he died at the end of that time or not, if it restored to Peter his faith in God, in friendship and in a woman.

Misanthropy, cynicism, selfishness worked themselves out of the finger tips of the hands that cared so tenderly for that worthless dog for three weeks there in one of the least desirable vacation spots in the world.

A man couldn't help opening up his heart once more, even after it had been closed forever, to an animal that licked his hand understandingly just after he had been obliged to hurt cruelly, nor to admire and to place on an empty pedestal a girl who never seemed to think of herself at all.

Peter and Carolina came to know one another very well in that desert town.

He tried not to like her but he couldn't help it. The best he could do was not to tell her—at least in words. Sometimes that was difficult when they took long evening walks in the silently cool desert. But he succeeded; he never said a word, not even when it was moonlight.

Pronto was able to travel. Peter had enough money left to pay the railroad fare to Los Angeles. That was the nearest city of any consequence, and besides Carolina had said that was where she wanted to go.

Peter bought the tickets and the caravan moved on—almost regretfully. The journey's end meant parting for always. Everybody pretended not to think of that until they arrived at the Sante Fé station in Los Angeles.

Then arose a momentous question.

Peter had gone up to the baggage car to redeem the live luggage and now returned with him on leash, very joyful at being on solid ground once more and desperately grateful to find that Peter and Carolina still existed.

Peter placed the leash in Carolina's hand but she refused to take it.

"I want you to keep him, Peter," she said. "He adores you—he has a darn good reason to—and he will never be happy away from you."

"It's a cinch he won't be happy away from you," argued Peter. "Thanks for offering him, but he is yours, you know."

"I don't know any such a thing. You saved his life twice. He's really yours."

"No, my dear girl, no. He's yours."

Peter looked hard at her—exasperated. Carolina was being so unexpectedly stubborn. Pronto didn't like the argument either. He whimpered a little. Peter looked crosser but Carolina returned his glance unflinching.

"He's yours."

"He is not. He's yours."

Finally Peter smiled.

"All right, darling. I'll compromise. He's ours."

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

It would have been nice to finish the story by saying that they were married and lived happily ever after. They were married all right but rifts in the lute began showing up immediately. Carolina hadn't dared tell him before the ceremony that she was worth a lot of money in Virginia real estate and when she did break it to him Peter got very peeved for a while. He even kept the grouch a little and supported his family entirely by his own industry as a security salesman—his original business had been bond promotion—until the first relentless heir arrived.

"Peter, dearest," Peter's wife said just as soon as the doctor would let her, "I want you to take all the money I have and invest it in the name of your boy."

"My boy? Yours."

"Well then, ours. Say you will! It hurts me terribly to talk but I've got to argue with you unless you say yes."

"All right. Don't argue."

"Thanks. Hold me in your arms a little and kiss me without any reservations. Peter, lamb, I love you and—"

"Hush! You just said it hurt you to talk."

"Not love words. I'm hungry for the sound even if I have to say 'em myself."

"You don't. Just listen!"

The Special Extra

(Continued from page 29)

on his own time and not charging anything for it, either. It's going to carry pictures of the winner and the loser, too. The owner wouldn't stand for a cent of added expense. So I paid for the pictures myself; I guess I'll have to pay for the extra composition bills, too—two of the comps agreed to set up the matter, odd times, if I'd stand good for their strings. I ordered the pictures by wire from Denver—good chalk plates—and they came in last night and I got 'em out of the express office awhile ago. I've got my newsboys arranged for, too. I had to attend to that detail; nobody else would help me. There'll be my own younger brother, Danny, and two other boys on hand ready to grab the papers as fast as they come off of our old rattle-trap of a press, and hustle out with 'em. I've taught 'em what to yell—"Extra! Extra! Pioneer Extra! Special illustrated edition! All about the big fight!" Oh, Mr. Johnston. I'm just aching for the minute to come!"

It had been a weary long time since Balty Johnston was a cub, but he had kept his enthusiasms. Every newspaperman who means to succeed has to keep them and does. He dropped one plump hand on Crisp's shoulder.

"You sat up two nights to do your copy after working like a horse all day? And you spent yesterday, which was a Sunday and your only day off, helping this friend of yours, Gallagher, at the make-up? And with hand composition and a flat-bed press you're guaranteeing to put out a fight extra on a twenty minute margin? And the pictures you're going to use—you paid for them out of your own pocket? I'm right, so far, eh?" He paused for a moment, his half closed eyes on space. "Tell me, boy, if it isn't an impertinence, how much you earn at this job."

"Eighteen a week. It used to be fourteen, but I got a four dollar raise."

"Eighteen a week." He mused over this detail for a brief space also. Then, briskly, he said: "I wish you'd take me round to your plant and let me have a look at the lay-out of this extra of yours. Perhaps I might be able to give you a pointer or so."

"Will you go?" said Crisp eagerly. "It's just what I was hoping you might do, but I didn't dare ask you. It's just around the corner up Crockett Hill."

As they made the steep grade of the side street, Crisp on his toes, and the wheezing Johnston wondering inwardly why so much of Bridger's Gap should be set on edge like something put out to dry, the younger man babbled added technicalities.

"So we've made up the two inside pages—it'll be only a four page extra, you see—made 'em up with boiler-plate and standing ads and left-over reprint. Any old thing out of the ad-alley or in the over-set we chucked in. And so one side of the extra has already been run off; we have to run print half and half on a flat-bedder, you know." Johnston grunted to show he knew. Just then he needed what breath remained to him. "We've made up the back page, too, out of the same sort of stuff and it's in the form, locked up and waiting. Of course the front page is the only one that counts; the old man's been



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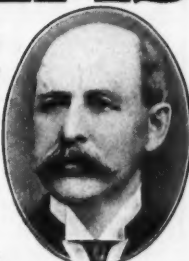
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working on that spare times, or rather I should say that he's been working on both my front pages. You see, sir, we've got to have two front pages. We call 'em *A* and *B*. We'll run *A* if Conoday wins and *B* if Lefarge, by any chance, should happen to turn the trick. *A* has a big scare head stretching clear across the whole seven columns, saying: 'Conoday Wins in Round blank.' Down below, in the center of the page, is a three column cut of him, and just off to one side is a single column cut of Lefarge—the big picture for the winner and the small one for the loser—I thought that would be more appropriate. So, if the champ wins, all we've got to do is to stick the number of the round in that blank space in the top deck and slam the form on the press and let her go. And *B* is made up just the same as *A* is, except, of course, that Lefarge's name appears in the scare head instead of Conoday's, and here the bigger cut shows Lefarge as the winner and the little one Conoday as the loser."

"Sounds all right to me," said Johnston between pants. "It looks as though the only risk you run is in case the fight should be a draw. And there's not much chance of that. Tell me this, though—how about the copy in your two dummies? Is it practically the same in both instances?"

"No, sirree!" The youngster's tone was triumphant. "There's a separate introduction for each one—not very long, but written in the past tense so as to make the stuff sound more as if it'd been done after the fight ended instead of in advance. In *A*, the introduction states that Conoday won, as was generally expected. It naturally doesn't go into the details but just deals with it in general terms, sort of; and then I go on to tell about the intense excitement following the finish, with thousands cheering wildly, and all that kind of thing. Following along after this there's a long sketch of his life and his ring record, and in this part, at every chance, I speak of him as 'the victor of today's fight' or as having 'this day attained the supreme triumph of his fistic career,' or something like that, to make the whole thing sound more convincing. And after that comes a shorter sketch of Lefarge, mentioning him frequently as the 'loser' and as the 'defeated man,' and the story winds up with a two column description of the scenes as the crowd was gathering and the way the arena looked and how both men seemed in the pink of condition, and all that. The stuff that goes in *B* is written exactly the other way around. Of course I've had to draw on my imagination for my local color but at that I think it sounds more or less plausible. Gallagher says it does. He says they work exactly the same stunt in the big shops for flash extras sometimes and get away with it. He says, lots of times, even in a city, where people are naturally smarter, the public at large is deceived and wonders how a paper could be put out so quick, with so many of the main facts and particulars in it."

"They do—and it does," assented Johnston dryly. "Say, son, how much farther above the timber line is this miracle-working establishment of yours? I'm no Alpine chamois."

"Right yonder," said Crisp, "the little two-story brick building there just below the peak of the hill. It's pretty steep climbing getting up to it, but it'll have

one advantage on Wednesday, anyway. From on the top of it you can look right down across the shoulder of the draw and down into the arena, not more than two hundred yards away. That makes it lucky for Gallagher and our pressman, Tobe Hurter, and my three special news-boys. They'll have to be on the job waiting when I tear in from the ringside, but at that they won't miss the fight. They'll get a pretty fair view of it from the roof . . . Well, here we are, sir."

As they went through the scarred doorway and along a rail-lined central passway dividing business office from editorial room, Johnston took note of a rather sullen looking young man who sat at a desk inside the right-hand enclosure; took note, also, of the quick side-glance which this person gave Crisp as the latter led the way into the combination of composing room, job printery and press room at the back. Johnston decided that this bestower of contemptuous looks must be the business manager. Frisbee he had met already; this, then, would be Slocum. Johnston saw a good many things which persons seemingly much more wide awake than he missed altogether. Probably this helps to explain why he was a good reporter.

For instance now, although his face remained a mask of casual indifference, he took in the detail of the ratty, odorous little place into which he'd been ushered—took it in down to its nicked imposing stones and its frayed flybells. By virtue of this magic power which was his, he made a mental photograph of it all; the poverty of equipment, the run-down look of the machinery, all the proofs of a worn-out plant turning to junk for lack of suitable upkeep. What interested him more, although still he betrayed no great interest, was the shambling old foreman, Gallagher, visibly excited on being introduced to the visiting notable and punctuating his speech with the *hack-hackings* of a chronic cough. Gallagher apologized for the meagerness of his format but, even so, there shone forth from him the righteous vanity of a master hand who from makeshifts and patchwork nevertheless had achieved a finished thing. But in Crisp's suddenly altered manner Johnston read a sudden doubtfulness over the prospects for a successful outcome of the undertaking. This dubious feeling showed increase as Crisp presented a sheaf of smudgy proofs of his front page stories and asked judgment on them, standing by then, half in hope, half in dread.

"Any suggestions, Mr. Johnston?" he anxiously asked when Johnston had scanned the matter, as trained newspapermen do, in a quick, comprehensive summing. "Would you recommend changing anything?" Old Gallagher, in a little nervous tremor, harkened for the verdict.

"I don't believe I'd change anything, gentlemen," said the Easterner, as he laid the proof strips down. "I have no suggestions." Moreover, he made no comment, whether of praise or criticism, when by invitation he had run his eye over the made-up forms, lying side by side on the stone. The two hardly knew whether to be pleased or disappointed. "Well," he said presently, ending a silence which was growing embarrassing, "well, I expect I'd better be going. Good by, Mr. Gallagher—I'm glad to have met you."

He shook hands with the old man. Then he did an unexpected thing—they both put it down to absent-mindedness on his part. He shook hands with Crisp.

It's ancient history now, that fight at Bridger's Gap in the Far West for the world's heavyweight championship, but the oldsters who survive will remember it. 'Twas a thing to be remembered.

Crockett's Ravine, as fashioned by the Great Architect, made a natural amphitheater to begin with. The patrons assembled, the great framework oval took on the semblance of half of a split cantaloupe lying open to the skies. The spectators, ranged tier on tier in the mounting seats, were the seeds clinging to the dished sides of this vast melon, and down in the scooped-out heart of it, below them, was set the ring. In this ring, which is so called for the reason that it is no ring but precisely and geometrically a four-square, there faced each other at the start a brace of men utterly unlike in every possible aspect saving just three. Three things they had in common: brute strength, brute courage and the skill of a highly specialized brutishness.

Conoday, the wearer for ten years of the diamond-studded belt, stood out and up as the honest embodiment of an old-time ringster, a true reincarnation in spirit and port of the Macs and the Sayers and the John L.'s of an earlier day; a mattress of black hair on his breast, tufts of black hairs on his shoulders; the heavy, blue-shaven jowl, the wide blue eye and the thick eyebrow of the "Black Irish"; an accurate Celtic type honed to sharpness on the curbstones of the New England town that bred him. Facing him, in a curious, hump-backed crouch and, at the beginning, circling him while he pivoted on his flat feet, as a timber wolf circles a buffalo bull, was a man who, in bulk and muscular development, in everything save a superior agility, seemed in no wise qualified to give him trouble—the Montreal Albino, the North Woods Wonder, the Kanuck Beaver. Lefarge's looks and prior life had given him these pet names and half a dozen more.

He had served his apprenticeship as a fisticuffer, so the stories ran, in the congenial atmosphere of a Quebec lumber camp, mowing 'em down as fast as they came up to him. From the slashings he graduated to the chief city of his native province and there polished and perfected his art. For convenience's sake he was called a French-Canadian, but this, more or less, was a misnomer. From Scandinavian stock he must have got his thatch of pale yellow hair and the clear red skin of his face, the clear pink skin of his hairless body. A very different strain had willed him his pair of gimletty black eyes, which seemed so misplaced behind their whitish eyelashes; those eyes were Micmac or Cree, surely. If his speed was Indian his stubborn endurance must have been a heritage of Viking great-granddaddies. He was so long-armed and so short-waisted and with such seemingly inadequate crooked legs that when he stood erect and let his hands hang he almost, but not quite, could touch his knee joints with his finger tips. Even so, had he chosen now to stand erect instead of shuffling in and out in that queer crippled stoop of his, the top of his skull would have come only to the lowermost



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"A Jack of All Trades" is usually Master of None



DEFINITION

The practice of Chiropractic consists of the adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse

Ask Your Chiropractor for "The Last Word"

A chiropractor is not a "Jack-of-all-trades." He is master of one.

All that the properly trained chiropractor pretends to know is how to adjust the spine.

He doesn't know much, but what he does know is true. What he **does** know works so well that Chiropractic has been built upon the failures of those who know so much that isn't true.

It takes three years of constant application in a first-class resident school to train a chiropractor to properly adjust the spine, **providing** he has the ability to learn. All the schools in the world, however, cannot train a person who lacks in faculty or desire to learn. Such incompetents invariably attempt to hide their lack of ability behind a mass of adjuncts, such as electrical devices, dietetics, baths, etc.

The competent Chiropractor uses nothing but his hands, and does nothing but adjust the misaligned vertebrae.

If you are thinking of trying Chiropractic, select a competent Chiropractor.

Employ none but a competent chiropractor.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the
Universal Chiropractors' Association, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.

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scrollings of his opponent's cornucopia ear.

So much for that. The fight went four rounds and nearly a fifth. Clear through to the finish nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand persons present agreed that it was bound to be Conoday's fight. His famous sledge-hammer swing might fail to find the shifting human target at which he aimed it. It did fail, repeatedly, to do so. And his cumbrous charges and lunges only cost him his breath and the vain force he expended on them. But at close quarters his short-arm jabbing seemed powerfully effective. He made a drum head of the skin on Lefarge's chest, and played on it *rubadubbub*, a flailing tattoo. He made a xylophone of Lefarge's short ribs and played on them, too. His fists pulped Lefarge's flat face so that the smaller man's blood painted them both with band-wagon stripings of a bright red. In the third round the yelling of the crowd merged and deepened into a great continuous roar—lions in the Colosseum yowling for their live meat. In the fourth round nobody was sitting down any more. Everybody was standing up.

To young Crisp, in his place in the back row of press-stand seats flanking the ring-sides, and watching the first professional prizefight he had ever seen, it appeared as it likewise appeared to the remaining nine hundred and ninety-eight out of that given unit of a thousand, that this patently uneven set-to conceivably could have but one outcome. It was rather a shock to him, learning that the exception, the thousandth man, was Balty Johnston. Nearly at the end of the fourth round when to him it seemed that Lefarge must surely be battered down soon, he confided his opinion to his chosen mentor, two places away from him at the same long writing bench, and Johnston, raising his voice to be heard under the crashing waves of sound now passing over their heads like a surf, answered back:

"Don't be too sure, son. This close-up stuff is Lefarge's choice, not the big fellow's. Run away for a spell, then bore in and hang on—that's his new game. He's crossing Conoday—Conoday wants him to stand up and swap punches. He can take a lot more of the sort of punishment he's getting. And he's got your celebrated climate fighting on his side. Don't look at Lefarge's face—it's not a pretty sight; and, anyway, that blood doesn't count. Look at Conoday's belly—that's the spot to watch. He's panting already like a hooked fish. He'll be blowing soon—like a porpoise. And watch Lefarge's left. He's sinking it in the big man's bread-basket every mix-up—there or in his kidneys. Ah-h!—see, there, bang on a kidney! And there goes the bell! It's not over yet, son, take it from me."

Crisp wanted to agree but couldn't. The fifth round started as the preceding one had, Conoday forcing the issue, Lefarge following his tactics of standing off, then closing in and clinching. There was a hard, quick flurry of in-fighting, the feints, the counters and the thrusts coming so fast the eye could not follow them. Lefarge, you would have said, must have taken a weakening blow somewhere in his vitals. He staggered free and stepped back, tottering on his bent legs. A possible thirty-nine thousand voices out of a total of forty thousand in chorus pleaded with Conoday to make an end of it.

But Conoday delayed the finishing stroke. He needed to get his wind back. That last *mêlée* had been a fierce one; so far as breath was concerned he was almost spent. He half turned his head, some said afterward to spit and some said to toss a wink or a confident word to his seconds. They had been fighting close up to his own corner then and his corps of handlers were just below him and almost alongside. He half lowered his guard, leaving his upper works only partially defended.

Lefarge had stepped back. Now he stepped in. His right arm, wrought into a flexible length of twisted steel cable by years of swinging a double-bitted timber ax, came up and around and over in a wide arc. For his seeming weakness of a split second before, he had taken a lesson from a crafty malingerer of a preceding generation. For his full armed swing, delivered with all his heft behind it, he had borrowed a page from Conoday's own book.

Usually a man knocked cold on his feet by a blow delivered from in front does one of two things. He folds up on himself and pitches slowly forward to slide out all his length and sprawl face downward or else, all suddenly stiff and rigid, he goes over flat on his back. Strangely, Conoday did neither. Lefarge's clubbed fist had caught him a sidewise clout where the jaw met the throat, and spinning sideways, over he went, to all intents and purposes senseless before he toppled. His body twisting, he struck the ropes and they *tinged* under the impact like fiddlestrings suddenly smitten. Their recoil bounced him up and rolled him face upward, so that for the twentieth part of a second he teetered in the air, balanced, literally, across the sagged and straining cords, with his feet clear outside of the ring, his torso inside. Then the forces of gravity operated to produce a curious thing. He slid inward until the back of his head, first, and then his shoulders, struck the canvas. His arms, automatically crooked up in a posture of protection, remained so. The heel of one foot caught in the lower rope and hung. His other leg, still feebly alive even though his brain was fast asleep, slid upward against the corner post at his corner, the foot wagging. And there, practically upside down, he stayed while old Hawk Eye Billy Queen, the referee, standing over him with an arm swinging to the tally, tolled off the fatal count of ten—the only man big or little in all the history of the prize ring, so they tell me, who ever took the count while standing on his head.

A human ground swell rolled down the banked sides of the arena. But young Crisp was free of the crush. At the referee's "ten" he had wriggled rearward under his seat. He dived into a covered runway which opened just behind the press stand and led through to a private exit for the press on Crockett Avenue. At the outer mouth of the tunnel he had put a borrowed bicycle in charge of an obliging gatekeeper. The gateman was gone, deserting his post, but the wheel was where he had left it. He swung himself into the seat and pedaled hard around the flank of the draw and on, up-grade, of the steep empty street.

Nearing his shop he checked his speed, deftly flung himself out of saddle and, letting the bicycle fall against the curbing, he darted full tilt past the untenanted front

rooms and flung himself against the swing door that shut off the composing room.

"Let 'er go, fellows!" he shouted as he shot through. "It's page B for us. Lefarge won in the fifth. Stick a big five in the top head and let 'er go!"

He halted in mid-spring, dumbfounded. None present had jumped to action at his command. Gallagher stood there fronting him, with a face like a funeral, gray and haggard. Behind Gallagher was Tobe Hurter, the pressman, his long arms dangling. The three newsboys of his choosing scrooged somewhere into the edges of the picture; in that same flash he was cognizant of them also. Stricken, they all stared at him. In the look of each of the group was shock—he saw it plainly enough—shock and a profound distress and on top of that a profound bewilderment.

Gallagher spoke in the manner of one wishful to soften a blow and yet as one aware that here swift speech was needed.

"We can't go, laddy—we're licked! There'll be no extra out this day. The dir-r-r-ty dogs that done it—damn their souls, I could bash their skulls in! Look!" He swung about, pointing a shaking hand.

"Look, Kid, see what they done to you." Crisp shoved past the old man and looked, and all the blood in his body turned to a thin whey. Under the legs of the make-up table whereon last he had seen it, alongside its mate, complete and ready, lay one of his precious pages. It was a page no longer. It was a mess of metal, fit only for scrap-heap and hell-box, all its component atoms now a hopeless jumble where they had been jolted from the chase by the jar of their fall. The other page rested upon the slab, still properly in column and alignment and all rightly justified, but terribly marred. Here and there soft type faces were dented down in deeply pitted circles. The sharp lines of the two cuts had been hammered flat. Under ink they would show only as meaningless blurs of black. Some heavy weight, probably the head of a hammer, had been brought down on them repeatedly.

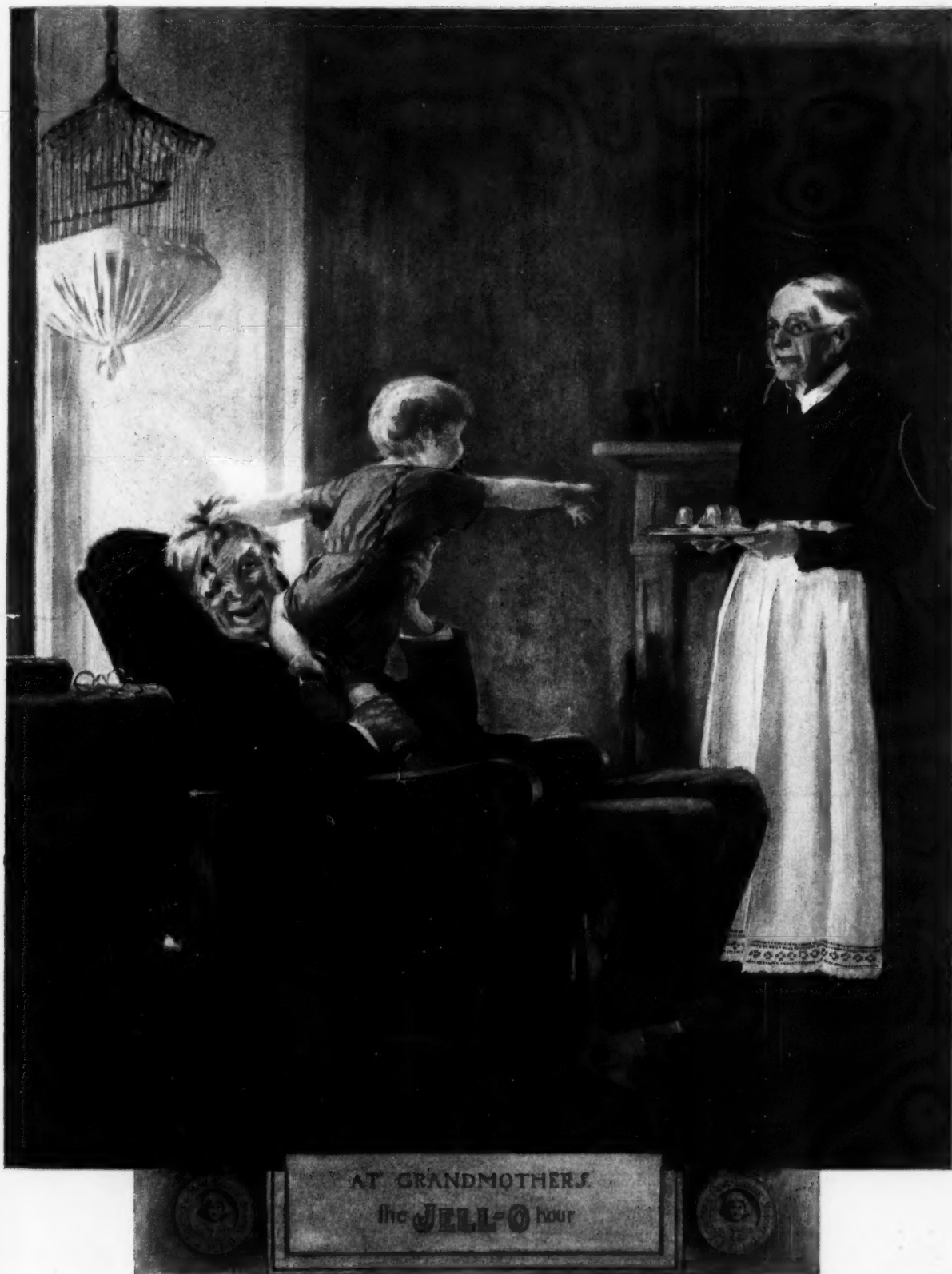
It was page A, as he saw, that had been flung from the stone and shattered upon the floor. It was page B, his page for print, that remained whole, but all so pecked and mangled.

"How did it happen?" He asked the question quietly enough, with no outward show of grief or passion. His voice had a tired droop.

"It didn't happen—'twas done," Gallagher told him; "done not ten minutes ago."

"Who did it?" His tone still carried that listless quality in it. He seemed merely a very weary youth, not deeply concerned by the catastrophe, not even deeply concerned in the why's and wherefore's of it.

"I can't prove but I can guess. By cripes, I can have a good guess at it!" Gallagher snarled like a gallant but impotent old watch dog. "We was up on the roof, all of us that you see here, to watch the fight, leavin' this place empty but all things behind us shipshape. Slocum—he was there wit' us. Only he kept dodgin' up and down through the scuttle and runnin' below sayin' he must mind the front office by spells. Wit' him was that hang-dog of a tramp printer of a Honiger that's been so thick wit' him these past few days. They stuck clos't together, I mind that now. Well, in the last round





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before the very last wan, whin it looked as though the big fella had the fight as good as won, I remember seein' Slocum duck down the ladder. Jist about thin I missed Honiger, too. It didn't seem strange to me at the time that the both of them should be leavin', me bein' concerned wit' prayin' that Conoday would knock the block off that bloody wood-chopper of a British step-child of a Frinch-Canadian in another minute or so. Thin down below somewhere I heard crashin' sounds—wan big crash and smaller wans, like hammerin'—but paid them no heed. The knock-out came and we came peltin' down to be waitin' fur you. And there, as you see it before you, was this ruination.

"Oh, lad, it's easy to figure out! Thinkin' Conoday to be a sure winner from what they'd seen, they stole down here and dumped the Conoday page. And thin, either for pure divilment or to be on the safe side, wan of them tarried long enough to hand the other page a few hard licks where they'd do the most harm. And you can niver bring the deed home to them, neither. They wasn't here whin I got down; there's neither wan of them showed up yit. They'll be driftin' in presently, as innocent as two baby lambkins, sayin' how they ran down the hill, hopin' to git first word of the finish, and seen nawthin' nor heard nawthin' out of the way back here in the shop. Trust them two to alibi for each other—damn them ag'in!"

Gallagher was a son of the south of Ireland; therefore emotional. He actually forgot to cough as his voice rose in a keening wail. As though he did not hear him Crisp ran one hand in a sort of caress over the marrings of the intact page, then with his toe stirred idly the mass of spillage underfoot. He was beginning to cry now, gulping and sniffing to hold the hard sobs back. He was only twenty.

As though seeking for possible salvage out of the wreck, or perhaps to hide his weeping from the others, he stooped and hauled out of the pile the two cuts originally destined for page A in the event it had been used. The smaller one, a single-column cut of Lefarge, was of no account, twisted out of its proper contour by the force of its falling and with one corner of the heavy metal base twisted up in a jagged point. He dropped it. The other and larger, a cut of the defeated Conoday, had taken no damage. He spun it in his hands mechanically; the only one of the four still serviceable. And yet, for his purposes, it was utterly unavailable. How could he go to press with a paper announcing Lefarge's victory and the single picture in its scarred and mutilated front page a picture of the loser? There was but one alternative and that a yet poorer one—to print with two yawning blank spaces where the promised pictures should have been. Yes, Gallagher was right, he was beaten. Getting himself under control, he kept turning the useless slab of metal this way and that, top-side up, bottom-side up—

Old Gallagher warned to his lamentations: "Oh, laddy, I'm sorry for you! You but a kid and countin' so big on gettin' out your pet extra! And you advertisin' to be out wit' it on the street in twenty minutes. And now for you to be licked this way!"

"We aren't licked!" The youngster bit a sob in two to proclaim it. "We

aren't licked yet! We get out our extra!"

He wasn't crying now. His eyes blazed. "We get out our extra, I tell you. And we get it out inside the time limit—fully illustrated!" He almost shrieked it, his voice cracking under the stress. "Tobe—here! You unlock this chase and throw out those two smashed-up cuts. Stick a 'five' into the hole in that scare head and after that stand by. Gallagher, here!" He pulled out his pencil; he scooped up a scrap of waste paper from the floor, spread it flat upon the vacant imposing slab, threw a swirl of swift lines across it, then thrust the accomplished scribble into the dazed foreman's hand. "There's your copy for the legends to go under the two pictures—set 'em in bold face, the first one in three column measure, the other single column."

"But lad—"

"Don't stand there—hustle!" A captain inspired, he jumped toward the ad-alley and vanished behind a rack. Gallagher, beset with a tremendous wonderment but galvanized into action, scooped up a compositor's metal stick and speeding over to a case, flattened his scrawl of brief copy before him and fell to. As under his nimble fingers the type clicked into place, he heard over his shoulder the boy pawing through the cluttered store of discarded stock ads—the heavy electrotyped blocks of foreign advertisers whose contracts had run out. He heard the succession of solid thumps as young Crisp flung aside the heavy squares and rectangles, then heard him cry out joyously: "I've got it—I've got it!"

Now the youngster came running back to where Hurter labored with willing but unskilled hands over the form on the imposing slab. Crisp had brought with him a single column mount. He dropped it into the lesser gap in the page—the place from which Hurter had just lifted the damaged line drawing previously placed there; the substituted block filled the hole almost exactly. From the place where he had laid it, two minutes before, he caught up the broader cut that had been salvaged by him from the ruin on the floor and he jammed it into the larger opening in the middle breadth of the page.

"Come on, Gallagher!" he shouted. "Come on with those legends. Never mind stopping to pull a proof. Come on!"

Gallagher came a-running. He needed no further orders. He knew his trade, even though he might not know the artifice or the expedient, or whatever it was, that was behind his young commander's intent. With eyes only for his own share in this mad and inexplicable undertaking, he dumped the two sentences he had set, the wide measure matter beneath the broader cut where it must belong, the single column stuff under the narrower cut; then with slugs and leads wrought swiftly to space out. He wedged in thin spaces to make all snug, and next, elbowing the clumsy Hurter aside, he contended with stubborn "furniture" and quoins as he relocked the form fast in the hollow framework of its iron chase.

The pressman and he dragged the broad flat-work of braced and balanced metal off the slab, easing it down upon the floor. Carrying it between them, they staggered toward the press, Crisp trotting along with them and, as he trotted, giving final instructions to the three boys. For the

past five minutes or so this trio had been busily engaged in keeping out of the way of the grown-ups. Now, whooping, they trailed their elders. Plainly their time of cooperation in the climax of this stirring but mysterious business was at hand.

"We'll be running 'em off now in a minute, kids," Crisp warned them, "so be ready. Don't wait to fold the papers—there'll be no time for that at the start. Danny, you grab the first twenty papers that come off, and beat it out on the street with them yelling 'Extra!' like I told you. Sell 'em and then come tearing back for more. You other boys do the same thing, only you two can wait long enough to get forty or fifty apiece before you start."

They heaved the form into its bed and fixed it there, moving smartly. The pressman leaped to his perch, shuffling his waiting sheaf of print paper so that the nearer edges of the sheets beveled handily.

"Hold a bit, laddy!" old Gallagher shouted. They'd all been shouting through these latest activities. True to print shop training, the old man had run an eye of swift appraisal over the face of the page before it was committed to ink. He straightened up from where he had been peering. "You've got an awful mess somehow here wit' your picture lay-out. The big cut—it's gone in tail end up. And the little wan—why Holy Murder, it's nawthin' but an old—"

"Stand back, please, Gallagher." The Kid's tone was crisply confident. "I'm doing this—we'll let her run as she is. I said twenty minutes and twenty minutes or less it's going to be. All set to go, Tobe? Then let her rattle."

And Gallagher stood back and Tobe let her rattle and she went. The referee had finished his fatal toll at exactly three o'clock, standard Mountain time. At eighteen minutes past the hour, by the rusted long hand of the clock on the side-wall of the Pioneer composing room, the Pioneer's old press smacked an iron lip on the first morsel that Tobe fed down into her mouth and then spat the printed sheet forth and out across a falling under jaw like a bite sampled and rejected.

At eighteen and one-half minutes past, little Danny Crisp bounced down Crockett Hill. At nineteen minutes past, Danny made his first sale. The purchaser spread the smudged damp offering before his eyes, stared at it, incredulous and scarce believing for a moment, then slanted for support against a handy wall and joyously shrieked himself into a creditable insanity. As from this victim's nerveless hand the paper fluttered a bystander caught it up and he took a look and likewise and immediately fell prey to the same happy dementia which held his neighbor in thrall. Everybody who saw a Pioneer extra that historic afternoon—and everybody did—burst forth into laughter hearty and unrestrainable. Well, here and there a lone exception there may have been. Mr. Frisbee, now—he, for one, didn't laugh.

The reason for all this hysteria—but hold on, an idea comes to the writer. Why should not the work of the artist who illustrates this be collaborative rather than accessory, as it were, after the fact? Why shouldn't he, as a direct partner in the enterprise, help the author to tell the story? He should—that's the answer. See drawing on page twenty-nine.

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MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

It was the morning after the fight. The laughter had died away to an occasional outburst of reminiscent gurglings, when Mr. Frisbee went looking for Balty Johnston.

"You remember me, Mr. Johnston, don't you? Mr. Frisbee, proprietor of the Pioneer?" he began. "I'm presuming upon our very slight acquaintance to ask a favor of you. You're one of the representative out of town correspondents here—that's why I come to you. For my own protection won't you please spread the word among your associates that I had no hand in that monstrosity of a so-called extra which was issued yesterday afternoon, bearing the imprint of my establishment? You've seen the hideous thing, of course?"

"Oh yes!" said Balty. "I'm taking my copy back East with me." He drew it forth from an inside breast pocket and unfolded it carefully, as though handling a priceless possession. "I'm going to keep it. I imagine a great many people will be taking their copies away with them."

"That's the worst of it," lamented Mr. Frisbee. "As a reputable publisher I'll never live it down." He suffered his seared eyes to rest upon the sheet as Johnston spread it in his hands, and flinched anew. "Abominable! Atrocious! Idiotic! Incredibly bad! Incredibly stupid! The audacity of that crazed cub! Look at it, Mr. Johnston—I ask you to look at it again." His agitated fingers tapped the paper. "Look at this. This besotted young idiot sticks into my paper an old advertising cut of Arm and Ax Brand baking powder—a proprietary trademark which everybody is familiar with—and expects my readers to believe that it is a likeness of Lefarge's own right arm. He calls it that—he actually claims in cold type that it is Lefarge's arm. And then, not satisfied, he prints a cut of Conoday upside down—upside down, mind you—with a line beneath it declaring that it's a correct representation of Conoday immediately after being rendered unconscious. Read it: 'Done on the Spot by Our Special Artist.' Great God! Who did he expect to fool by that monstrous claim? Everybody knows it was not drawn on the spot! Everybody knows I have no artist in my employ! It's ghastly! It's all so utterly preposterous on the face of it—so ridiculous! It makes the Pioneer ridiculous. It makes me ridiculous. I feel that I'm ridiculous at this moment!"

"Yes, Mr. Frisbee," said Johnston, "you certainly are." He folded up his paper and put it away. "What are you going to do about it, may I ask?"

"And well may you ask, sir!" said the outraged Mr. Frisbee. "I shall discharge that young man from my service. It was an error on my part—I realize that now and freely confess it—ever to elevate him to a position of responsibility in my staff. I knew at the time he was immature, raw, ignorant. But I did not dream that he had criminal impulses—that at the first opportunity he would run amok with my reputation as a newspaper publisher. I admit my own mistake. But I shall correct it. I shall derive great personal pleasure from discharging him."

"When were you thinking of letting him out?" asked Johnston gently.

"I shall give him one week's notice. He doesn't deserve any grace whatsoever—

still, I shall give him one week, with full pay. Besides, it will be several days yet before the man that I have chosen to succeed him can get here from Seattle."

"I shouldn't wait that long, if I were you," said Johnston. "If firing him is going to be any personal satisfaction to you, I'd not wait a whole week."

"No? Wouldn't you?"

"No, I'd can him right away. Because otherwise you're likely to be disappointed in your desires."

"Just what do you mean by that, Mr. Johnston?" asked the Pioneer's puzzled proprietor. There seemed to be a catch in this thing somewhere.

Next month comes Irvin Cobb's extraordinary story, "One Block from Fifth Avenue." It's a story you'll never forget.

Mr. Ig's Amok

(Continued from page 57)

"Just think of a woman scolding a man like you steadily for eight years! It's no wonder that you divided her into two parts at the end of them!"

"If I'd ever had a single word of sympathy and appreciation . . ."

"Some people," said Plepilune, "don't ever meet. Others meet when it is too late." A pair of tears almost big enough to match her eyes ran down her cheeks. Ig wondered what she meant.

"But I don't think that killing your wife ought to worry you," she said presently. "There ought to be a death penalty for scolds. We have it in the forest. And as for Toto Shag—well, have you ever considered what a lot of money it costs to keep perfectly worthless old women alive? There's two deaths at least for which the community ought to be grateful."

"But the white man and the heir apparent . . ." protested Ig.

"Do you think it's a pretty thing to go out of your way to insult other peoples' gods and try to make them change them?" asked Plepilune. "Because I don't. And in the forest we have a death penalty for just that sort of thing. The heir apparent was a spoiled brat. He was only eleven years old, but he was continually boasting about the wild women he was going to capture and have in his harem when he grew up. And now . . ."

"But," said Ig, "all that you say is doubtless true enough. You are wiser than I. But I don't for the life of me see how your death could benefit anybody."

"Or my life—in a cage."

"I will get you out of the cage in two shakes of a pig's tail. Crouch in the corner."

She crouched, and Ig hewed away the opposite corner of the cage with a single swish of the decapitator.

Plepilune came out of the cage and, reaching up, she tried to clasp Ig's huge biceps with her litte hand.

"I think," said she, "that you must be the strongest man in the world. I don't see why you should be so earnest to get yourself killed. I don't think you've done anything to be ashamed of."

"Who now," said Ig, "would ever think of me without laughing? Who now would

"Oh, nothing!—except that the young man has been offered and has accepted a place elsewhere—an opening on one of the large Eastern papers."

"A large Eastern paper?" Mr. Frisbee couldn't believe his own ears. "Who, in the name of all that's incredible, gave him a job after seeing that extra?"

"I did—immediately after seeing it. He had at least two other offers last night that I know of, but he accepted mine. I did it on my own authority but my office already has confirmed the deal by wire. So I'm taking him back East with me tomorrow. He may not do for you, Mr. Frisbee, but New York is waiting for that kid, with the Welcome to Our City sign up."

give me his daughter to replace the wife that I have lost?"

"There's such a thing—I have heard of such things in the forest—as a daughter giving herself. But unless you intend to go on living and to fulfill your obvious destiny she would be all kinds of a fool to give herself to you."

"My obvious destiny?" asked Ig, his forehead all knotted with bewilderment.

"Take me to the throne room, and I will tell you what I mean."

The Sultan of Pauru has a throne of teak and ivory with a canopy of choice feathers. Plepilune made Ig stand with his back to the throne. She wanted to show him something, she said. Then she gave him a sudden push in the stomach which caused him to double up and sit down. Then she cried:

"Don't move! You look wonderful—too wonderful!"

And all at once as if pressed down by the wonderfulness of him sitting there she sank to her knees and bent over forward until her forehead was pressing his foot.

Ig blushed with embarrassment. But the toes of his foot curled with pleasure.

From her low obeisance the wild woman rose slowly and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Your obvious destiny," she said, "is to be Sultan of Pauru . . . Now don't contradict me!"

"But," objected Ig, "the Sultan—the real Sultan—will return in a few days at the head of the army."

"In the meanwhile," said Plepilune, "we shall go from house to house feeding the abandoned pigs and gathering up the eggs as the fowls lay them. When the Sultan returns at the head of the army they will be two hundred men who have no wish to die pitted against one man who so far as they know has no wish to live, and who furthermore is the strongest man in the world and the most skillful at hacking."

Ig was silent for a long time. His slow mind was actually working. A glimmer of personal ambition was in his eye.

"The victory," said Plepilune, "would rest with you."

Another silence.

"Besides yours," then said Plepilune,

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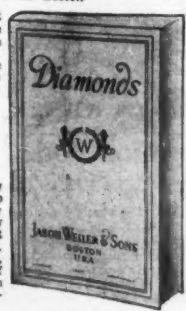
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"He did not flee with the others."

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Ig went, and after a time returned carrying the head of the priest.

"Good," said Plepilune. "And now there remains only the prisoner in the prison and the madmen in the House of Skulls. You had best spare the prisoner for the present as he may be useful to you, but the madmen will always be mad and it is a lot of trouble to feed them and expensive besides."

In a little while Ig returned. But this time he kept rubbing the palm of his right hand.

"There were a good many of them," he said, "and I think I have got what is called a stone bruise."

"Let me see."

She lifted his palm close to her face.

"Is that where it hurts?"

"Yes."

She pressed her lips to the spot and thereafter laughed softly.

Ig stood looking at her and the red color mounted under his brown skin to his eyes. He had difficulty in saying what he wanted to say. At length he succeeded in blurring it out.

"No parent," he said, "after all that has happened would ever entrust a daughter to my keeping . . . But awhile ago you said something about a daughter giving herself, and . . ."

"Of course," said Plepilune, "she would never give herself to a man who was going to insist on having a whole harem of other women too."

"Of course not," said Ig.

After a long silence he reached forth his left hand and covered her soft, firm shoulder with it. When he spoke his voice trembled. "It's a promise," he said.

How Ig and Plepilune fed the village pigs and gathered the village eggs and kept house in the palace, with the prisoner, who proved to be a jack of all trades and a jewel of a fellow, to help them, is too long a story to tell now. It is enough to say that it is a love story of the first water.

It was interrupted by the return of the Sultan with his army—not, as he had threatened, at its head, but at its end.

Ig and Bodo, the ex-prisoner, waited for them in the open space in front of the palace. And Plepilune climbed into the top of the Bo tree and looked on.

The moment the army came filing out of the forest, bristling with spears and muskets and bright with purple turbans and scarlet trousers, Ig and Bodo gave voice to the most bloodcurdling cries imaginable and ran right at it.

If anybody received the volley which the army fired before it turned and fled it was the sun, who looked down on the battle from his place in the heavens. The only person endangered was Plepilune. She got to laughing so hard that she nearly fell out of the Bo tree.

Ig and Bodo ran after the army as fast and as far as they could run. They ran until here and there in the forest they



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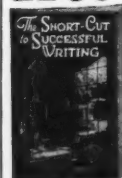
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began to come across weapons and even pairs of scarlet trousers which it had discarded to increase its mobility; and then they would have given up if they had not perceived just ahead of them an aged line officer who was swiftly disappearing into a hole in the ground.

They were just in time to get h'm by the feet and pull him out. In order to expedite his flight the aged line officer had discarded everything and was as naked as a young crow, so before conducting him into the presence of Plepilune they made him a girdle of leaves and assured him that he looked perfectly presentable.

Plepilune had a long, private talk with the old man, while Ig and Bodo slept off the fatigues of the battle and of the pursuit. And while she gave the old man his instructions she won his confidence with roast pork and fresh eggs.

When Ig and Bodo waked, the old man, nicely dressed and confident of a rosy future, had gone back into the forest.

Three days later he returned to Pauru with the army at his back and the head of the late Sultan dangling from his hand.

Ig and Plepilune and Bodo came out of the palace, and the old chief, whose name was Kerd, lined up the army.

Ig stood on the top step of the palace. Plepilune stood on the other step and Bodo on the ground.

The army threw its spears and its muskets into a heap at the feet of Ig, and Kerd, the old officer, threw the head of the ex-Sultan on the top of the heap.

Then they asked Ig to be their new Sultan and reign over them, and he said that he would. Then he made a little speech, with Plepilune prompting him in whispers, and he told them that everything was going to be altogether different and better from now on, but that any time that his orders were not carried out promptly and efficiently he would reserve the privilege of running amok.

As a matter of fact Ig rules wisely and well and is a faithful husband to Plepilune. Now that Blabu the priest is dead, Plepilune is fond of saying that her husband's is the only real brain in Pauru, and not even old Kerd, who is chief of council, would care to contradict a lady.

Sometimes when Ig and Plepilune are alone together they speak of the amok which Ig ran in the old days. But in public this period of Ig's misery and confusion is always referred to as "The Revolution."

There is one of Gouverneur Morris's piquant surprises for COSMOPOLITAN readers in January.

The Place of Women

(Continued from page 43)

although they may find them excellent husbands and hold a warm affection for them. By "love" I mean being "in love"—that intoxication which is a mixture of body, mind and soul. A woman is never in love with a man unless for the time being she feels that the man has mastered her; and it is only in the cases of the supremest love that each means all the world to each. Women love differently from men. Not that man cannot by nature love as deeply as woman; but where a woman loves passionately and



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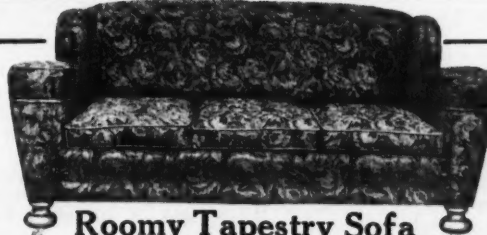


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deeply, it is with the imagination predominating over the body, and when a man loves passionately and deeply, no matter how noble he may be, the body always predominates over mind and soul. As proof of this, I am sure that statistics would show many more cases of women remaining in love with men who have been wounded and disfigured, than of men remaining in love with women who have been the victims of some ugly maiming accident. If we were talking only about kindness and devotion, the cases would probably be equal in number; but we are talking of *being in love*.

To return to the "place" of women in man's life: the men of different countries hold different points of view about the matter. One might say that, broadly, the characteristic outlook of the Englishmen would be that of Class A; that is, women are truly only a supplementary interest in their lives. The Frenchmen would more or less represent Class B; women being really the main interest in their lives, and the majority thinking of women rather as our second subdivision above. The American men would have a leaning toward Class C, the fathers; so very kind and tolerant to women's failings, willing to work for them and be ruled by them, and displaying a brotherly protective tenderness and patience toward women's caprices when a Frenchman would fly into a passion and an Englishman walk out of the room.

One would expect an Englishman to answer if one asked him what is the "place" of a woman: "Just where I want her to be"; and a Frenchman: "In my arms"; and an American: "Just where she wants to be."

Really, the whole question of "woman's place" in any country should be settled by deciding dispassionately where she can be the most helpful, morally and physically, to the betterment of the race. If that was the aim and end of all religions for women, then each one would naturally slip into the place she was most suited for, because her desire would be altruistic and for the good of the community, and what men demanded would be supplied, if they also had the general good in view.

But as it is, most people of both sexes are thinking only of their own desires, or at best what will benefit their families or their immediate class, and have no wider outlook. So most men blunder on, demanding an attitude of mind from women which is no longer possible with the general advance of education and modern conditions. And most women endeavor in some way to make places for themselves, quite regardless of whether they are square pegs in the round holes or not.

All that can happen with the sex warfare which is going on now is that irritation will extinguish the power to be "in love," and we shall gradually slip back into the emotions of savages—a physical desire to seize now and then overmastering us, and at all other times the stronger ruling the weaker. And little Cupid, who reigned so charmingly up to about 1900, will grow old and die and we old-fashioned ones will write upon his tomb, with tears:

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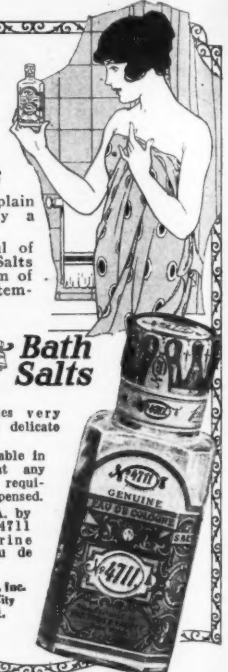
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His Children's Children

(Continued from page 64)

ever did. I'm not superstitious. But I've never had any luck with Pepperill."

"Wasn't he your adviser during the most successful part of your business career?" inquired Maitland, rallying to the support of his old friend.

"That's so," Kayne admitted with a puzzled air. "All the same I don't have the feeling that I had any luck with him. Now with you it's entirely different. I feel somehow as if I'd had good luck—whereas in fact, ever since you've acted as my attorney it's been just one damn thing after another! And the queerest part is that ever since I've been down and out—except possibly for a bad moment over that Delaval thing—I've had a sense of being in luck—of relief—silver lining to the cloud sort of business. That's where you come in—with the silver lining."

He chuckled, stroking his chin.

"Kass would think I was a fool if he heard me, so would all that old crowd. Well, they're all part of my bad luck. I'd be glad never to see any of 'em again! Be glad of a fresh deal all round."

Maitland had never had much respect for Kayne—had always regarded him as a rather poor thing—until now.

"If you really feel that way," he said, "there must be a reason for it."

"Of course there's a reason!" answered his client eagerly. "If you knew the whole story—all the details of this Mercedes business, for instance—you'd understand it—just as I do. We're all of us walking the tightrope—every man-Jack of us. If you've got the right sort of ideals and stick to them you're safe. If you haven't you're in danger every minute. Well, I didn't have the right sort of ideals—I didn't have the balance. Over I went!"

He put on his hat. There was a look akin to serenity on his broad, sallow face.

"Well, good night!" he said.

CHAPTER XXIV

RUFUS KAYNE had entered his trust company that morning a figure; he left it a man. He had for some time been going through a process by virtue of which the sawdust in his veins was being liquefied into blood. Even his disreputable experience with Mercedes had helped to humanize him. But it had been left for the experiences of the afternoon to complete his awakening, to open his eyes and show him exactly what he was—a shoddy second rater, a cheap show, a person whose conduct had even savored of criminality. Pride vanished. He perceived that he had been strutting and posing all his life, trying to make himself conform to his idea of what a financier should appear to be, and wholly unconcerned about what he himself was really like. In a word, he was looking through the shell and crust of his outside into the vacant dusty chamber of his soul.

His attitude towards others also was changed. Six months before he had viewed Maitland as a mere youngster—an unimportant underling of Pepperill's, who "cut no particular ice" and whom he could patronize as he chose; today his attitude was quite the reverse. He saw that Maitland was his superior in every way and he

was ready frankly to acknowledge it. The boy was true; and he was false.

"It's something born in you!" he said to himself as he walked up Broadway. "And if you haven't got it—"

He wondered whether, if "it" wasn't born in you, it was possible to acquire "it"—and pass "it" on to your children.

He almost wished he was going to change his social status, cease to belong to the army of the prosperous. Tackle life all over again and see how heavily he would score. No, it was too late. He'd had his chance and lost it; had fozzled life completely. Yet he had done pretty nearly what Peter B. had planned; followed his instructions; obeyed orders implicitly; and accomplished what the old man had hoped for. It was the fault of both of them. The old man could hardly be blamed for not knowing better. But he himself should have known better! He could not tell his father that, for that would be accusing his father—and his father wouldn't understand it anyway. No, so far as the old man was concerned he would have to play the game and confess failure—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son." It made him laugh ironically—the idea of that deception!

Rufus set his jaw. Poor old Pirate! What a shame he had to be told. Just at the moment when he was so happy with his great-grandchildren! And Elizabeth—she'd certainly make a scene! A woman as old as that got so set in all her ways. Not that she would really have to change her mode of life, but she would think that she would. She'd still be in the motor class. They'd have a million—maybe a little more. Simply have to give up Northampton in the summer for a less expensive place. And thank God for it!

But it would hurt his father to have to move out of the house. The house stood for everything that he had in life. All his dreams, all his ambitions for himself and his family after him.

The tears smarted in Rufus's eyes as he winked them back, ashamed to use his handkerchief for that purpose. He knew that the old man's heart was the dearest thing in his whole life, and that beside his love for his father his love for his children was as nothing. He wondered why. Could it be that there had always been a barrier between him and them? The barrier reared by his own neglect? The barrier reared by his own insincerity? The barrier erected by the knowledge that he had not been true to them?

He acknowledged that this was so.

It had been drizzling all day, the clouds lying low and ominous, giving the tall buildings the effect of hills hung with mist. Ahead of him—up by the Park somewhere—a narrow gray-blue strip of sky showed beneath the bank of wind-torn cumulus. The blue band widened, deepening into an aperture of unfathomable opalescence. The edges of the overhanging fog bank smoked with writhing wisps of gold. A magic beam of red shot from the west and tipped the Heckscher Building a half-mile above him at Fifty-seventh Street. Then the clouds dissolved. The universe went blue. The white shafts, the corniced roofs,



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Present Position.....

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the chimneys, all the canyon tops swam in a singeing, dazzling flood of rose.

Rufus raised his eyes to the glory. They rested upon his own roof, illuminated as by a crimson spotlight. He had never observed it before under such auspices. He winked and looked again. A man—two men!—were sitting cross-legged up there, on two of the chimneys. He stopped and put on his glasses. He remembered the figures now well enough. They had always been there, a fancy of the architects. There was old Howlett himself, in smock and tam, sitting in effigy, smiling, chin in cupped hand, and gazing down upon his work; and opposite—watching him, it seemed to Rufus, with a malicious, mocking grin—was a naked horned Devil, his forked tail swung over his shoulder. They had been sitting there for the last forty years! And few the wiser.

Funny old bird, Howlett! But it was a bit uncanny. He did not like to think that the Devil had been sitting there all the time almost within reach of his old father. And right over his own head!

The eerie sensation he had experienced lingered as he rang the bell.

Jarmon opened the door. A hat and coat were lying on the table in the hall.

"Mr. Devereaux is waiting to see you, sir. I showed him into the library."

Kayne scowled.

"Mr. Devereaux?" What could Devereaux be calling about? "Tell him I have come in and will be with him in a moment." He let Jarmon help him off with his coat. "I'm in for dinner tonight. Tell Mrs. Kayne."

"Yes, sir. Very good, sir."

"Are my daughters dining in?"

"Yes, sir. That is, Lady Harrowdale is—and Miss Kayne. Miss Sheila is away."

"Well. Take my message to Mr. Devereaux."

What had brought Devereaux there? He had never called before. Never called anywhere. It must be something of importance. Perhaps—perhaps he had come to offer his help! Wouldn't that make a difference in the whole aspect of the thing? If a man voluntarily offered you money, it wasn't at all the same as asking him for it. By George! A way out. Well, he must wait and see. One thing sure, he must not turn anything like that down offhand. He walked to the elevator, mopping his forehead with a large silk handkerchief. The ride up cooled him off. A tall figure was standing at the window.

"How are you, Devereaux?"

Larry stepped forward, smiling.

"How do you do, sir?"

There was no suggestion of embarrassment or self-consciousness. His tone was respectful—deferential even.

"Won't you sit down? Have a cigar?"

"Thanks. I'll smoke a cigarette if you don't mind."

The two sank into opposite chairs. "Mr. Kayne," began Devereaux, "I have come here this afternoon partly to express my regret at the action of the directors, which I regard as unnecessarily severe, and partly to attempt to mitigate the harshness of their exaction. Of course I don't know anything in detail about your affairs, but a million dollars is something to raise these days without good security."

Rufus gripped his cigar tight between

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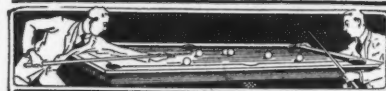
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his lips to conceal his excitement. Devereaux continued:

"I took the trouble to have those two endorsers looked up, and I'm sorry to say that I don't see a chance of your getting anything from them. No doubt you've already found out the same thing for yourself. Now what I really called to say is that, if this demand of the board that you assume the Alpha-Omega notes is going to embarrass you, I think I know a bank which might lend you the money even without the ordinary sort of security.

He spoke simply, with no suggestion that what he proposed was in any way unusual; and his narrow, high-bred face, with its black hair brushed straight back from the forehead, seemed to Kayne quite the most amiable, sympathetic and handsome that he had ever seen. He saw he had done Devereaux a great injustice in thinking of him as a snob—or a fellow who put on dog. Whatever he might do about Devereaux's offer, he was glad it had been made. A warm hearted, generous act!

Its acceptance would save the situation, render it unnecessary for him to disclose his disgrace to the old man upstairs, enable the family to maintain its social prestige. Must it be refused? Why was Devereaux offering to do this thing? A man didn't hand around a million dollars just out of amiability! There would be nothing objectionable in taking a loan from a prospective son-in-law.

Suppose Devereaux was in love with Diana. By George! Suppose he wanted to marry her? Perhaps he had never proposed to her—was going to ask for her hand now. Why not? Something—the smoke of his cigar—made Rufus cough. In that case, everything would be all right. Smooth sailing for ever more! With Devereaux for a son-in-law—success assured. He must give him a chance to speak before he threw away such an opportunity as this!

"I really—" he said, never having felt more awkward. "This is totally unexpected—more than generous of you."

Devereaux made a belittling gesture. "There's nothing particularly generous about it," he returned. "Of course I assume you're in a position to secure the loans somehow. It's an accommodation—but there's no risk—the kind of thing that any man who could would be glad to do for a friend."

For a friend! Rufus drew heavily on his cigar. Once more he was the man of business—studying his next move. Slowly feeling his way he said:

"I am pleased that you regard me in that light."

"Then I trust you will allow me to do you this slight service?"

"I am deeply grateful of course," Rufus temporized. "But I really do not know why you should offer to do this for me."

"Because of my friendship for your daughter, sir," replied Devereaux. He said it simply—like the gentleman and sportsman that he was. Rufus's heavy body quivered.

Anybody could see the fellow was as straight as a string! There was no funny business between him and Diana. But if he were so fond of her why didn't he marry her? Perhaps this was his way of going about it.

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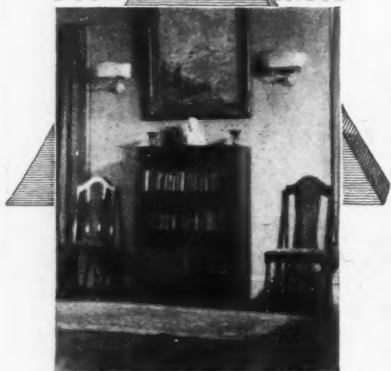
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Devereaux drew back as if Rufus had struck him. "I don't understand you!" he answered coldly.

"The situation might be misinterpreted," replied the banker. "If you were in love with my daughter and wanted to marry her—that would be one thing. Otherwise, you see, there wouldn't be any explanation—"

"But I do want to marry her!" burst out Devereaux. "I've wanted to marry her for five years and have asked her over and over again. But she won't have me—says she doesn't care for me that way!"

Rufus bowed his head. "In that case I can't take your money!" he sighed. Then as he thought of the old man upstairs he gave way. "By gad, I wish she would marry you!" he groaned with real emotion.

An exclamation caused them to turn towards the door. Diana stood between the portieres, one hand upon the electric push button. It snapped and the room leaped into light.

"Marry whom?" she demanded of them furiously.

Devereaux stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"Good afternoon, Diana!" he greeted her. But Rufus had turned away. Diana, scornfully erect, kept her distance.

"I couldn't help overhearing you. Jarmon said you were here and I came to the door to see if you were nearly through talking to father. What's all this about money and marrying? Tell me!" She stamped her foot.

Rufus turned. His face was haggard, ashamed.

"Don't go off the handle, Diana! It's all simple enough. I'm a ruined man—lost my position, salary and everything—got to sell this house over your grandfather's head unless I can raise a lot of money inside of three weeks!"

"And you tried to get it from Larry?" she asked in a tense voice. "Father!"

"No! No!" interrupted Devereaux. "The idea was my own. I came here and made the suggestion voluntarily."

"That's God's own truth!" confirmed her father.

She focused on each of them in turn a white flash of suspicion.

"And did your suggestion include a proposal of marriage? Oh, Larry! Did you think you could buy my father?"

He stepped swiftly towards her and grasped her arms.

"Steady, Di!" he cried. "You know me too well to make a charge like that. I offered to lend your father a million dollars. He asked me why I did it. I said it was because I had always been fond of you and wanted to marry you. But I also said that I knew it was no use. Then he said what you overheard. It made me wish to do him a good turn if I could."

"That's how it was," echoed the banker. "Why are you always raising the devil and upsetting everything? Here we were having a perfectly friendly talk and in you come like an actress making a grand entrance and turn it into a scene for a theater. Nothing's happened at all! Except that I'm smashed! I'd intended to break the news to you all tonight. Well, you've got it. Maybe it'll do you good."

He leaned his elbow on the mantel and rested his head on his hand. Diana faced

him. "Let go of me, Larry! How did you lose your money, father?"

"I guaranteed some notes that turned out to be no good."

"Your father is being made to suffer unduly—he is being penalized for a perfectly honest and well intentioned business action," explained Devereaux. "He has been forced to resign his position and required to take up the notes besides. I'm on the board that has made this demand and I feel it my duty to assist him."

"How much?"

"A million."

Diana shook her head defiantly.

"No, Larry! Father has made his bed—we all have—now let us lie in it! I'm glad the money's gone. What good has it been? What's the good of this house? What's the good of any of us? All we do is to eat and sleep and buy clothes and amuse ourselves—except father, and all he does is to earn the money so we can eat and play. I'm tired of this house and I'm tired of our sort of life. It would be a good thing if we all of us had to work. We're too soft. No, Larry! Leave us alone. The house is too old, the timbers are decayed, the dry rot is in the beams, it's going to collapse—let it go!"

Rufus was staring at her fixedly, as if half frightened. Devereaux took her hand.

"I'm afraid this has upset you, dear. Good night, Mr. Kayne. Think my offer over. There's plenty of time."

He pressed her hand, holding it for a moment, and then stepped past her to the stairs. She watched him pathetically, hating to have him go. After all he had done a fine and chivalrous thing in making his offer to her father and she had treated him as if he had been the bearer of an insult. She could not let him go like that.

"Larry! Larry!" she called.

He was just going out of the door as she ran down the stairs. He stepped back.

"What is it, Di?" he asked.

"I want to tell you something," she said, dragging him towards the small reception room which, like the hall, was not lighted.

"Well?" he said as she led him into the bay window where Jarmon could not see them.

"It's just that you're a dear!" she whispered, and putting her arms around his neck she drew down his head and kissed him.

They stood there thus for several seconds, their single shadow outlined sharply against the curtain of the middle window—long enough for Maitland, who was just coming up the front steps with Rufus's will in his pocket, to have the silhouette branded upon his vision. Without carrying out his errand he turned on his heel and descended to the sidewalk.

But this time what he had seen did not merely arouse in him an inexplicable sense of personal injury. Rather, it filled him with blank despair. Now he knew that he loved Diana—as she was—whatever she was. Too late! There was no mistaking the scene inside the window. The House of Kayne would not fall with the Devereaux millions behind it.

CHAPTER XXV

RUFUS stood gazing stupidly through the portieres. Put his foot in it again, had he? And for the same reason! Couldn't he ever stick to a course of con-

duct? If not, what chance of success had he? "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel!" But why should he be unstable? How foolish of him to be diverted—to weaken that way. Those two roosting up on the roof, had they put a curse on him, on the house? No wonder they wore those ironical grins. Anyway, he'd broken the news to Diana. The worst was over. The rest would be comparatively easy.

He threw his cigar into the fireplace and pressed the bell. Jarmon appeared.

"Where is Mrs. Kayne?"

"I think she's upstairs in her room, sir."

"How many to dinner?"

"Only you and the madam, sir."

Rufus looked at him inquiringly.

"How's that? Isn't Lady Harrowdale at home?"

"She's sent word she's not coming down, sir."

"But the others?"

"Miss Diana has just gone out again, sir. Said she wouldn't be back. And Miss Sheila has gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir; she didn't say. She went day before yesterday."

Rufus, still staring at Jarmon, grunted. "Yes, sir," said Jarmon. "Anything more, sir?"

"No," answered Rufus. "There you were! A great sort of a home—nobody ever there. Was that why those two were grinning so up there on the roof?"

The room seemed unconscionably hot. He had had a bad day. His path to the door was slightly irregular.

"Jarmon!" he called over the banister. "Get me a drink. Some of the old Scotch."

He tossed it off while the butler waited to take away the empty glass.

"Is there an ax in the house?"

"A what, sir!"

Jarmon seemed to take the inquiry as a personal affront.

"An ax—or a hatchet?"

"I think William 'as an 'atchet, sir. In the cellar."

"Well, bring it up here."

"Do you wish it 'ere, sir?"—incredulously.

"I said 'here'!"

"Very good, sir."

Jarmon withdrew with an air of protest. However, he reappeared shortly holding the hatchet before him in both hands wrapped in a newspaper.

"All right!" said Rufus. "That's all!"

He had acted on impulse in sending Jarmon for the hatchet. Now that it was there—actually in his grasp—the impulse was even stronger. He moistened his lips but did not notice that they were quivering. An immense indignation against Howlett possessed him. The elevator groaned and scraped as it bore him upward to the unaccustomed roof. The lock on the penthouse door was rusty and at first he was afraid he could not manage it. Then unexpectedly the key turned. He forced the heavy door open with his shoulder amid a shower of dust and stepped out upon the grimy, tin-covered roof.

He paused, amazed at the beauty of the city blazing below him. The wind had died. The heavens were coruscated with stars. A hidden warship on the Hudson was feeling for a constellation with wavering antennae. Times Square glowed like a bonfire. All about him rose strange



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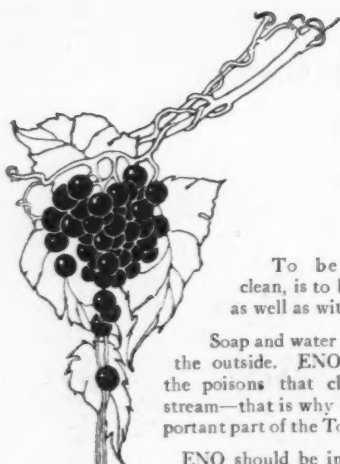
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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. C. G. Hammesfahr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 442, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ray Long, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ida Verdon, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, A. C. G. Hammesfahr, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th St. New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: Star Holding Corporation, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. (W. R. Hearst, 127 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., Sole Stockholder) 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. A. C. G. Hammesfahr, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1922. [SEAL] K. J. Moore, Notary Public, New York County, New York County Clerk's No. 343, New York County Register's No. 3144. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

bulwarks, tanks, ventilators, chimneys. Funny place, like the unfrequented top deck of an ocean liner!

He closed the door of the penthouse behind him. Cautiously, self-consciously, his eye searched for the two figures. There was no difficulty about finding them. Enormous they were! Pretty human when you got right up to them! The one of Howlett especially.

He walked around the statue of the architect, gripping the hatchet tightly. But a curious feeling of taking an unfair advantage held him back. He could not bring himself to strike the defenseless image. After all, Howlett had not meant any harm and he was dead—long ago. Hatchet in hand, he walked to the other side of the roof, looking for Satan, but the form diabolical was less easily recognized among the chimney pots. Suddenly the searchlight in its sweep around the horizon caught the roof and the statue fairly leaped at him, its features distorted in a mocking, reddish grin.

Rufus scowled back at the image. The left arm was extended down, the hand pointing earthward—toward the city. He followed the finger. Yes, it was pointing towards the seething conflagration of Times Square. It burned there beyond the house-tops like a great sulphurous pit, and the steam rising about it heightened the demoniac resemblance. "All these things will I give thee, if—"

Rufus struck the statue in the face with all his strength.

"Damn you!" he cried hysterically, half blinded by the searchlight.

Pieces of stone flew about him and one hit him on the cheek. A second blow and the devil's jaw together with the dependent right hand broke off and fell, leaving only the upper portion of the face still attached to the overarching wings, its eyebrows curved in fatuous astonishment. Against the screen of the sky the searchlight played for a second or two upon the absurd figure of a stout man frenziedly attacking a statue with a hatchet, then swept on. But Rufus continued to belabor the statue in the darkness until it was but a shapeless mass, resembling a snow image after a February thaw.

He descended in the elevator badly winded and reeking with sweat to the door of his wife's room and knocked. He had not entered it for months. Elizabeth in negligee before her dressing table was brushing her hair. Thinking his knock to be that of her maid she answered, "Come in." Each looked grotesque to the other.

"Why Rufus!" she exclaimed "What on earth have you been doing with that hatchet? Is anything the matter?"

Rufus gazed stupidly at the hatchet in his hand.

"Oh, nothing!" he replied vaguely.

"You've got blood on your cheek!" she insisted, becoming a little frightened. "Don't keep anything from me!"

He laid the hatchet on the hearth.

"I was up poking around on the roof."

"I don't see why you needed a hatchet for that!"

He threw himself into a Louis Quinze armchair upholstered in light blue.

"Oh, I just took it along!" he answered.

"Look here, Elizabeth. I've got something I want to tell you."

His wife, who had kept on with her hair

while they had been talking, gave it a final twist and sat down on the chaise longue.

"I know—" she began quickly.

"No, you don't know!" he retorted. "Nobody knows—that is, no one in the family except Diana—and I've just told her. I want you to be brave about it."

She had turned pale and stretched out her hand.

"I know more than you think!" she said.

"Have you seen Diana?" he asked.

"Not since luncheon."

"Then you don't know anything about this at any rate. See here, Elizabeth! It isn't anything so terrible. Nobody's dead or anything like that. It's just that I've lost my position and a lot of money besides."

Her expression did not change. She seemed curiously preoccupied.

"Is that all?" she asked calmly.

"Isn't that enough?"

"How much money have you lost?"

"Oh, a million."

"Is that very much?"

He burst out laughing.

"Some people would think so."

"Well," she said, "of course I know it's a lot of money, but you've got a great deal more than that, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes! But we'll have to sell this house."

There was a pause. "I don't care so very much," she remarked in a detached way. "A house isn't everything."

"You bet it isn't!" he agreed. "A house isn't worth anything unless there's something inside of it to make it so."

"I'm sorry if you have lost your position!" she continued sympathetically. "But of course you can easily get another—a man of your reputation."

"But don't you really mind giving up the house? After all these years?"

"Why, no!" she answered. "We can find another house. I'm rather tired of entertaining the same people over and over again. I'm not sure I'd not just as lief have an apartment—one of those new ones up on Park Avenue above Sixtieth Street. Park is getting quite fashionable. Half my friends are up there. It would be very convenient for my bridge."

Rufus felt a pang of contrition which in his over-emotional condition was enough to make his eyes water. After all she was a good sport—this old wife of his! No need to worry about her having courage! The mother of his children had been loyal to him for a quarter of a century. What had she got out of it, except bridge? He'd hardly paid any attention to her existence at all. A pretty rough deal she'd had. And when he came right down to it she was the nearest human being to him in the world. Whatever she was, she was his. And he was hers. They had no one else. He experienced a grotesque pity for both of them—himself and her. Poor old Liz!

He got up awkwardly, went over to where she sat and put his arm around her.

"Lizzie," he said, "if I've not been all I should be to you I ask your forgiveness. I'm afraid I haven't been much of a husband to you, my dear."

Her face quivered. He had not spoken to her like that for years.

"Why, Rufus!" she assured him. "You've been a perfectly wonderful husband! No two people could possibly have been happier."

"Yes! Yes!" he said hastily, staggered by her reply. He kissed her on the cheek. "That's so."

"Oh, Rufus!" she exclaimed, blushing faintly. "Poor dear! You're all covered with dust! Why don't you go and take a nice hot bath before dinner?"

CHAPTER XXVI

RUFUS decided to refrain from telling his father about the house that evening lest it might prevent his getting a proper night's sleep. The morning would do exactly as well. For the same reason Mrs. Kayne forbore to tell her husband what was on her mind.

Nevertheless the Pirate got little sleep that night. The great event to take place upon the morrow would have kept him awake anyway.

How can an old gentleman of eighty-one who is giving a May party be expected to sleep the night before? Particularly if it is his first? And this was to be a grand affair. With a recrudescence of his old powers of organization the Pirate had conceived the idea of amalgamating all the different individual and separate parties that occur in Central Park upon May Day into one great, glorious festival and frolic in which he and Uncle Billy should participate as managers, directors and patron saints.

Sitting with their pipes in the Ramble the two old men for days had studied the scheme from every angle until no item, physical or psychological, had been overlooked. Two thousand sandwiches, two thousand pieces of cake, thirty gallons of milk, a wagon load of ice cream, etc., etc.; and what was much more important, the pony carts and donkeys would run free up and down the Mall all day and every child might have at least one ride and perhaps another if there was time. In addition there would be a Scotch piper with his bags as well as an artist upon the accordion, a Punch and Judy show, a marionette theater and a conjuror.

Some of it, to be sure, was quite against the rules of the Park Commissioner against the introduction of "peddlars, beggars and musicians" or the "setting up of tents, booths or other structures for the giving of plays or games," but any policeman in the Park would have sacrificed his job rather than interfere. Indeed, it is to be suspected that the Commissioner knew a great deal more about what was going to happen than his associates suspected. Anyhow, everybody else did. Not a child on the east side of Third Avenue but knew weeks in advance that "Uncle Peter" and "Uncle Billy" were going to have a May party to which all the world was invited—irrespective of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

The Pirate had asked constantly the last day or two for Sheila, for he naturally wished her to be at his party; but to his intense disappointment he was informed that she had gone away and was not expected back in time to participate in the festivity. This tinged his preparations with sadness. Sheila ought not to have gone away without telling him! He had come to rely upon her companionship more and more, particularly as he was beginning to be conscious of a certain lack of elasticity in his old bones. He didn't have the "go-ativeness" he used to have.



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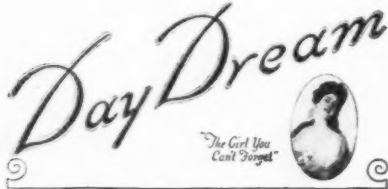


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Sheila had enough go-ativeness for an army. No, Sheila should have told him that she was going away. It cast a shadow.

He was up with the first streak of daylight, pottering around and boiling water for the coffee. Uncle Billy, more lethargic, was still asleep when Peter B. waked him at six-thirty for breakfast. The old man was much excited, and had already tired himself with his worrying, and Billy made him sit down and smoke for an hour after they had put away the breakfast things.

"Sheila'd ought to be here!" Peter B. kept saying over and over.

"Well, maybe she'll turn up in time," Billy would encourage him.

But the Pirate would shake his great white mane and repeat resignedly: "Twarn't right for her to go without tellin' me!"

By eight o'clock the two old codgers were ready, each with a Panama, a frisky pocket handkerchief and a bamboo cane—two "Champagne Charlies" as the Pirate, brightening for a moment, said. The fact that it was an exquisitely beautiful day and the thought of all the gladness it was going to bring the little children partly compensated for Sheila's absence.

Meanwhile Rufus, exhausted after his nervous explosion of the night before, slept profoundly. He did not awaken until after ten. He had made up his mind that he would not go downtown that morning until he had broken the news to the Pirate. It was going to be a hard job, but it had to be done; and until it was done his mind could not be free. But when he arrived upstairs braced to carry out his purpose the apartment on the top floor was empty.

From the second man Rufus learned that his father had gone with Uncle Billy to the Park, and forthwith started in pursuit of him. It would really be easier to talk to him there anyway, he thought, out in the open air. He decided to walk up to the Park.

He had imagined that he could easily find his father, supposing that there would be comparatively few people in the Park in the morning. The old gentleman was usually hanging around the upper end of the Mall. But as he neared Fifty-ninth Street Rufus noticed that the traffic was being held up to permit a procession of children dressed all in white to cross the Avenue. May Day! The Park would be jammed with children. Why hadn't he thought of it? He would never be able to find the old man!

At the head of the column four solemn young ladies of nine or ten were holding an improvised canopy, decorated with flowers and trailing garlands, over the head of a tiny girl just able to toddle along, wearing a huge golden pasteboard crown. Behind the canopy shuffled and scuffed in pairs a couple of hundred other infants, all crisply starched and immaculately white, their eyes large with anticipation. The sound of their little feet was like the never ceasing lapping of wavelets upon rocks. The processions came from all directions. For the Pied Piper was calling them.

As Rufus stood debating what to do he heard the word "Father!" and looking up saw Claudia and the children sitting in one of the waiting motors.

"Going to grandfather's May party?" she asked.

"I didn't know he was giving a party," he replied as he tickled little Peter under the collar.

"He's been full of it for the last two days. I hope he won't exhaust himself!" Rufus smiled. "He can do more than any of us! Where is the party?"

"Up by the Casino in that big open space."

The end of the wavering line of white had reached the opposite sidewalk and the traffic moved on again. Far up the Avenue they could see other processions hurrying along.

The chauffeur swung round the Sherman statue and into the Park. As far as Rufus could see the greensward was covered with groups of white-clad children.

"Where can your grandfather be?" he exclaimed. "Suppose you look after the children and let me try to find him."

Besides a balloon man and the caterer's assistants there was no man in sight other than Rufus himself. The acre or so of space usually dedicated to picnics was one huge mass of white. Children of every age sprawled and rolled on the grass, chased one another with shouts of joy, or sat busily eating. The crowd around the Maypole was rivaled in density by another which struggled about a muscular youth in a white cap and apron who with a big wooden spoon was ladling out ice cream.

Rufus strolled slowly across the grass towards the Maypole. From beneath his feet rose to his nostrils the hot, moist smell of grass and earth. How soft and springy it was! He bent his knees; then lifted himself on the balls of his feet. He wasn't so old! Something made him want to laugh. Everywhere about him the twigs and boughs were covered with golden or reddish buds—here and there thrusting forth tiny, fanlike green fingers. There were myriads of tiny insects jiggling about, pigeons flapped and strutted under one's feet, and in the elms of the Mall swung starlings and blackbirds—life everywhere!

Proceeding slowly to avoid accidents, he at length reached the outer edge of the crowd about the Maypole, in the center of which stood a dozen or more juvenile crowned heads gazing upon the scene with royal condescension. There too was the piper in full regalia playing frantically upon his pipes, and the instant he paused for breath "Accordion Jo" took up the refrain, while the circle of children with joined hands danced and capered around them. Just inside the ring, holding a small negro boy by one hand and a little Italian girl by the other, stood old Peter, hatless and in his shirtsleeves.

Tears rose to Rufus's eyes. To interrupt his father at such a moment would be an unthinkable cruelty. That evening perhaps—or, if the old man were tired, then tomorrow morning.

Claudia with the two children had left the motor and gone over to watch the Punch and Judy; Rufus got in and ordered the chauffeur to take him to the subway. As they drove off he turned and looked back across the swarm of children. Between him and the Maypole he could see a motionless white spot that he knew was his father's head.

You will find the startling climax of Arthur Train's novel in the very last paragraph of the concluding instalment—next month.

The One Motto For A Married Woman

(Continued from page 79)

on a street corner—one bareheaded, in a cretonne house apron with a paper shopping bag over her arm; the other swathed in a fortune of chinchilla and finery. Men, hatless and in golf stockings or puttees, sauntering beside other men with every stamp of Fifth Avenue.

Ninon Gay, who had something of a reputation for wit, had once described Hollywood as a Follies girl in a gingham gown. "Or a milkmaid dressed in the Rue de la Paix," she added.

Already Mary Jo felt that reality had ceased to be. This was—this must be—the home of romance.

"I suppose you're dying to say 'so this is Hollywood,'" remarked Amy coolly. "Go ahead. Funny little place. Not a bit like people think. Just a village, with the melting pot of the studios hung in the village square. I expect all the men in Hollywood will fall in love with you. They haven't seen a complexion like that in years."

"Oh, men don't fall in love with married women!" said Mary Jo, dimpling but suddenly very pale again. "Just—just play a little, maybe. Even if he—if they did, a married woman couldn't fall in love with them."

"My dear," said Amy Evringham, raising one plucked and painted eyebrow, "no woman can ever tell when she's going to fall in love, or with whom. There's a certain type of man in this world who has a fairly infallible system. Fortunately, all women don't meet one. A married woman needs just one prayer, 'Lead me not into temptation.' Instead of which, most of them are hunting for it like a bird dog. Marriage used to be a sort of quarantine—now it's merely an excuse."

III

ABOVE Ramon Corral's handsome black lacquer desk was a small black porcelain tablet, on which a motto was gilded in fantastic letters.

It was a motto commendable in the extreme, and had led interviewers and old ladies and exhibitors from the Middle West, who occasionally found their way into his bachelorhood, to change their opinions of this Romeo of the screen.

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," it read.

Only once had Ramon confided his exact reason for selecting that particular bit of Scriptural wisdom as his favorite text. And that was to a director whom he admired and who, oddly enough, liked him.

It was perhaps not altogether just that men didn't care for Ramon. Except where his life touched the feminine, Ramon wasn't a bad sort at all. He rode well, was an excellent shot, a gentleman when drunk and a very cool hand in a poker game.

Nor was he unduly conceited, despite his rapid rise to fame and fortune. Inclined rather to take it with a cynical and amused shrug.

But a man who possesses an irresistible fascination for all women between the ages of six and sixty, whose fan mail includes four or five hundred love letters a day from



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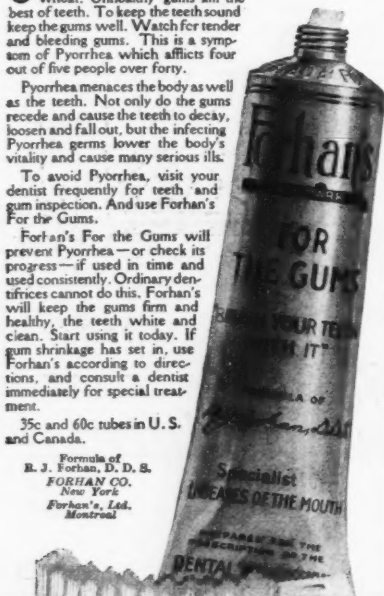
Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

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other men's wives and sisters and sweethearts, is not apt to be popular with those men. Not even with actors, who of course must be jealous. Particularly if he is a Latin, with the exaggerated manners and highly polished courtesies of his breed.

But the director had found him much a man and liked him.

"It isn't for myself, that motto," Ramon admitted on the occasion of confidence, regarding the black plaque through a haze of tobacco smoke. "It's about women."

"Women?" repeated the other man, studying the dark, sullen, vivid face before him. "Ah! I don't think I quite understand."

Ramon smiled, that flashing, gleaming, poignant smile of his, where the lightning of devilry played through the sweetness. "It's the only absolute and infallible truth I've discovered about them in—in a bit of experience," he said. And then he quoted, in his warm, liquid voice, where the little accent dropped up and down and slurred intriguingly, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

"You mean?"

The shrug that answered was world-renowned. High school girls and matrons in sable or calico, stenographers and women who earned twenty thousand a year, sitting in darkened theaters from Vancouver to Maine, watched its reckless grace and felt an odd, nameless throb about their hearts.

"As all roads lead to Rome, so that road alone leads to the heart of all women. There is not one, so I think, no matter how good or how grand or how wise she make herself out to be, who cannot be brought down with that so-little arrow. Egoists. Sweet, adorable, loving little egoists. She trips along so confidently, until that chain is stretched across her path. Exquisite, fine they are. So far above us. So much nearer to—that which you call God. Yet unknowing to themselves, all vanity. To be flattered out of everything they believe."

"Not a very pleasant philosophy."

"But it is not a philosophy. It is a truth."

Now Mary Jo Wilton knew nothing of the motto that hung above Ramon Corral's desk. All she knew of him was what a million other women knew—that he made hearts beat faster, lips sting for kisses. That his winged ardor was the ideal of love over which they had dreamed. Never analyzed that he simply symbolized passion, when passion chooses to wear a beautiful mask.

That, at least, was all she had known three weeks before when she came to Hollywood.

On this summer morning all she knew was that the whole world seemed to have paused with a sort of breathless delight in its own beauty.

Spiced with roses and honeysuckle, with hot sun on drooping peppers and majestic pines, the crest of its fragrance broke about her.

Almost drowning in its sweetness, she held the mass of roses she had gathered against the delicate laces above her heart, while the other hand reached up to sweep aside the graceful branches of a sycamore that blocked her path through the garden.

An enchanted garden. Before her feet, as formal and prim as an English beauty. Behind her a riot of wild blue larkspur, and sunflowers and poppies blowing in the

wheat on the hillside. On her right hand, white marble and water lilies and dainty trellises, like the dream of a French marquis. And on her left, the cozy, careless elegance of the Japanese teahouse, where Amy entertained on summer afternoons.

Sheltered from the world by a high wall of bright pink plaster on three sides, by the hill on the fourth. A bright pink wall, covered now with crimson rambler roses that matched the Italian pink house within, with its green, brilliant awnings.

"You cannot be real," said a voice. "You simply cannot be of this world. You are a dream, and I shall awaken in but one little moment to find myself gazing into space—doubly empty because you have fled back to your fairyland."

Mary Jo clasped the roses closer so that a thorn or two pierced through the laces.

"Ramon?" she called softly.

The silence throbbed back to her.

"Ramon," she said again, every dimple in play.

"You speak my name, so you must be real. Indeed, no dream was ever so fair as you before. You are real, yes—but you are fashioned of rosedust and morning dew and the breath of the honeysuckle."

With that she laughed aloud.

The man leaped lightly from the wall and stood before her, bowing deeply.

He wore white riding clothes that fitted the breadth of his shoulders and the slenderness of his waist like a glove. His hair where the sun touched it was black and smooth as lacquer. The perfection and polish of his boots, the way he held his riding crop, had just the touch of swagger to intrigue a woman's fancy in a rose garden.

"Now where in the world did you come from?" asked Mary Jo, very sternly. "My goodness, you hadn't ought to be out of bed yet. I'm not fixed up for company."

"You to fix up, Maryjo, that is too silly. I ask you, do you think the lily should paint herself?"

"Well anyhow, I wish you'd stop popping in and out of here all the time like this. It's disgraceful."

"Now, Maryjo, that is right—what you say. I—I would like much to stop. But—I cannot. For an instance, this very morning I start out. I am going to ride. I have Ben Ami brought to my door. I mount. To myself I say: 'Ramon, you will ride straight out Sunset Boulevard, you will go along the road under the hills, you will take the saddle paths back of Beverly Hills, you will ride for two hours, come home, shower, eat your breakfast and go to the studio. Like you have done always. But you will not by any chance turn up one certain little side street, or go to the big pink house behind the pink wall. Promise me, Ramon?' Yet now—look how I have betray myself."

They were both laughing.

Their eyes met, and plunging deep into the pool of each other's laughter, eternity hung suspended in a heartbeat.

His eyes grew blacker—eyes already so black they seemed to have no pupil. Eyes with some magic pull and sway in them, some gorgeous, hateful promise. Chained in their depths a thing unreadable, but fascinating as some puzzle you cannot put down.

"I'm right sorry for you," said Mary Jo, "but it's bad manners to come calling so early. Why, I'm hardly waked up yet."

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We do no mail order business. Mineralava Beauty Clay and Mineralava Face Finish are on sale at all dependable Drug and Department stores. If you can not get the Introductory Trial Tube from your dealer fill out the coupon below; mail it to-day and we will see that it reaches you at once and that thereafter your dealer will be equipped to fill your future requirements. Your own dealer is authorized to refund the money to any reader of this magazine who uses a complete \$2.00 Bottle of Mineralava without getting the same satisfying results as described herein. You take no risk whatever. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 251 West Nineteenth St., New York.

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"Madame is charming—in her sleep, then," he said, and laughed mischievously at the lovely flood of color Mary Jo never could control.

"If you think you're going to get any breakfast here!" she said, confusedly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You run right on home now."

"I do not at all desire to go," he murmured, his gaze fastened on a humming bird glittering among the roses. "Still—I am but a poor young man. I—I could perhaps be bribed."

"Bribed with what?"

"Who can tell? It may be a kiss would suffice."

"The price is too high!"

"For my instant departure?"

"Oh, well, maybe for that!"

It was their first kiss. Light. Very sweet and gentle. A thing no one need fear nor run from nor be ashamed to remember. A thing, indeed, it would appear easily tucked away in the hidden chambers of thought.

And yet Mary Jo knew, as she felt the fragrant world swing dizzily, intoxicatingly about her, that as long as she lived she was never to forget that kiss.

Perhaps that was why the lovely color ebbed so swiftly, and her cheek was warmly white against the green.

"Ah—forgive me, Maryjo! I have startled you? Now—I go now. Instantly. I have not worried you with that one so little kiss? It was but the morning, Maryjo. You hear those little birds calling all to each other in the trees? And you see all that sunshine on the green of the grass and the brightness of the flowers? And you see up there the sky that is so blue? And those roses in your arms that smell so very, very sweet? It is them all I kiss. You are all of them to me, Maryjo. And some little is it your fault as well, since I think you should not wear in a public garden a—a thing so made to drive a poor man mad as is that pink and silk and lace that is not clothes, but a cloud."

"Tisn't a public garden," said Mary Jo. "It's a very private garden, or 'twould be if people acted like they ought. Only some young men are so naughty they climb the wall and steal"—she flung him a smile and one crimson rosebud—"roses."

She flew up the steps, her draperies gathered about her, and vanished through the door.

IV

YOUNG Mrs. Wilton sat on the red cement porch of the Writers' Club and tried to think collectedly. She was waiting for Amy Evringham, who was to come over from the studio and join her for luncheon. She could not make herself seem at all like Mrs. Ross Wilton of San Francisco and Burlingame. It was rather like Alice in Wonderland. Nothing had changed in that other world, of course. Neither had she changed herself. Only she had fallen down the rabbit's hole, into a world where everything had no possible connection with her sane everyday existence.

For instance, the woman who sat there now, drugged with the sun, content, tingling, was pursuing the only course of action possible to her. It was only that she had strayed through the looking glass. Three weeks of fun and frivolity and

excitement. Of utter freedom. Of meeting all sorts of interesting and unusual and famous people, and finding that they were more fascinating than she had dreamed them to be. The flattery of finding that they enjoyed her and her simplicity and sincerity. Of seeing new sights. Strange, sense-enthraling sights within the vast studios where the pictures she so adored were made. Of perfectly innocent wit and gaiety and good times.

For it was, after all, the people only who made Hollywood thrilling.

It had been a marvelous, sweet, wild dream.

And she would go back and settle with a click into that other dull and orderly and righteous existence—no harm done.

No harm done.

Then that "gone feeling" about the heart, that cold little pain that kept gnawing and gnawing at the tiny cord of subterfuge and deceit and pretense with which she had bound it, brought her face to face with the truth.

It was Ramon Corral who meant Hollywood to her.

Nothing else mattered, here or anywhere.

The slurring, winged liquid of his voice. His black, black eyes with the leashed promise in them. The narcotic of his flattery. The wine of his words. The kiss that all her life long Mary Jo was never to forget.

That first kiss.

Innocent enough. Harmless enough. A little adventure. Still she fought to believe it. Fought to maintain the careless joyousness of this freedom she had demanded. Fought and sank deeper into the quicksand of passion that was so new to her.

Try as she would to keep her thoughts on the future, on her husband, her child, they slipped away from her like wild birds held captive. Went to wander in the delicious forbidden garden of memories. Already memories.

The night when first they danced together, and he held her so tenderly, as though she were some precious, precious thing he hardly dared to touch. The evening beside the big bonfire on the sands, when they two had slipped out of the circle of light into the friendly darkness and, below the hum of voices and snatches of music, he had told her tales of his own home in Spain. The day when, as she sat at the piano playing, he softly kissed the rebellious little curl that blew about her ear.

The preview of one of his last pictures, where in the little pitch-dark projection room he had whispered in her ear words that even now stopped the breath in her throat, so sweet they were for any woman to hear.

Mary Jo got up and walked the length of the porch, pressing the billowing skirt of her pink organdie with nervous, cold hands. Wrenched her thoughts back with every effort of will she possessed.

She was married. She was a good woman. Not only that. She loved her husband. She did, she did. Why, she wouldn't hurt Ross, not for anything in the world! Well, this wouldn't hurt him. It was only play. She was being stupid, provincial, childish, to take it so seriously. All women flirted nowadays.

She twisted her new wedding ring on her

finger—twisted until the diamonds bit into the soft flesh.

Nothing wrong!

In a week she would be gone, back into the real world.

But oh—the touch of him! His lips. To be really clasped in his arms, so hard that she could feel his heart beat against her breast, shaking her. To hold the tingling thrill of that light morning kiss—to hold it endlessly. In the darkness, still darkness, with every other sense sunk in his nearness.

Never in all her married life had she felt—

Broke off, stunned and white at her treason.

When Amy Evringham came coolly up the steps, expensive and disdainful, Mary Jo smiled rather wanly at her, white-lipped but glorious eyed, like a woman who has been drugged.

One of Amy's wise eyebrows went up. "Mary Jo," she said, sinking into a chair beside the white laid table, "if you get any prettier I shall have to send you home. What in the world is there to eat? No creamed chicken—I should say not. I gained another two pounds last week. Well, anyway, I'll have creamed chicken and tomatoes, with lots of mayonnaise, and iced coffee with whipped cream."

She lighted a cigarette and looked with her cool gray eyes at the lovely, silent figure in the chair.

"Ramon is coming up to dinner," she said. "He asked if he might. I shan't be there. But I imagine you two will be able to find some way of amusing yourselves. I'll stay and get a bite at the studio cafeteria, and work late." Her smile was amiable and cool. "My dear, the boy is quite mad about you. I wish he'd fall in love with me. It'd do my writing no end of good—get a big kick while it lasted and a broken heart afterwards. But Ramon adores only beauty—so he picked you."

"Oh, but—it's all wrong!" cried Mary Jo, tears very near her eyes.

"Wrong? What nonsense. What's wrong about it? Most natural thing in the world. You've been married—how long? Ten years. Long enough to get tired of Don Juan himself. Married at eighteen—seventeen. A girl of eighteen isn't capable of passion. Doesn't know what it's all about. All she's capable of is consent. You're just waking up to the real thrill of life. This little affair with Ramon is exactly what you need. You aren't hurting anybody, are you? Not one soul. Don't let a lot of ancient superstitions about fidelity keep you from the romance of life. Faithfulness isn't a virtue. It's the curse of the stupid. On the other hand, keep a cool and steady hand on the reins. Don't let it get serious. Remember, it's got to end very soon. A little affair like this is the tonic every woman needs. That's the world today. You're finding it with Ramon. The wife of a clerk in the department store finds it with a street car conductor—or her butcher. Why not?"

Mary Jo walked slowly up the broad boulevard, deep in the shadow of the enormous pepper trees, past the cream plaster buildings of the high school, where dozens of girls and boys drifted about the gravel walks or sat on the acres of green lawn.

OSTEOPATHY

The Parable of the Man Who Knew



For a time the first man listened. Then he said, "I will oil the engine — that is what is needed." And so each part was thoroughly oiled.

Not so very long afterwards a second man looked and said, "I will change your gasoline — for there lies the trouble." And the gasoline, too, was changed.

At last, however, the engine came before a man who had studied engines for a very long time. At first this man said nothing. Very carefully he examined each part. Then he thought very hard for a short while.

Finally, placing his hand upon a certain part, he made an adjustment.

"Try it now," he said — and it was found that the engine ran smoothly and without failure.

The Osteopathic physician is often referred to as the "mechanic of the body." This is because he views it as a delicate and intricate mechanism, depending for its efficiency upon precise and minute adjustment.

To him external matters are important. Faulty diet must not disturb the mechanism. Personal hygiene and destructive environment must not interfere with the normal duties of nature's mechanism. The Osteopathic physician will insist that unless the man himself lives right the body cannot function properly.

But this great truth is also recognized. *Correction of conditions outside the body will avail but little if the mechanism within is out of normal adjustment.*

Adjustment of structure is the foundation of Osteopathy. In simple language it is the principle of maintaining the mechanism of the body in working order. No man can do more. Nature alone controls growth, repair and recovery.

The Osteopathic physician uses no drugs for curative purposes — he makes use of structural adjustment. By specific attention to the physical machinery through which Nature carries on the processes of growth, repair and recovery, he works always toward a physical basis for permanent health. With the single exception of materia medica, he makes use of every scientifically proven principle of diagnosis, diet, hygiene, sanitation, environment and surgery.

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Ramon was coming to dinner tonight. Alone.
Her heart sang.
She ought to go home. To run away. She would.

And all the time she knew that no power on earth could drag her from the moment when she should hear from his lips all the things that her heart longed to hear.

Her hands throbbed, hot and dry, and her surprised eyes saw them locked and twisted against the fragile bodice of her dress.

Saw only their anguish, their passion, and the glitter of diamonds, cold, brilliant, sensuous.

V

A CHILD's scream rang, echoed piteously in the darkness, followed by a frightened whimper.

Wakened from the heavy sleep of a man nervously exhausted, Ross Wilton jumped from his bed, struck confusedly against the open door.

"What is it, son?" he called, swiftly crossing the faintly lighted hall. "Bad dreams?"

In the narrow cot a small white figure sat bolt upright, trembling.

"Oh, daddy," it said, snuggling against the big, bony shoulder, "you have to be pretty big for dreams not to scare you, don't you? I had an awful one."

"Shall I turn on the light?"

"N-no. Just hold my hand, will you, daddy? It was—it was about Muddy Jo. I thought something terrible was happening to her. I wish she'd come home. I feel better when she's here with us. Why doesn't she come home?"

Ross kissed the hot, tumbled hair.

"Don't worry, Bob. Nothing can happen to Muddy Jo. And she'll be home in just a day or two now. Let's—perhaps you'd like to say your prayers again before you go to sleep."

But long after the prayers were completed the man sat beside the sweetly sleeping little figure, staring into the darkness.

Nothing could happen to Mary Jo, of course.

Mary Jo was so sweet, so fine, so wonderful beneath her little foolishnesses.

Darkness was funny stuff. Made you do and think all sorts of queer things.

It was just a silly superstition, that one of his about her wedding ring. How could it make any difference, whether she wore a platinum wedding ring or a plain gold one?

Pure superstition!

VI

THE white-coated butler knocked a second time. A third.

At last a voice answered "Yes?"

"Mr. Corral is downstairs, madame."

The pause was long—long enough for a woman to still the suffocating beat of her heart before she spoke.

"Please say I will come down. Ask Mr. Corral to wait in the library."

Afterwards, Ramon Corral was rather apt to remember Maryjo Wilton as she came into the big, book-lined dignity of the library. It was a fine and stately room, and it held one of the finest book collections in America. It made an unforgettable back-

ground for the soft white muslin and lace of her.

Last night, in the revealing enticement of a coral evening gown. Last night, framed by the blue crêpe and black enamel setting of the Japanese summer house. Last night, when only the pale moon rays held her face in a fairy glow. Last night, he had thought her lovely enough to justify any madness.

But now, as he saw that her hands were shaking badly and that she could not control the heartbeats that shook her whole body, an unwonted tenderness crept into the passion only slightly dimmed as yet by conquest.

"Maryjo, I love you—I love you," he said. "Come here. You were made for love. My sweet."

Kissed her over and over again. Smoothing her hair with eager, rough hands.

In his arms she lay very still. Eyes hidden.

At last, miserably, desperately, she said, "I have to go home tonight."

"Home? You mean to San Francisco?"

She nodded, very near the tears that had refused to ease her pain through the long night hours.

"Tonight? Oh, no, no, no! It is too soon. It shall be impossible. I would die. Never—never will I let you go. It is too soon. Much too soon."

"I must go tonight—or—not at all," she said steadily.

The man's black head jerked back. Their eyes met with that strange, cold sex antagonism that comes amid the hottest flames.

"But why?"

Mary Jo swayed away from him, walked to the window and stood looking down at the scarlet roof of the summer house as a woman looks at a new made grave.

"My husband wants me," she said, still steadily. "He telephoned me this morning. My—my child needs me. I love them so. And I love you."

Ramon Corral went a little sick then. They had been merely stock phrases of course, but Maryjo was different. Only the hideous imp of vanity had led her into these trackless wastes. Betrayed her into the appalling place where her soul and mind and body must bleed no matter which way she walked.

"Maryjo, I am so sorry, I never meant to make you really suffer. I have brought you sorrow, I who love you so. Stay here but a little while more, then the parting will not be so terrible. In a few weeks—we can perhaps bear it. But to be torn apart now—so soon."

She turned swiftly, one hand thrown out. "Surely," she said, "surely you know this could not go on this way—now. I am not so vile as that. I love you. But—I must go tonight, or—"

The silence lay like the body of a murdered love between them.

Well, he thought, then it must be the same old game. He did not want to play it yet—did not want to let her go. But no matter how her heart ached, he must save the death wound to her vanity.

"There is then no way I can help you," he said deliberately. "But I love you, Maryjo. You believe I love you?" And for the moment he almost wished he meant it, and that he had the right to say it, and she the right to listen. "But what

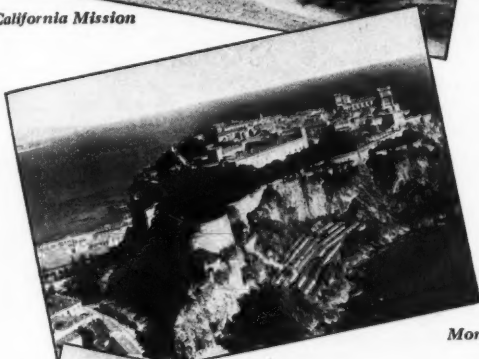
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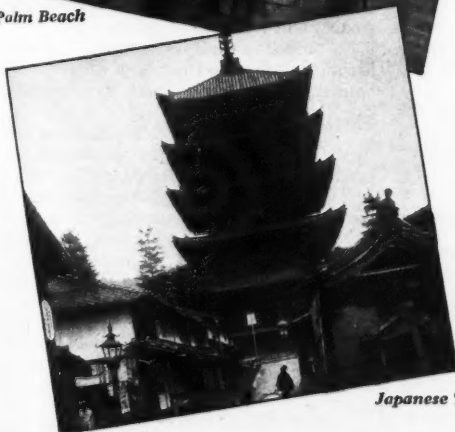
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can we do, my darling? I care too much for you to ask you to give up your home, your child, your good name—for me. I cannot allow that you make such a sacrifice. All night long I have fought it out—but you, *you* could never be happy so. And as you say, it could not go on this way. We must—try to forget."

Old words, with a new and bitter taste of ashes in his mouth.

Old words, that rang mockingly in his own ears.

But he piled them up swiftly between himself and that look in her eyes.

"Why are you not free? Why has this divine fire come too late, when we are bound? An affair—it cannot satisfy us. It would grow too big. It is too ugly. Besides, it is always dangerous. From it comes what you call the bust-up. It would have to be all or nothing for me."

Her eyes had never left his face. And in them, as though someone had turned it on within her brain, grew a searchlight that fell upon him.

"But—you do not want it to be all," she said, very slowly. "You are showing me that, all sugar-coated, but it is there. You are not even going to ask me to make the choice I have been trying, on the cross, to make all night. You don't love me enough even to want me. Oh my God!"

He made a gesture. Swift. Latin. Fatalistic. "Don't. I'm mad about you. But I am never mad enough to be a damn fool. What can we do? To run away? It—it is not practical."

She laughed then.

"You practical, Ramon?"

"Pirates must be practical."

He said it brutally, before he thought. But something in her face stopped him. It had grown cold, but gallantly, gloriously brave.

From the soft, vain, passionately awakened woman he had held in his arms the night before emerged the inner self we all must show in the Calvaries of life. A woman brave and pitifully honest. Unlike any woman Ramon Corral had known. No one would have known her for the woman of the garden—no one but Ross and perhaps the doctor who had helped to bring Snooks into the world.

"Ramon," she said, "all the wrong in this has not been upon your side. I have been mad with a madness I didn't know existed. But for the sake of my soul and my future"—she put out one hand as though groping for a word to replace the "happiness" her lips refused—"for my future peace, will you be brave enough to tell me the truth?"

"I do love you, Maryjo."

"Ah, but there is just that word for so many feelings! Yours for me—and mine for you. Mine for my husband and—his for me. No, no Ramon. The truth. Was I ever more to you than a pretty woman? Can I justify myself by knowing that we bear each other a great love, even though it crucifies my heart always? Or must I fight it out knowing I was—just tricked, by your desire and my vanity?"

It was her bravery that defeated him. That forced him for the first time in his life into a corner where only truth would serve him with a woman.

There was just one thing in the world that swept Ramon Corral from every selfish, indulgent desire that moored him—courage. He was not a good man, but courage he had and idolized. The man who fights thousands of feet in the air and laughs as he fights is a brave man, though he be a bad one.

He shrank from the words, but he spoke them.

"No, Maryjo, I do not love you, because I am not capable to love any woman. I shall not suffer to lose you, only regret my lost pleasure. But neither have you a great love for me. You think so now, I know better. You are blinded by passion—most women are. Wives like you get caught not by the man only, but by the tricks. Do you not see that a man who has all those tricks to make a woman love him when she should not, can never be worthy to love?"

She did not flinch even then, and he went close to her in a fiery passion of self-condemnation, to lay bare anything in himself that might tear his image from her heart and give her peace.

"Cannot you women understand? Are you so stupid? The men who are worth to love do not stoop to be expert in that game. They—they have no salesmanship for their goods. But the goods they have. We—we love tricksters, we have the fine line of selling talk, but you do not get the real goods. Tinsel. Gilt. Rhinestones."

His face was drawn now, almost as drawn as hers.

"I talk to you now as I have never talked to myself, Maryjo."

"Women get caught by these things, then where are they? Because the supreme tragedy of love is that a woman can feel as much love for a man who is not worthy as for one who is—once she loves him."

"As for me, I love you like I love a flower. I do not lie to you. I never lie to women. But because I love you—a pink rose—today, it shall not mean that tomorrow I may not love an orchid, or a lily. If I look up to the heavens and see a beautiful star, that means not that I cannot enjoy all the other beautiful stars."

"So that is the tragedy of men like me—and we are everywhere. We will always barter old lamps for new ones—and so we sacrifice the magic treasure. True love is the only real happiness."

"If it had been in me to love true, Maryjo, I might have loved you better than any. Do not smile. Only now I know it. You were made to be a great lover, Maryjo. But women cannot be great lovers—good women like you. What a life you would make for yourself—if you try it! A life like the deepest hell."

"And what a life I would make for you, too, even if we could—marry. I should make for you such unhappiness, my dear. What you suffer now, it is nothing. At home, you are maybe a little bored. Restless, lacking the romance you so love. The master such women as you must have to be happy. That little ego running in you around and around, like a caged animal seeking his dinner. Missing the grand thrills you are capable to feel. But you do not die of shame and humiliation because

some cheap woman—bah! Nor feel neglect and hunger—"

"Ah, Maryjo, neither of us will ever be quite happy again."

"You women! Why do you not stay at home and appreciate the virtues of your men? Maybe he is a little dull—*mon Dieu!* If you but knew. If you came to me, what I should do to you, how soon you would have to leave me. All that sweet, luscious beauty broken, bitter. What would life do to you then, my dear?"

He smiled and shook his head.

"All life is just a choice, Maryjo. That is the best the gods give us. I made my choice long—long ago."

"You are right—it has many meanings, that little word love. But take rather for its meaning the word tenderness—rather than the word passion. Because tenderness is the greatest, the highest meaning it can have—and it is the only lasting thing a man and woman can feel for each other."

"Don't, please don't follow the fireflies into the desert, Maryjo. My—my little, little Maryjo. Stay safe by the fireside."

"I am never going to forget you, my darling. That is so funny, too, because in time you will almost forget me. But you see, *you* have made the good choice—and I—"

"Kiss me—good by, Maryjo."

VII

MARY JO WILTON walked very quietly from room to room of the big house on Pacific Avenue.

Touched with timid, trembling fingers the worn books on their familiar shelves. Her books that she loved.

Drew the ghost of a lullaby from her grand piano, where she had so often sung to Snooks, in his beribboned cradle.

Stole into the kitchen to drown the scent of sun-warmed roses in the homey fragrance of baking bread.

Mended patiently, painstakingly, heavy golf hose on which the tears, when they fell, lay like dewdrops.

Knelt to kiss over and over, with lips wry with penitence, the imprint of a small head upon a pillow.

Locked her doors against the fog and gave herself up to a passion of serving.

Learned, too, perhaps, to understand that lips tight with care cannot give love kisses. That eyes peering into a future to make it bright for herself and her child might miss the beauty of her flushed cheek or her bright hair. That a heart filled with kindness and protection and devotion has small room for other tenants.

So smiled into Ross's quiet, kind face across the plenty of her own dinner table, listening with singing ears to the small, safe footfalls above.

"Why, mamma," said her husband suddenly, and his face grew so pleased and tender and radiant that Mary Jo's heart actually beat faster, "you're—why, you're wearing your old gold wedding ring again!"

Mary Jo tried to answer him, but somehow she could not. Only she smiled at him and held up her hand where the plain gold band shone softly, and nodded brightly.

And her husband never knew that another man wore the platinum circle upon his little finger as long as he lived.

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The textile mills, the leather plants and two score other manufacturing industries find the du Pont Oval on the containers of the Dyes they use.

It identifies the Explosives which release the ores needed by industry and fuel to keep you warm, which blast paths through mountain and forest for your roads, which clear and drain land for larger crops bringing food for your table at lower cost. On shotgun shells, it insures the safety and accuracy of your shooting.

And users of Pigments, Acids and Heavy Chemicals of many varieties, know this du Pont Oval as a mark of the highest quality.

* * *

The du Pont Oval appears on this varied, this seemingly unrelated family of products, because of the ability of du Pont Chemical Engineers, who have been able to utilize the chemical knowledge or the basic raw materials that we need in our prime industry the making of explosives in making these articles that the du Pont Company feels are of value and service in other industries and to the public.

In the future and now we can only glimpse it the du Pont Company hopes to contribute, as it has in the past, to the comfort, the security and the prosperity of the American home and American industry.



The Chemical Engineer is a strange mingling of abilities a coupling of the man of science with the manufacturing expert. He is a chemist who knows manufacturing as well as his science, and who can take the laboratory's discoveries on the experimental scale and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. His province is the *practical* transformation of matter from useless to useful forms. And he has brought into the world's manufacturing plants a new knowledge, a new set of abilities, that has revolutionized industry in the past generation.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

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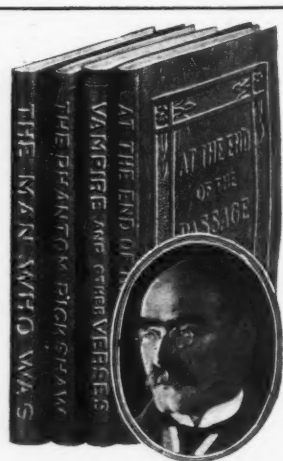
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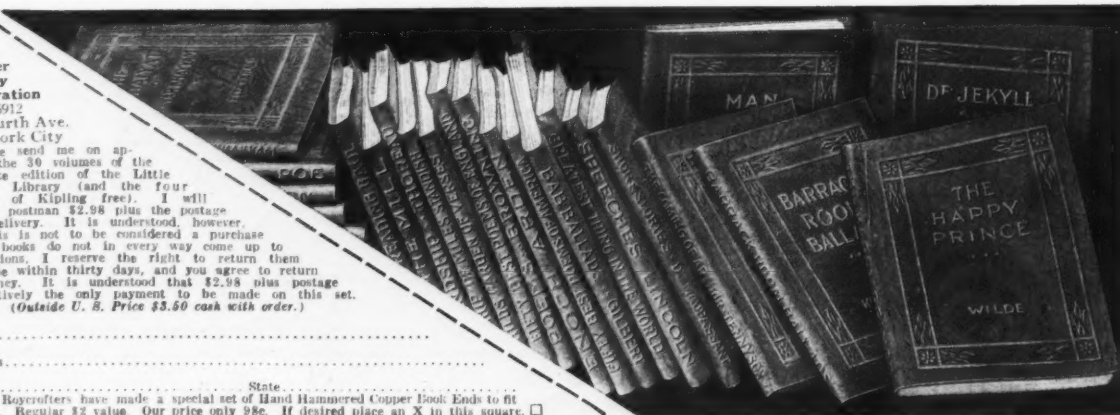
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